

There is another Copy
in the Duke of Devonshire's
1879.

The only known edition of earlier date is that of 1871
an imperfect copy of which was sold in the Laining
Sale for £142.

The only other copy known of this 1616 edition is in the
Bodleian Library.

The Bodleian Text Society edition of the poems is
founded on the M.S. compared with this edition

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John G. G. G.

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Bruce
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There is another copy
in the Duke of Devonshire's
Library - see Cat. 1879.
vol. 1 p. 118.

The only perfect copy of this
edition known. The
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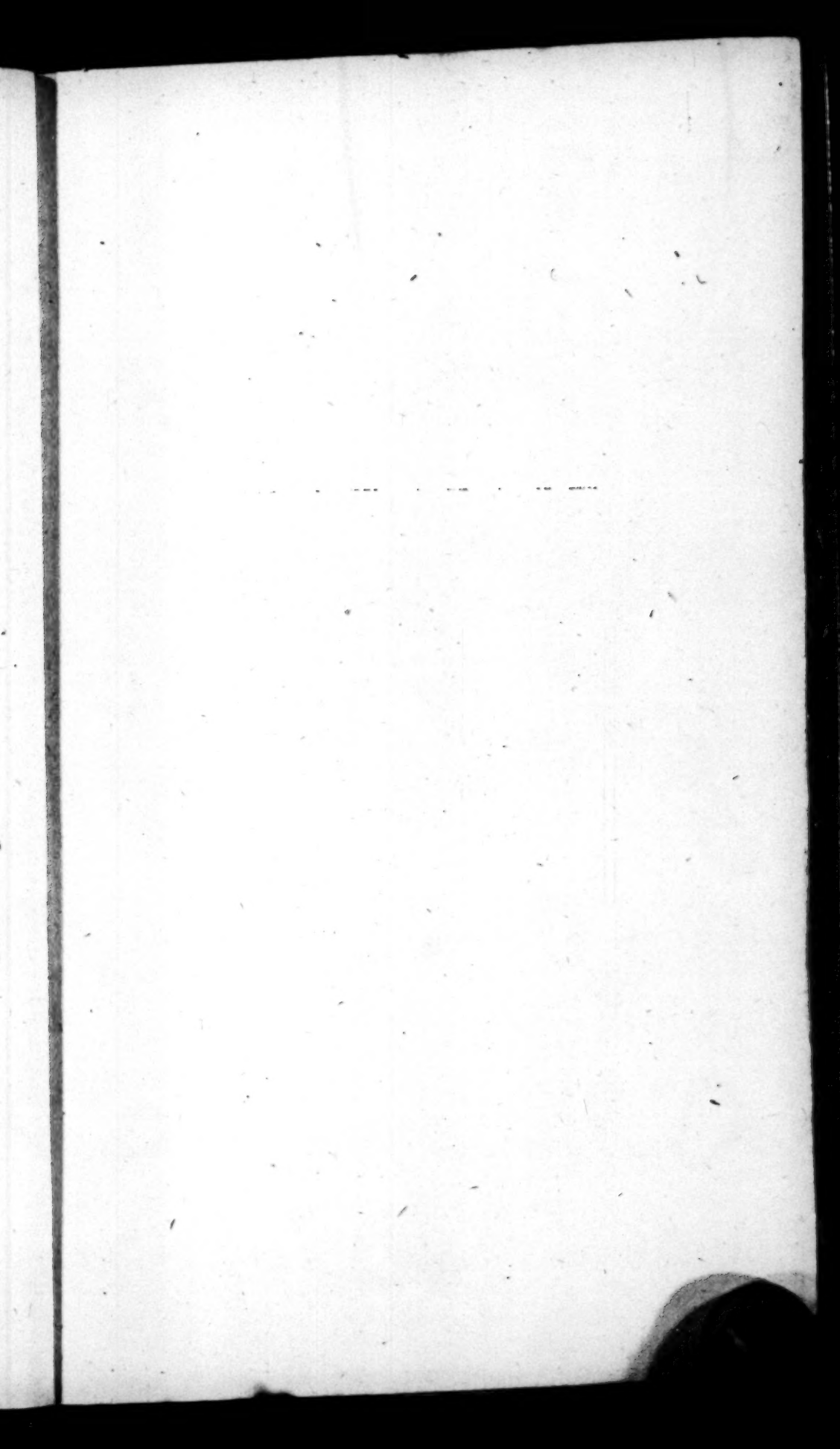
also. Como Jones' Edition
of Benbow's Hist. Spalding Club.
Preface, pages 12-113.

There is much to be said for the
idea of a new book. I have
been thinking of it for some time.
I have been thinking of it for some time.

The only thing I have to say for the
idea is that it is a very good one.
I have been thinking of it for some time.
I have been thinking of it for some time.

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idea of a new book. I have
been thinking of it for some time.
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Collected & perfect receipt
some Carolina. 18

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THE
ACTES
AND LIFE OF
THE MOST VICTO-
RIOVS CONQUEROVR,
ROBERT BRUCE,
KING OF SCOTLAND.

WHEREIN
also are contained the Mar-
tiall deedes of the valliant Princes,
EDWARD BRUCE, SIR JAMES
DOWGLAS, ERLE THOMAS RANDEL,
WALTER STEWART, and
fundrie others.

*Newly corrected, and conferred with the best
and most ancient Manuscripts.*



EDINBURGH,
Printed by ANDREW HARRISON.



*Sr John Anstruther
of Anstruther Bar.*



The Printers Preface *to the Reader.*



Here is nothing vnto which the minde of mā doth more aspire than to renown & immortality: therefore it is, & no time hath bene so barbarous, no countries so vnciuile, but they haue had a care to preserue wor-

thie actions from the iniurie of ol liuion, & laboured & the names of these that were vertuous, while they liued, should not perish with their breath. And amongst all the strange and diuerse fashions of remembring the dead, no record hath bene found to be compared to that of bookes, & amongst all bookes none so lasting as these in verse, which how so ever rudely done, yet seeme to haue striuen with dayes, and euen to compasse time, beeing the first remembrances that either Greece or Rome haue, and apparantly shall be the last.

Howe curious our Antecessours in this Isle haue bene to extend their memory to after ages, many olde monuments yet to be seene, can beare witnesse, but more than any, that same of which

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many yeres since was amongst fornerers of their ancient Poets the *Bardes*, who wrote in verse the deedes of their most valiant men, and song them in the wilde Forrests & mountaines, with which (though long time after) the many records wee haue of the ancient defenders of our Countrie, may be brought forth: and amongst all the rest, this storie of the valiant BRUCE is not the least: it speaketh the language of that time: if it spake ours, it would not bee it selfe: yet as an antique it is venerable.

To speake somewhat of the occasion of these warres, that the Historie may the better appeare. *Alexander* the third of that name, King of SCOTLAND departed this life suddenly without succession to the crowne, except *Margaret* his Neece, daughter to the King of *Norway*. who beeing left the vndoubted heire to the Kingdome, King *Edward* of *England* desired her in mariage to his sonne Prince *Edward*, whereunto our Scottish Nobilitie easily condescended, but she beeing dead before y^e ambassadours arriued, they returned with sorrowfull heartes: whereupon arose great troubles & contention amongst the Nobilitie, who should succcede to the crown: and albeit there were many contendents: yet at length, came onely betwixt the *Bruce* and *Balliol*. The Nobility to auoide further strife, conueened themselves, to decide who should haue y^e vndoubted right: but because hey could not agree, both y^e parties beeing so great, y^e their power could not make the parties stand to their arbitrement, they with one voice referred the deciding thereof to *Edward* of *England*, supponing, that he should deale most

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most sincerely therein, considering how willingly they had condescended to the marriage of his sonne with *Margaret* the Neece of King *Alexander*, who accepting very gladly of the matter, hoping to atchieue by craft, that which he and his predecessours could never obtaine by force, left off his Journey to the Holy LAND, hoping to speede better at home for the enlarging of his Dominions, beeing a man greatly inclined that way, called the parties before him at *Baruike*, protesting heerewithall that hee called them not vpon any presumption, that he pretended ouer them, but as they had chosen him to be arbiter in the cause: so he called them to the deciding of the matter, and to collour his purpose, he had conueened a number of learned Lawyers out of *France*, and other Countries, pretending that he would doe nothing without law and reason; yet the moste parte of the Doctours there conueened, as namely, *Mr. Siluius*, *Mr. Rainerius*, *Decius*, *Mr. Severinus de Florentia*, mentioned in the *Pluscadin Chronicle*, and in *Scoticronicon* condescended, that *Robert Bruce* had the best right, *quod propinquior in gradu debet succedere*: and therefore *Robert Bruce* in respect he was *uno gradu stipitis propinquior*, and was also the first Male, albeit begotten on the younger sister. But King *Edward* had his owne decinct, not regarding their arbitrement, called first secretly the *Bruce* vnto him, to whome he was well inclined, promising to decide in his fauours, if he would hold his Kingdome in homage of him. But *Bruce* being a mā of Heroik spirit, refused absolutely to subject a free Realme to the seruitude of any forraine Prince.

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uer. The King highly offended, turned himselfe frowardly in great anger frō the *Bruce*, called *Iohn Ballioll* also secretly, & promised him & same conditions, the man beeing blinded with ardent desire to reigne, not regarding what hee did promise, so he might haue Soueraignitie, condescended easily to whatsumeuier *Edward* required, and so by him was nominate King, and sent home to *Scotland*, where hee was conueyed to *Scone*, and there crowned, and all, except *Bruce*, swore to him obedience. Shortly after, there fell out a slaughter of *Makdulf* Erle of *Fife*, by the *Abirneithes* men at that time in great authoritie and wealth, and because *Makdulf* his brother suspected the King to bee partiall in judging, summond him to bee judged before King *Edward*. The *Ballioll* beeing there present, & sitting beside King *Edward* in the conuention of Estates, and beeing called, thought to answer by a Procurour, was compelled to arise and defend his cause at the Barre, wherewith beeing sorely griened, albeit hee durst not peepe for the time yet returning home in a marueilous chaufe, reuoluing in his minde, howe hee might cast off this yoke and bondage, whereunto foolishly hee had subjected himselfe, and as hee did meditate vpon this, a profitable dissension for his purpose, interueened betweene FRANCE and ENGLAND, which immediatly brast forth in warre: so that at a Conuention in SCOTLAND both the Kings ambassadours were present. The French to renewe their olde league with the new King, the English by the recent surrender of the Realme, desired assistance in that warre. Both the ambassadours

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hours were referred to the Parliament, the Nobilitie prone to cast off the late yoke of ENGLAND decerned the French petition just, and the English vnjust, for that league with FRANCE, was made five hundred yeeres ago, by the consent of the whole Realme, inviolably obserued to that day, but that surrender was but new throwen out of the King against his will, which albeit hee had beene willing to doe, yet neither was the King, nor the Realme bound to bide at it, seeing it was done without the consent of the Estates in Parliament, without whose consent, the King could doe nothing. These Newes comming to King EDWARDS eares, hauing taken some Moneths truce with FRANCE, hee sent his Nauie that was bowne to FRANCE into SCOTLAND, thinking to ouerthrowe the Scots, before they were provided, and to keepe BARVIKE vnvittalled. The Scots encountring this Nauie at the River mouth of TVVEED, wanne eightene shippes, and chased the rest. King Edwards wrath was by this losse more vehemently prouoked to reuenge, summond the Ballioll thrise to compeare before him at Newcastle, and because hee compeared not at all, hee sent for Bruce, and promised him the Kingdome, if hee would write to his friendes, either to leaue their King, or to flee in battell. The King with all diligence past towarde Baruike, where finding the towne strongly garnished with men: and comming small speede in his pursute, hee fained a retreat, and caused some of the BRUCES faction sparse brutes

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that the *Ballioll* with a great Oast was euen there at hand, whereupon the most notable men of the toun, supponing themselves to bee free of the common enemy, ran forth for to receiue their King honourably: and so both horse and foote went out of the towne confusedly. But *Edward* had appointed a number of horsemen to wait vpon that turne, who cutted them off easily from their companies, beeing vsed so confusedly, and out of order, and comming to the next Port, entred in the towne, the King with his foot-hoste following, made miserable slaughter vpon all sorts of people, & increasing in multitude sent a part of his armie to besiege *Dumbar*, himselfe within few dayes receiued the Castell of *Barnike*, which the keepers randred, despairing of reliefe: then joyning all his forces together at *Dumbar*, encountred with the Scots hoste which came hither with a great battell to raise the siege, the victorie enclined to the English side. The chiefe men of the Nobilitie fledde to the Castell, but the Captaine not hauing Viuers sufficient to sustaine such a multitude, randred, and all kinde of crueltie execute vpon the captiues. But when the *Bruce* desired the Kingdome in recompense of his trauell, and according to promise, *Edward* answered him in French, haue we nothing ado, but to purchase Kingdomes for you. *Dumbar*, and some other Castles vpon the Border beeing randred, *Edinburgh* and *Striuling* were deliuered also: from *Striuling* *Edward* passed *Forth*, and marched towards *Forsare*, where the *Ballioll* was, when without impediment hee came to *Monrosse*. The *Ballioll* by perswasion of *Iohn Cummine* of *Strabogie* randred himselfe

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selfe, & the Kingdome into King *Edward*s hands, whom he shipped, & sent into *England*. *Edward* returned to *Barwicke*, & by sharpe edict summond all the Scottish Nobilitie to come thither, such as came were compelled to sweare obedience vnto him. *William Douglas* a man of Noble blood, and valiant, refusing to sweare, was cast in prison, where within few yeeres, he died. Thus all things succeeding to his wish, hee appointed *Iohn Warren* Erle of *Surrey* Viceroy, *Hew Cressingham* Thesaurer, & leaving them behind him, he returned to *London*, where he warded *Iohn Ballioll*, when hee had reigned 4. yeeres. But he within a short space at request of the Bishop of *Rome* was sent to *France*, leauing his sonne *Edward* in pledge for him. Afterward *Edward* with a great army, took shipping to passe in *France*. The Scots in esperance of liberty (he being absent) chused twelue Regents, & by all their aduises, *John Cumme* Erle of *Buchan* with a sufficient armie was sent in *England*. The English Garrisons left in *Scotland* dispersed heere and there, durst not stirre: so he without impediment spoyled *Cumberland* & *Northumberland*. Albeit this voyage somewhat incouraged the Scots, yet did it but small helpe to the whole warre, for all strōg holds were fortified by the enemies garrisons. But while as Noblemen lacked both strength & sufficient courage to enterprise greater matters, *William Wallace* a man of Noble and ancient Familie, did actes in that warre, not only aboue all mens expectation, but also incredible, being a man of great bodily strength and high courage, hee hardened his body against all iniuries of Fortoun, and confirmed his courage by
perilous

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perilous attempts, to enterprife higher and greater, euen with danger, he gathered vnto him some companie of men, and here with not onely flew any Englishmen he met with, but oftentimes also with few fought with great numbers in sundrie places where hee met with them, and slewe them. In shorte space his fame filled both the Realmes: so they that had like causes as hee had, and not vnlike loue to their Countrie, gathering together, swarmed to him from all partes, and within few moneths hee amassed an indifferent armie. Noblemen for feare or lashnesse lying still, WALLACE was proclaimed Gouvernour, and as Lieutenant for BALIOLL, commanded as lawfull Magistrate. Hee tooke not this name of pride, or of desire to Empire, but onelie (like another SAMSON) vpon compassion and loue of his Countrie-people. After this hee essayed with open force, tooke many Castells, (either not sufficiently furnished, or not well guarded, or negligentlie kept) and raised them. His men of warres mindes were so confirmed, that vnder his conduct they feared no perill, for that his hardement lacked neuer wisdom, nor his wisdom the wished euent. So in shorte space hee wanne all the Fortes that Englishmen possessed beyond *Forth*. King EDWARD hearing these rumours, and hauing all his armie with him in *France*, hee wrote to HENRIE PERSIE, Lord of *Northumberland*, and to WILLIAM LATIMER, to raise quickly Forces out of the next adjacent Countries, and joyne themselves with *Cressingham*, to suppress the Scots:

Wallace

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WALLACE in this time besieged the Castell of *Comper in Fife*, to the ende his men of warre should not bee idle, attending the comming of the English armie: his enemies now comming neere marched directly to *Struiling*, (the Riuer of *Forth* hath no fourdes at *Struiling*) yet there was a wooden bridge, ouer the which *Cressingham* past with the greater parte of his armie: the rest following so thicke, (the bridge beeing ouer-burthened with so huge a weght) brake in pieces. The Scots charged these that were past, before they could be arrayed, slew their Leader, droue backe the rest in the water, with so huge a slaughter, that almost the whole were either flaine by the enemye, or drowned in the Riuer. *Wallace* after this so followed his Fortoun, that he left not an Englishman in *Scotland*, except prisoners. This victorie was obtained ypon the Ids of September, 1297. yeeres. Hereafter followed great famine for not manuring of the ground, and pest followed hunger: whereof greater destruction was feared than of the warre. WALLACE to remeadie this as well as hee might, charged all sensible men, to come vnto him at a certaine daye, and caried them with him to ENGLAND, where liuing in Winter in their enemies lands, they spared Viuers at home, where hee remained from the Kalends of Nouember, vnto the Kalends of Februarie, and no man durst match him, and then hauing enriched themselues with their enemies spoyles, returned with great glorie. As this Iourney augmented WALLACES fame and authoritie amongst

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amongst the people: so it increased the Nobles enuie against him, whereof *Edward* beeing priuie, setting things in *France* in order, as time would permit, leauing his olde souldiers beyond sea, amassing a very great army vpon the sudden, of Nouices, hee marched towards *Scotland*: but whē in the Plain of *Stanemoore* both armies stood in order of battell, about halfe a myle frō other, *Edward* viewiug *Wallaces* hoste, his skill and order of battell, albeit he had a greater number of people, yet durst he not hazard (returning his standards) softly retired: but *Wallace* for feare of ambushment durst not followe. This victorie obtained without blood, against a most potent King. The enemies of *Wallace* more sharply assaulted him, raising brutes through the Countrey, that he openly shot at the Kingdome. So they conclude, by all meanes to subuert *Wallaces* authoritie. These deuises not vnknowne to King *Edward*, he raised a great armie of English and Scottish, who had remained constant in their promise made to him, the next summer came vnto *Falkirk*, which village is builded vpon the very ruines of *Seuerus* wall, distant from *Strimling* sixe myles. The Scottish hoste abade not farre from thence, strong enough indeede (for they were thirtie thousand) if the Rulers had agreed amōgst themselves. The Rulers were *Iohn Cumming*, *Iohn Steward*, & *William Wallace*: the former two in blood and puissance, the last in Martiall glorie, most flourishing of all *Scotland*. While as the three battells stood in readinesse to fight, a newe contention was added to the former enuie, who should lead the Vangard, & neither of them giuing place to the other. The

English

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Englishmen ended the strife, who in order of battell, with displayed banners came vpon them with expedition: *Cummine* with his companie fledde without stroke, *Steward* inuironed both behinde & before, was slaine with his hoste, *Wallace* being fore set vpon in front, and *Bruce* comming about a Know, to charge him on the backe, conteened his men together in such order, as in such estate hee could, & returned backe ouer *Carron* Water, where he defended himselfe, hauing gathered together those that were fled, and *Bruce* desiring to speake with him, he refused not: when these two alone, stood right ouer against other, at a deepe & narrow part of the Riuer, *Bruce* first said, he wondered at him, that beeing caried with the facile fauour of the people, would hazard himselfe in so many perills against a King most puissant of that age, assisted also with great support of Scots, & that without any hope of recompence of his paines: for albeit he vanquisht *Edward*, the Scots would neuer allowe of him to be King, & if hee were ouerthrowen, hee had no refuge, but in the mercie of his enemy. To whom *Wallace* answered, I (said hee) neuer tooke these paines to purchase to my selfe a Kingdome, for that is vnagreable with my condition, and my minde couets it not, but seeing my COUNTRYMEN through your cowardice to whom the Realm of right appertaineth, destitute of Rulers, and hereby casten into their most cruell enemies hands, not onely in bondage & slavery, but euen to the shambles. I pitied their case, and haue enterprised the defence of their cause, forsaken by you, whole libertie I shall not forsake, before my life forsake me, & so the conference

ference ended, either of both returning to their owne. After this unhappie battell *Wallace* returned to *Perth*, and there skailed his armie, giuing place to the enuie borne against him, and after that day enterprised nothing for the Realme, and renounced the name of Magistrate, albeit he left not off the inuading of the English Nation, wheresoeuer hee could bee their master. *Edward* after this wasted by all warlike calamities, the lands beyond *Forth*, euen to *Perth*, subduing those that in respect of the present miserie durst not stirre: and so retired with his army into *England*. The Scots that were carefull for the liberacie of their Realme, a litle refreshed after the enemies departure, made *John Cummine* younger, Regent, who by the aduise of the Counsell sent ambassadours to *Philip Valloes* King of *France*, to trauell with him, that by mediation of his sister, who was then affianced to *Edward*, they might at least obtaine truce. By her trauels they obtained truce for seuen moneths, but not obserued (*bona fide*) for Englishmen tooke the ambassadours that were directed to *Bonifacius* the eight, and imprisoned them. The Scots in the meane time, who could not abide the tyrannie of Englishmen, nor could not by no punishment satiate *Edward*'s cruell mind, neither yet obtaine peace vpon iust conditions, prepared themselves with obstinate minds to fight it out without all hope of pardon. First they droue all *Edwards* Captaines foorth of all townes, and fortresses, & vexed the Scots of the English faction with all the force they might, while as the state of matters, thus continued almost 2. yeeres. *Edward* sent *Rodulph Confray* with a puissant armie, to suppress this rebellion of the

Scots

Scots, and to put an end to this warre. This army
without impediment wasted all to *Rosline* a place
in *Louthiane* 4. miles distant from *Edinburgh*, & to
spoyle further within the Countrey, diuided their
armie in three: *John Cummine* and *John Fraser* the
most wealthe men in *Tweddale*, gathering to the
number of 8000. men, marched toward y^e ene-
mie, of purpose either to keepe in y^eemie, that
he should not run at randoun to spoyle y^e Coun-
try, or if they found better occasion to followe
Fortoun: better occasion was offered than they
looked for: For Englishmen fearing nothing lesse
than y^e comming of their enemies so often ouer-
throwne, behauing theselues more loosely thā was
expedient, in their enemies ground, by sudden
cōming of y^e Scots, vpo y^e first of their Camps were
ouerthrowne wth a great slaughter: they y^e escaped
raised great tumult in the second Camp where y^e
alarme was fearefully raised, euery man exhor-
ting his Mate to support their owne; they prepa-
red theselues for reuenge. The cōflict was terrible
as betwixt these y^e were fierce through victory, &
these y^e were enraged by thirst of reuenge, in
y^e Englishmē discomfist & chased, victorie, albeit
not vnbloody, yeelded to y^e Scots, the third hoste
which had bin further off, affrayed the Scots, for
many being wōded, & y^e greater part wearied wth
trauels in 2. late battels foresaw manifest danger
to insue by fighting, & assured destructiō by flight,
at lēgth y^e heads cōmanded to slay all captiues, lest
whilst they were occupied with theemie, they
should come vpon their backes, they armed their
seruāts wth slain mens armour, & so made shew of a
greater army to their enemies, y^e battel begun was
kenely foghtē on both sides, y^e fight being doubtful
for a

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for a while, the Scots by exhortation of their leaders, & calling to mind their late double victory, renewing their strength, ran so fiercely vpon their enemies, that their array broken, they gaue backs, it was foughten at *Rosline* the 6. of the Kalends of March 1320. The more notable that this victorie was, three hosts in one day ouerthrowne by one, the more sharpely *Edward* set his minde to deface this ignominie, and once to put an ende to this longsome war. He amasseth a greater armie than euer he did before, & persued *Scotlād* both by land & sea to the vttermost borders of *Rosse*, no man in warfare durst hazard himselfe against so puissant an armie, except *Wallace* with his few folks sometimes before, sometimes behind, and sometimes vpon their wings, chopped at such as had rashly run forth from the host. *Edward* preast by great promises to make him his owne, but in vaine: his answere was ay to all men, that hee had auowed his life to his Countrie. Thus things atchieued, *Edward* adjoynded himselfe to his sonne *Edward*, whō he had left at *Perth*, took in sundry strēgths, & forts, & *Strimling* after three moneths siege, the rest randered for feare. *Edward* held a Parliament in *Sanctandrees*, where hee made moste part of the Nobilitie for feare to sweare to bee his true subjects (*Wallace* only excepted) who for feare to be betrayed of the Nobilitie, withdrew himselfe to his olde lurking places. *Edward* appointed Lieutenants, & Magistrates throughout *Scotland*. past home to *England*, & left no monuments, histories, bookes, lawes, nor learned men vnde destroyed or transported with him, thinking hereby to exterminate the name of that Nation. He left *Odomar*

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Valentine Viceroy, to extinguish all innovations, if any began to peepe: But new warres arose where he least weened. Amongst the rest of Scottish Nation that were with *Edward*, was *Robert Bruce* son who contended with *Ballioll* for the Kingdome, & *John Cummine* Cousen germane to *John Ballioll* late King of Scots, *Edward* had spoken oft times feuerally, and long time holden them in the halfe, vpon vaine hope of the Kingdom & so vsed their meanes in the conquest of the same, beeing both men of great power & friendship: but the deceitful mockage at length manifested. There was nothing more desired of either of them, than occasion to bee reuenged vpon *Edwards* falsset against promise & trust to both: but emulation whereby the one suspected the other, was the stay. & neither durst communicate his counsell with & other. Now *Cummine* perceiued & these doings miscontented *Bruce*, vehemently deplored vnto him the misery of their Countrie, beginning frō yground therof, & inueighing greatly against the King of *Englands* perfidie, accused first himselfe, & then *Bruce*, by whose assistance and trauels their people were brought to this miserie, proceeding further from this beginning of speech, euery of them promising secrecie to other vpon their faith & honesty. They agreed betwixt themselues thus: That *Bruce* should be King, *Cummine* should resigne his right in his fauours, & *Cummine* should haue all landes that *Bruce* possessed in *Scotland*, (he had many fair & fruitfull lands,) & *Cummine* should be second in honour next vnto the King. These things sworne, written & sealed, *Bruce* waiting opportunitie of change, past to the Court of *England*,

leauing

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leauing behinde him in *Scotland* his wife and brethren. After his departure, *Cummine* either repenting his former aduise, or els he thought by craft to cut away *Bruce*, that thereby hee might more easily come by the Kingdome. Hee bewrayed their secrets to *Edward*, and to purchase credite he ein, he sent him the Contract signed by both. *Bruce* was sumond to a day for treason, charged not to depart from Court, and quiet Keepers appointed vnto him, commanded to espy both his words and deedes. The cause why the King protracted time in this so manifest a turne, was that his brethren might bee apprehended before the brute of his execution should arise. *Bruce* in the meane time was enformed of the sudden danger by his olde friend the Earle of *Gomera*, who durst not counsell him by letter to fle, but warning by example, sent him a paire of gilt spurres, with some pieces of gold, as if he had borrowed them the day preceeding. *Robert*, as men in danger are most tentie, not ignorant what was meant by the propine, called for a smith, in the night caused shoo three horses backward, lest the print of the horse feet in the snow might bewray their flight, & that same night might be espied, accompanied with other two, tooke journey vpon the 7. day thereafter: themselves & their horses weary came to a Castell of his owne, standing beside *Lochmaben*, there finding his brother *David* & *Robert Fleming*, & taking them with him, scarcely opening vnto them the cause of his flight, chanced vpon a messenger carying letters from *Cummine* to *Edward*, bearing that *Robert* should be execute with diligence, for delay brought danger, lest a Noble man

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man favoured of y^e people, & therewith also wise & stout, should raise new troubles. The *Cummines* treason also by this testimonie tried, *Robert* enflamed with rage of ire, past directly to *Drumfrise* where he understood his enemy was, and finding *John Cummine* in the *Grayfreeres Church*, produced his letters, & reprooved him bitterly, while as he impudently stood to the denial thereof, but he impatient, in wrath strake him in the bellie with his dagger, and left him for dead. When hee was horsing againe, *James Lyndesay* his Cousen, & *Roger Kirkepatrick* his friend perceiuing his countenance changed, inquired the cause. He told them in a word, he beleetted *Cummine* was dead. What? said *Lyndesay*, Hast thou left so dangerous a deede in doubt, & wth the word he entred into the Church & not only slew him, but also *Robert Cummine* his kinsman preassing to support him. This murther was committed the 4. of the Ids of Februarie, anno 1305. About this same time *William Wallace* was taken, & betrayed by *John Menteeth*, his familiar companion corrupted by *Edwards* money, in the bounds of *Glasgow*, where he lurked for the time sent to *London*, where by *Edwards* comand he was vnjustly beheaded & quartered, his members (to terrifie others) hung vp in most publike places in *Englād* & *Scotlād*. This was the end of this most worthy mans life, who for high spirit in interpreting dangers, for fortitude in execution comparable in deede to the most famous Christians amongst the Ancients, for loue to his native Countrie, second to none. Hee only free, the rest slaues, could neither bee bought with benefites, nor compelled by force, to leaue the publike

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leaving behinde him in *Scotland* his wife and brethren. After his departure, *Cummine* either repenting his former aduise, or els he thought by craft to cut away *Bruce*, that thereby hee might more easily come by the Kingdome. Hee bewrayed their secrets to *Edward*, and to purchase credite he ein, he sent him the Contract signed by both. *Bruce* was sumond to a day for treason, charged not to depart from Court, and quiet Keepers appointed vnto him, commanded to espy both his words and deedes. The cause why the King protracted time in this so manifest a turne, was that his brethren might bee apprehended before the brute of his execution should arise. *Bruce* in the meane time was enformed of the sudden danger by his olde friend the Earle of *Gomera*, who durst not counsell him by letter to flee, but warning by example, sent him a paire of gilt spurres, with some pieces of gold, as if he had borrowed them the day preceeding. *Robert*, as men in danger are most tentie, not ignorant what was meant by the propine, called for a smith, in the night caused shoo three horses backward, lest the print of the horse feet in the snow might bewray their flight, & that same night might be espied, accompanied with other two, tooke journey vpon the 7. day thereafter: themselves & their horses weary came to a Castell of his owne, standing beside *Lochmaben*, there finding his brother *David* & *Robert Fleming*, & taking them with him, scarcely opening vnto them the cause of his flight, chanced vpon a messenger carying letters from *Cummine* to *Edward*, bearing that *Robert* should be execute with diligence, for delay brought danger, lest a Noble
man

To the Reader.

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like cause which he once profest, whose death appeared more to be lamented, that being inuincible, to his enemy he was betrayed by his Familiar, that in no case should haue done so.

The *Bruce* staying only till he had obtained pardon of y^e Bishop of *Rome*, for the murder committed in holy Church. In the next month of Aprile, 1306. passing to *Scone*, hee was crowned King. First knowing well the great puissance of his enemy, he amasseth all the forces he could, from all parts, although the whole clan of *Cūmines*, the greatest in *Scotland* that euer was before them, or since in puissance withstood him, and his assisting of *Edward*, offended many, and the greater part of the Realm beside, lay quiet for feare of English force, he, notwithstanding of his few number, hazarded against *Odemar* at *Methuen*, with the losse of a few was put to the worst. The like bad successe he had in passing from *Atholl* to *Argyle*, where the *Cummines* beset him, and forced him to fight at *Dalry*, his men fleeing to saue themselves in places of greatest suretie. From this time with one or two in company, thinking himselfe in that state more sure with few than many. He wandred in the wilderness like a wilde man; & albeit he would haue assayed Fortoun, hee sawe no appearance of force in any part: for the common people vpon the construing of the two former losses caused him be forsaken of all: wo only of his old friends stood constantly by him, *Micolum* Leuin Erle of *Lennox*, & *Gilbert Hay*, Englishmen, not faciate sufficiently with his miseries, sent, & apprehended his kinsme throughout all the Countie, his wife taken by *William* Earle of *Rosse*, was sent into *England*, his brother

Nigell

To the Reader.


Nigell, the Castle of *Kildrummie* betrayed by the Captaine thereof, with his Wife, & children, were randered to the enemy, *Thomas & Alexander* his brethren also passing frō *Galloway* to *Carrik* were taken at *Lochrien*, & sent into *England*. These three in sundrie places were beheaded, the remnant of the *Bruces* faction were sought also & slaine, and their goods confiscate. The King himselfe most often with one in companie in this time kept the vnhaunted mountaines, every daye and houre changing lurking holes, & while as hee thought not himselfe sure that way, neither from treason of the people, nor crueltie of his enemies, past to the Iles. to an old friend of his, called *Angus*, and lurking there certaine moneths, he was supposed to bee dead, and so the enemy ceased searching. This brute as it was not vnprofitable for his securitie, so if it had any while continued, it appeared to his friends, to cut away all hope of recovering the Realme: thinking therfore to attempt somewhat, getting a small companie from his friend, with whom he lurked: he sailed to *Carrik* where he tooke a Castle of his own inheritance, at vnawares kept by a strong garison of Englishmen, and slew them all, lest hee might be inuironed by force of the enemy, & crossing the Firth of *Clyde*, with the like felicitie tooke the Castle of *Inverness* far distant from there: & so passing from place to place, taking in townes, Castles, & strengths. The Countrey-people (beeing heauily oppressed by the enemy) flocking to him frō all quarters, he gathered a reasonable armie: & albeit hee had not only the common enemy to withstand, but also a number of mightie intestine enemies at home, especially

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especially the *Cammines* faction, yet from this time forth, whatsoeuer hee attempted succeeded prosperously, till he had expelled the enimie vnto out of the Reálme, & subdued the whole Countrey to his obedience: but leauing the Historie to his further progresse, because it will appear more particularly in this Historie it selfe, I reme the Reader to the perusing thereof. This is hee whom it may be said, that was said of that *Roman* *Scipio*, *unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem*. In what bondage found he his Nation? To what liberty did he restore it? Since the times of the *Old Heroes* none hath more excelled in all vertues. Who more couragious in warre? Who more temperate in peace? Who euer had a fortune more hard? Who euer did more hardely lead Fortoun captiue, & lesse regarded her frowne: a constant course of victorie still enabling all his enterprises, whose mind would not bin broken much more bowed vnder such heaps of miserie whose constancie would not be queld to haue his wife taken captiue, his foure brethren slaine, his friends with all mischiefes opprest: to haue himselfe not only barred of his patrimonie & estate but of a Kingdome? & all done against faith, a prince the mightiest of that age. Beside all these calamities, thrallled, & brought to the extreame of want: hee neither doubted of the recouerie of his Crowne, nor was at any time seene, to commit any thing vnworthie of a kingly mind. Let *Rome* boast of her *Camillus*, and *Scipio*, *France* of *Charles*, *Epirus* of the great *Scãdeberge*, *Scotland* not forget this Prince, for she cannot. And if he be not so renowned as these, it is not for that

To the Reader.

time not as worthie: but for that he hath not had so
braue trumpeters of his fame, beeing borne in so
unpolished an age: which time the destroyer and
restorer of euery thing may perhaps hereafter in
these more learned dayes amend. There be some
who hold the opiniõ that the publishing of those
bookes is hurtful, as embers of consumed discord,
but it is not the publishing of the simplicitie of
our predeceffours that can diuide vs, or cause any
discord, but rather our owne too great subteltie,
ambition & auarice, & the turning the pages of
Tacitus, & of Secretar *Machiauell* that can breed an
ague in our state. Can the reading of the warres
betwixt *Langcaster* & *Yorke* separate y red & white
Roses? I thinke no. But I am perswaded that all
men of sound minds wil rather abhorre discord in
reading of these bookes, seeing what the miseries
& horrible calamities these warres bring forth, &
what great occasion we of both Nations haue to
magnifie Gods goodnes, that in our daies since y
Gospell hath bene in sinceritie published amõgst
vs, hath turned all these bloodie broyles into a
peaceable Calme, especially now in the person of
our dread Soueraigne: So that now, as the Pro-
phet sayeth. *Our words are broken into mattocks, and*
our speares into sithes. But if we would cõsider what
meanes haue beene vsed, what paines taken, and
plots laide by the wisest of both Nations, to knit
this vnion, and yet could neuer effectuate the
same, vntill it pleased God to cut downe this par-
tition wall of long debate, in the person of our
most gracious SOVERAIGNE. GOD giue
vs grace to bee thankfull
for it. AMEN.



ROBERTVS BRVSSIUS

Regni instaurator, ac penè novus conditor, in omni Fortuna invictus.

QUIS varios casus, quis dura pericula BRVSSI,
Fatorumque vices commemorare queat?

*Qui victus toties, toties qui victor & hostis,
In vacuo fixit Martia signa solo.*

*Qui domitis Fatis, pugnando restituit rem;
Civibus & patriam, jusque suum patriæ.*

*Cùm tot acerba virum, cùm tot cumulata suorum
Funera funeribus cerneret ante oculos;*

*Mens generosa animi Fortuna excelsior omni
Imperio, stabili perstitit usque gradu?*

SCOTIA qua statues VICTORI iusta tropæa?
Qui Fati, ac hostis, Victor & ipse Sui est.

The same in English.

WHO can the Hazards hard, the chāces strāge
Of Bruce report, a Mark of Fortunes chāge?
Oft was he thrall'd, his Foes oft from him fled,
Oft ensignes on the purple Plaines he spred.
He danted Fates, his native Soyle o'rethrowne
Hert to her owne, to her brought back a Crowne.
By fight he all restor'd, and having scene
So many funerall heapes before his eene,
His Mind ynquell'd reach't Fortunes wheele about,
And in the Spheare of Courage fixt did move.
Where hast thou (Scotlā) for his Trophæes room,
Who Fates, Foes, & himselfe for thee o'recome?

THE
ACTES AND
life of the most
victorious Conquerour
ROBERT BRUCE King
of **SCOTLAND,**

WHEREIN ALSO
are contained the Martiall deedes of the
valiant Princes : **EDWARD BRUCE,**
Sir JAMES DOWGLAS, Earle
THOMAS RANDELL,
WALTER STEWART,
and fundrie others.



Stories to read are delectable,
Suppose they nocht contain but fable
Then sould stories y^e soothfast teler,
If they be spoken in good maner,
Have double pleasure in hearing :
The first is their pleasant carping,
The other is, the soothfastnes,
That shawes the thing right as it was,
And soothfast things that are likand,
To mens hearing are pleasant:
Therefore I would faine set my will,
If my wit might suffice theretill.

To put in write a soothfast storie,
 That it may last in memorie:
 So that no length of time may let,
 Nor gar it haily be sozret,
 For ald stories that men reides,
 Represents to them the deides
 Of stalward folke that lined air,
 Right as they then present waire.
 And certes they sould weill haue prise,
 That in thair time were wicht and wise:
 And led thair life in great trauell:
 And oft intill hard stoure of battell,
 Wan richt greit praise of Chenalrie,
 And was boyde of all Colwartrie:
 As was King Robert of Scotland,
 That hardy was of hart and hand:
 And gude Schir James of Dowglas,
 That in his time sa worthie was:
 That of his praise and his bountie,
 In Andrie lands honour wan he.
 Of thank I thinke this buke to ma.
 Now God of grace, that I may swa
 Treit it, and bring it to gude ending,
 That I say nocht bot soothfast thing.

Q When Alexander the King was deid
 That Scotland had to steir and leid
 The land fer zeires, and mair persay
 Lay desolate efter his day:
 Till all the Barouns at the last
 Asmbliit thame, and that full fast,
 To chels a King the land to steir:
 That of the ancestris cummin weir,
 Of Kings that had that Royaltie,
 And had maist richt their King to be.

Bot Inuy that is sa felloun,
 Maid amang thame dissension,
 For some wald haue the Balliol King,
 For he was cummin of the offspring
 Of hir, that eldest sister was:
 Other sum contraryst that cais:
 And said, that he thair King sould be,
 That was of als neir degre,
 And cummin was of the first Male,
 And of Branches Collaterale.
 Thay said, succession of Kinrike,
 Was not till lawer state alike:
 For there micht not succed a Female.
 Quhill foundin micht be ony Male,
 That were in lyne even descendand:
 They beir all other wayes in hand:
 For then the nixt cummin of thair seid,
 Man, or woman sould succed.
 By this reffoun the Lords thocht hail,
 That the Lord of Annandaill,
 Robert the Bruce, Earle of Carrik,
 Aught to succed to the Kinrik.

The Barouns thus were in discozd,
 And on na maner micht accord:
 Till at the last they all accordit,
 That all thair speich sould be recordit,
 To Schir Edvard of England King,
 And he sould sweir bot senzeing,
 He sould as arbiter declair,
 Of the twa that I tauld of air:
 Quha sould succed to sit on hicht,
 And let him Regne that had the richt.
 This Ordinance thay thocht the best,
 For at that time was peice and rest

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4 The Booke of King

Westwirt Scotland and England baith,
That they could not perceiue the skaith,
That toward them was appearand,
For why the King of England
Held such friendship, and companie,
With their King that was worthy:
They trold that he as good nighbout,
And as friendfull Compositour,
Wald haue iudged in lele Lawtie,
But otherwise yerd all the glie.

A folke blinded full of great folly,
Had ye bethought once earnestly,
What perill to you might appeare,
Ye had not wrought in that manere.
Had ye tane keepe, how that this King
Alwayes withoutten faimpreing,
Trauell'd for to win Denyeore,
And through his might did occupie
Lands, that were to him marchand,
As Wa'es was, and all Ireland,
That he put into such thirlage,
That they that were of his Barage,
Should run on foot, as Ribalds all,
When he wald any folke assaile.
Durst none of Wales in battell ride,
Nor yet fra Cuen fell, abide
Castle, nor walled towne within,
But he should lish and limmes tne,
Into sik thirlage them led he,
Whome he ou'rcame with his poultie,
Ye might see he should occupie
Through sight, that he might not through mattrie.
Had ye tane keepe what was thirlage,
And had consiozed his blage,

That

ROBERT BRUCE.

That gripped ay but game giuing,
 We should withouthen his denyng,
 Haue chosen you a King, that might
 Haue holden well your Land at right.
 Wales ensample might haue bæne
 To you, had ye it well sozescene.
 And wise men say he is happie,
 That will therein himselfe chassie,
 For vnfaire things may fall persey
 The mozne, as they did yesterday:
 But ye trusted into lawtie,
 As simple folke but subtiltie,
 And wist not what might after tide:
 For in the world that is so wide,
 Is nane, determinatly that shall
 Know any thing that's for to fall,
 For GOD that is of macth pouer,
 Reseru'd it to his Maiestie,
 For to know in his Prescience,
 Of things to come the contingence.
 In this maner assented were,
 The Barons (as I said you aie)
 And thzough their aulin haill consent,
 Messengers to him they went.
 Then to the holy land bound was he,
 To Saracens to wære surely.
 And fra he wist what charge they had,
 He busked him but mair abade,
 And to England againe is gane,
 And left the purpose that he had tane.
 And syne to Scotland word sent he,
 That they should make an assemble.
 And he in hy should come to do:
 In all thing, as they wyite him to.

But he thocht weill thzow thair debait,

That he sould slepy find sum gait,

How that he all the Senzory

Thzow his greit micht sould occupy:

And to Robert the Bruce said he:

Gif thou wilt hald in cheif of me

Foz evermare, and thyne offspring:

I sall do sa, thou sall be King.

Schir (he said) sa God me sail,

The Kinrik zarne I nocht to hail:

But gif it fall of richt to me:

And gif God will that it sa be,

I sall als frely in all thing

Hald it, as langes to a King,

Oz as myne Elders befoze me

Held it in freast Rovalte.

The uther wzyt him, and swair,

That he sould neuer haue it mair:

And turnit him in wraith away,

But Schir Iohn Ballioll persay

Assentit sone til all his will:

Quhairthzow efter fell mekill ill.

He was King bot a litill quhyle,

Quhen thzow greit subtiltie and gyle

Foz litill enchesoun oz foz nane,

He was arreistit, and syne tane,

And degradit syne was he

Of honour and of dignitie,

Quether that it was wzong oz richt,

God wait it, that is maist of micht.

Q When Schir Ed vvard the mighty King,

Had on this wayes done his lking,

With Iohn the Ballioll, that sa sone

Was all degradit and vndone:

ROBERT BRUCE.

To Scotland went he then in by,
 And all the land can occupy:
 Ha haill, that baith Castell and Town,
 Were all in his possession:
 Fra Weik anent Orkney,
 To Mulesnake in Galloway,
 And stuffit all with Englis men,
 Schireffis, and Bailleis made he then,
 And all kin vther Officers,
 That to gouerne the land affaires,
 He made of Inglis Patroun.
 Then wozthit they sa seirs and felloun,
 And sa wickit, and sa greuous,
 Ha heuy, and sa couetous,
 That Scottis men micht do nathing,
 That euer micht pleis to thair lyking:
 Thair wyfes wald thay oft ly by,
 And thair daughters despiteously,
 And gif ony thairat were wraith,
 They wald him wait with a great skalth:
 For thay sould lone and encheoun,
 To put him to destruction:
 And gif ony man neir thame by,
 Had ony thing that was worthy,
 Hound, or hors, or vther thing,
 That pleisand was to thair lyking:
 With richt, or wzang haue it wald thay.
 And gif ony wald thame ganesay,
 Thay wald sa do, that he sould tyne,
 Outher lyfe, or land, or line in pyne:
 For thay dampnit thame euen at thair will,
 Takand na keep to richt, nor skill.
 Alace they dampnit thame sellounly:
 For gude Knichts that were worthy.

For litle enchesoun, and off for nane,
 Were hanged by the neckes tikane.
 Alace, they soze that ener was free,
 And ay in freedome was wont to be,
 Thzough their mischance and their folly,
 Were thirled then so wickedly:
 That their soes their iudges were:
 What wickednesse may men haue make?
 O how freedome is Noble thing:
 For it makes man to haue liking.
 Freedome all solace to men giues:
 He liues at ease that freely liues.
 A Noble heart may haue nalie ease,
 For nought els that may it please,
 If freedome faille: for freliking
 Is yarned aboue all other thing.
 O he that hath ay liued free,
 May not knaw well the propertie,
 The anger nor the wretched dome,
 That is coupled vnto thirldome:
 But if he had assayed it,
 Then all perqueir he might it wit:
 And should thinke freedome make to prife,
 Than all the gold men may deuise.
 For con'rarie things euer more,
 Discouerings of the other are:
 And he that into thzalome is,
 All that he hath in bandoun is,
 To his Lord what ener he be:
 Yet he hath not sa make free,
 As free liking to leaue or do
 It, that his heart braves him to:
 And yet Clarkes make Question,
 When they fall in disputation:

ROBERT BRUCE.

61

If a man bade his thirle ought do:
 And in the same time came him to
 His wife, and asked him his dot,
 Whether he his Lords new should bet,
 And pay first what he owt, and syne
 Doe forth his Lords commanding:
 O, leaue his wife vnpayde, and do
 At that his Lord commanded him to.
 I leaue all the solution,
 To men of mare discretion.
 But sen they make lik comparing,
 Betwixt the debts of wedding,
 And Lords bidding to thet will thirle.
 He my well se though none should tell,
 How hard a thing that thzalome is:
 For men may well wit that are wise,
 That wedding is the hardest band,
 That any man may take on hand,
 And thzalome is well wot than dead,
 For while a thirle his life may lead,
 It marres him both body and banyes,
 And dead annoyas him not, but anes.
 Wholly to say, is none to tell
 The soze condition of a Thzell.
Thus gate they liued in thilage,
 Baith poze and rich of hie parage.
 For of the Lords some they set to,
 And some they hanged, and some they dret to
 And some they put into prison,
 Withoutten cause of Chicheson,
 And among other of Dowglas,
 Sir Williame put in prison was,
 That of Dowglas was Lord and wyze,
 Of him they haue made a partyze:

For in

For in prison they him slew,
 And his lands that were faire anew,
 They to the Lord of Clifford gave,
 He left a sonne, a litill knave,
 That then was but a litte Page,
 And syne came to great bassalage,
 His fathers death he venged sa,
 That in England Indersta,
 Was nane in lyfe, but they him dzed:
 For he sa feill in armes sobed,
 That nane that liues can it tell.
 So wonder hard thinges befell
 Till him, or he to state was brought,
 Bot there was nane aventure that mocht
 Assoney his heart, nor gar it let
 To do the thing it was an set.
 How that he ay thocht ernistly
 To do his dede wisely.
 He thocht he was not worth na well,
 That might not of annoyes sell:
 And that for to encheif great things,
 With hard travell and barganings,
 Should gar his prife ay doubled be:
 Therefore in all his lifetime he
 Forsuik neuer paine nor travell,
 Nor neuer wald for mischiesse selle,
 To dryue the thing even to the end,
 And tak the chance that God wald send.
 His name was James of Doynglas,
 And quhen he heard his father was
 Put in prison sa fellounly,
 And that his lands sa haillely
 Were given to the Clyffurd, persey
 He wist not what to do, or say.

ROBERT BRUCE.

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For he had nathing to dispend,
 For there was none that ever him kend,
 And do sa mekle for him, that he
 Richt with sufficience found in he.
 Thus was he wonder will of wane,
 And suddenly in hart he stane,
 That he wald travell over the see,
 And a quhile into Paris be,
 And dze mischiefe quhere none him kend,
 Quhill God sum succour to him send:
 And as he thocht, he did richt sa,
 And sone to Paris can he ga,
 And lived there full simply,
 Quhere that he glaid was, and soly,
 And to sic exercise oft he zaid:
 As course craves of youthheid,
 And quhiles in play and vanitie,
 The quhilk sumtime may anailze:
 For knowledge of mony estates,
 Day quhiles anailze mony gates,
 As to the gude Erle of Artois
 Robert befell intill his dayes:
 For oft senzeing of Ribaldie,
 Quailzeit him, and that greatlie,
 And Cato sayes intill his writ,
 To senze soly quhyles is wit.
 In Paris neir thre zeires dwelt he,
 And then came tything over the see,
 That his father was done to dead,
 Then was he wonder will of read,
 And thocht that he wald-hame againe,
 To loke gif he thzow any paine,
 Richt woun againe his heritage,
 And his men out of all thirrage.

The

The first rising of Lord Douglas.

The Sanctandrous he came in by,
 Where the Bishop full courteously
 Receiued him, and gart him beare:
 His kniues, to carue to him, and beare:
 And cled him then full honorably,
 And ordainde chamber where he should ly.
 A well great while there dwelt he,
 All men him loued for his bountie:
 For he was of full faire affect,
 Wise, courteous, and deboneir,
 Large, and louing als was he:
 And ouer all thing he loued lawtie,
 Lawtie to loue is no folly,
 Thzough lawtie liues men right wisely.
 With one vertue of lawtie,
 A man may yet sufficient be:
 And but lawtie may none haue prlse,
 Whether that he be wight or wise:
 For where it failties, no vertue,
 May be of prlse, nor of value:
 To make a man so good, that he
 May simply good man called be.
 He was in all his dedes lele:
 For he dedelynyed not to deale
 With traitourie nor with falsset:
 His heart on hie honour was set:
 And him contented on sik maner,
 That all him loued that were him neere:
 But he was not so faire that we
 Should speake greatly of his beantie.
 In bisage was he some deele gray:
 And had blacke haire (as I heard say)
 But then of limmes he was well made,

with banes great and shoulders brade,
 his body well made, and lenzie,
 as they that saw him said to me)
 when he was blyth he was lonely,
 and meke and sweet in company
 at wha in battell might him see,
 no other countenance had he:
 and in his spech lisped some dell,
 and that set him full wonder well
 to god Hector of Troy might he
 many things likened be.
 Hector had blacke haire as he had,
 and starke limmes, and right well made.
 and lisped also as did he,
 and was fulfill'd of all bountie,
 and was courteous, wisse and might:
 out of manhood and mekle might,
 to Hector dare I nane compare,
 of all that euer in warld were:
 for in his time sa wrought he,
 that he should greatly loved be.

He dwelt there thus till on a tide
 The King Edward with mekle pride,
 came to Starling with great menpie:
 for to hold there an assemble.
 thitherward went many a Baroun,
 and Bishop William of Lambertoun
 came hither als, and with him was
 his Esquyre James of Dowglas,
 the Bishop led him to the King
 and said, Sir, here to you I bring
 his Childe, that claimes your man to be,
 and prayeth you for Charitie,
 that ye receaue here his homage,

And grant to him his heritage.
 What lands claimes he, said the King?
 Schir, gif that it be your lyking,
 He claimes the Lordship of Dowglast:
 For Lord thereof his father was.
 The King then myghed him angerly,
 And said, Schir Bischop, sitkerlie
 Gif thou wald k  pe thy senwlie,
 Thou mak na sic speaking to me.
 His father was ay my felloun:
 And died therefore in my presoun:
 And was agains my Maistrie:
 Therefore I aucht his aire to be.
 Ga purches lands quhere ever he may.
 For thereof gets he nane persey,
 The Clyffurd shall haue them, for he
 Ay leillly he hes serued me.
 The Bischop heard him sa answer,
 And durst then speake to him na mair:
 Bot fra his presence went in hy,
 For he dzed saire his felony:
 Sa that na mair he spake thereto:
 Bot did that he came for to do.
 The King in England went againe,
 With mony men of mekill maine.
LOrdings quha lykys for to heare,
 The Romanes now begynnes h  re:
 Of men that were in great distres,
 And assayed full greif hardnes,
 Or they micht come to their intent.
 But sone our Lord sic grace them sent,
 That they sensone through great valour,
 Came to great hicht, and his honour,
 Pagre their faes everilkane,

hat were sa fell, that ay forane
 of them, they were weill a thousand.
 ot quhere God helps, quha may withstand?
 et gif we say the suithfastnes,
 hey were eir mair than they were lesse.
 ot God that is of mekill micht,
 eserued them in his foresicht,
 o benge the harmes and the contrares,
 hat thay fell folke, and oppressares
 id to simple folke and woorthy,
 hat could not saue themselves: for thy
 hey were lyke to the Maccabees,
 hat as men in the Bible ses,
 how their great woyschip and valour,
 aucht in mony a stalwart flour:
 o to delguer their Countrie,
 ra folke that how Iniquitie
 eld them, and theirs into thirlage.
 hey wrocht sa how their bassallage,
 hat with few folke they had victorie,
 f mighty Kings (as sayes the Story)
 nd delguered their lands all free,
 wherefore their name sould loued be.

I His Lord the Bruce I spake of air,
 Saw all the Kinrik sa forfair,
 And sa troubled the folke saw he,
 That he thereof had great pitie.

ot quhat pitie that euer he had,
 a countenance thereof he made.
 uhill on a time Schir Iohn Cuming,
 they came ryding fra Striuling,
 id to him. Schir, will ze not se,
 ow that governed is this Countrie?
 hey say our folke but Enchelson,

And grant to him his heritage.
 What lands claimes he, said the King?
 Schir, gif that it be your lyking,
 He claimes the Lordschip of Dovvglas:
 For Lord thereof his father was.
 The King then myghed him angerly,
 And said, Schir Bischop, sikkerlie
 Gif thou wald k  pe thy setwite,
 Thou mak na sic speaking to me.
 His father was ay my felloun:
 And died theresoze in my presoun:
 And was agains my Maiestie:
 Theresoze I aucht his aire to be.
 Ga purches lands quhere ever he may,
 For thereof gets he nane persay,
 The Clyffurd shall haue them, for he
 Ay leillly he hes serued me.
 The Bischop heard him sa answer,
 And durst then speake to him na mair:
 Bot fra his presence went in hy,
 For he dzed saire his fellony:
 Sa that na mair he spake thereto:
 But did that he came for to do.
 The King in England went againe,
 With mone men of mekill maine.
LOrdings quha lykys for to heare,
 The Romanes now beginnes heere:
 Of men that were in great distres,
 And assayed full greif hardynes,
 Or they micht come to their intent.
 But sone our Lord sic grace them sent,
 That they sensone through great valour,
 Came to great hicht, and bie honour,
 Pagre their faes everilkane,

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 hey were eir mair than they were lesse.
 not God that is of mekill micht,
 reserued them in his sozecht,
 to benge the harmes and the contraires,
 hat thay fell folke, and oppressares
 to simple folke and woorthy,
 hat could not saue themselves: for thy
 hey were lyke to the Maccabees,
 hat as men in the Bible sæs,
 how their great woerschip and valour,
 aucht in mony a stalwart flour:
 for to delguer their Countrie,
 a folke that how Iniquitie
 held them, and theirs into thirlage,
 hey wrocht sa how their bassallage,
 hat with few folke they had victorie,
 of mighty Kings (as sayes the story)
 and delguered their lands all free.
 wherefore their name sould loued be.

This Lord the Bruce I spake of air,
 Saw all the Kinrik sa forfair,
 And sa troubled the folke saw he,
 That he thereof had great pitie.

not quhat pitie that euer he had,
 a countenance thereof he made.
 whill on a time Schir Iohn Cuming,
 they came ryding fra Scruiling,
 aid to him. Schir, will ze not sæ,
 how that governed is this Countrie?
 hey say our folke but Enchelson,

And he's this land against reason:
 And ye thereof Lord should be.
 And if that ye will trow to me,
 We shall thereof gar make you King,
 And I shall be in your helping:
 With thg, ye giue me all the land,
 That ye haue now into your hand:
 And if that ye will not doe swa,
 For sik a state bpon you ta:
 All haill my lands shall yours be,
 And let me take the state on me,
 And bring this land out of thirlage:
 For there is neither man nor Page,
 In all this land, but they will be
 With vs, to make themselnes free.
 The Lord the Bruce heard his carping,
 And weinde he spake but sothfast thing:
 And for it liked to his will,
 He gaue sone his assent theretill.
 And said, sen ye will it be swa,
 I will blythly bpon me ta
 The name: for I wote I haue right:
 And right makes oft the feble wight.

Thir Barouns thus accorded are:
 And that ilke night witten were,
 Their Indentours, aithes made,
 To haile that they sorespoken had,
 But ouer all thing wa worth treason:
 For there is neither Earle nor Baroun,
 Nor Duke, nor Prince, nor King of might,
 Though he be neuer so wise nor wight,
 For wit, worship, praise nor renown,
 That euer may keepe him fra treason.
 Was not all Troy with treason tane,

When ten yeres of the siege was gane,
 Where there was slaine aught hunder thousand
 Of them thereout through strength of hand,
 As Dares in his booke did wraite,
 And dyed their battell and their state.
 They might not have bene save with might;
 But treason took them through her sight,
 And Alexander the Conquerour,
 That conquered Babylons towre,
 And all this world of length and bréde,
 In twelue yere through his doughtie dede:
 Was syne destroyed by poploun,
 In his awne house through treason:
 Bot ere he died his land dealt he,
 To se his death was great pitie,
 Julius Cesar als that wan
 Britane and France, as worthy man.
 Africk, Arabic, Egypt, and Syric,
 And als Europe all baillely.
 And for his worship and his valour,
 Of Rome was first made Emperour.
 Syne in his Capitoll was he
 Through them of his counsell pryncie,
 Slaine with botkins unto the dead,
 And when he saw there was na read.
 His ene with hand enclosed he,
 For to die with maire honestie.
 Als Arthur that through Chensley,
 Had Britane Maistres and Lady.
 Of twelue kinrikes that he wan,
 And also as a noble man,
 He wan through battell France all fre,
 And Lucius Tyber banished he.
 Then he of Rome was Emperour.

And yet for all his great valour,
 Modreed his sister sonne him slew:
 And good men als ma than anew,
 Through treason and through wickedness,
 The Bruce thereof beares witnes.
 He fell it of this cunning making,
 For the Cumyng rade to the King
 Of England, and tald all the care,
 Bot I trow not all as it was.
 The Indentour to him gane he,
 And syne shalwed the iniquitie,
 And therefore syne he tholed dead,
 That to it could set na remead.

When the King saw the Indentour,
 He was angrie out of measure,
 And swoze that he sould vengeance ta,
 Of the Bruce that presumed sa,
 Against him for to branh o' rise,
 Or to conspire in sic a wise:
 And to Sir Iohn Cumyng said he,
 That he sould for his lawtie
 Be rewarded, and that highly,
 And he him thanked humbly,
 And thought well to haue the leading
 Of all Scotland but gane saying:
 Fra that the Bruce to death was brought,
 Bot oft failyies that soles thought.
 And wise mens etelling
 Comes not ay to that ending,
 That they thinke that it sould come to:
 For GOD wats what is ado,
 Of his etling right sa it fell,
 As I tall afterwards you tell,

He took his leaue, and hame is went,
 And the King cummed a Parliament
 Hes set, then after hastily,
 And bidder summon he in hy,
 The Barons of his felotie,
 And to the Lord the Bruce sent he,
 Bidding to come to that gadding:
 And he that had na perceiuing,
 Of the treason, and the fallset,
 Made to the King but langer let:
 And in London him harbzed he
 The first day of their assemble:
 Wyne on the mozne to Court he went,
 The King sat into Parliament,
 And befoze his counsell pryue
 The Lord the Bruce there called he:
 And shawed him the Indentour,
 He was in full great auentour,
 To tyme his life: bot GOD of might
 Reserued him to hier hight:
 That wald not that he sa were dead.
 The King besought him in that stead,
 The Indentour, the Seale to se,
 And asked gif that it sealde hee.
 He looked the Seale full tentinely,
 And answered him full meakely,
 And said, though that I simple be,
 My Seale is not all time with me.
 I haue another it to beare:
 Therefore gif that your wills were,
 I aske you respet for to se,
 The letter: and therewith aulte me
 Till the mozne that ye be set,
 And than but any langer let,

The letter sall I enter heere
 Before your Court planevère,
 And there till bzoeh draw I
 Mine heritage all halely.

The King thoght he was traitt enough,
 Gif he his land in Borrowe trench,
 And let him with the letter pas,
 To enter as forespoken was.

The escaping of the BRUCE, and the deade
 of JOHN CUMING.

The Bruce went to his Innes stowth,
 And wit ye well he was full blyth,

That he had gotten that respyte,

He calde his Marshall to him tyte,

And bad him loke on all manere

That he made to his men good cheare,

Foz he will in his chamber be,

A well great whyle in privitye.

With him ane Clarke and name.

The Marshall to the hall can ga,

And did his Lords commanding,

The Lord the Bruce but maiore letting,

Gart privitye bring stodes thos,

And he, and the Clarke withoutten ma

Lap on withoutten perceiuing.,

And day and night but seiourning

They rade, till on the last day

Comming to Lochmabene are they.

His brother Edward there they fand,

That thoght ferlie he took on hand,

Foz to come hame sa privitye,

He tald his brother halely:

How that he there summons was,

And how he escaped through dace.

He fell it in the famine tyme,
 That at Drumfreis right there besyde,
 Sir Iohn Cumyng sojourne made,
 The Bruce lay on but ony bade,
 And thoght but ony mair letting,
 For to quyte him his discovering,
 Hidder he rade but langer let,
 And Sir Iohn Cumyng there he met,
 In the Friers at the hie Altar,
 And shawed him with bounding chere,
 The Indentour, syne with a knyfe
 Right in that place he rest his lyfe.
 Sir Edward Cumyng als was slaine,
 And other als of meikle maine:
 And not for thy yet some men sayes,
 That that debate fell other wayes:
 Bot whatsaueuer fell in debate,
 Therethrough he died well I waite.
 He misdo that greatly but were,
 That gaue na gyth to the Altare.
 Therefore sa hard mischiese him fell,
 That I heard neuer in Romanes tell,
 Of man sa hard ked, as was he,
 And after came to sic vountie.
NOW againe to the King ga we,
 That on the morrow with his barne,
 Sate into his Parliament,
 And after the Lord the Bruce he sent,
 Right to his Innes with Knights kene,
 When he ofttime had called bene.
 And his men after him asked thay,
 They said that he sen yester day,
 Dwelt in his chamber ithandly,
 And a Clarke with him anerly.

Then knocked they at the chamber there:
 And when they heard nane make answere,
 They bzaake the dore, bot they fand noght,
 He was alway that they there soght:
 They tald the King all haill the cace,
 And how that he escaped was,
 He was of his escape soȝy,
 And swoȝe in ire full stalwartly,
 That he sould bzaue and hanged be,
 He menassed as him thought, but he
 Thocht it sould passe another way:
 And when he, as ye heard me say,
 Into the kirke Iohn Cumyng had slaine,
 To Lochmabene he went againe,
 And gart men with his Letters ryde,
 To friends vpon ilke syde.
 They came to him with their menye,
 And his men als assembled be,
 And thought that he wald make him King,
 Ouer all the land the word can sping,
 That the Bruce had the Cumyng slaine,
 And among others Letters are gane,
 To the Bishop of Androistoun,
 That tald how slaine was the Baroun.
 The Letter tald him haill the deade,
 And he till his men can it read:
 And then he said, full sikkerly,
 I hope that Thomas pꝛophecy,
 Of Erstiltoun, sall verray be
 In him: soȝ sa our Lord me see,
 I haue great hope he shall be King,
 And haue this land all in leading.

ROBERT BRUCE. 23
THE DOWGLAS MEETING
with King ROBERT.

JAMES of Dowglas that ay where
Allwayes befoze the Bishop thare,
He had well heard the Letter red,
And he toke also full good hede
To all that the Bishop had said,
And when the wordes doorne were laid,
To chamber went he then in by,
And James of Dowglas pryncely,
Said to the Bishop, Sir, ye see,
How English men thzough their poustie,
Disherites me of all my land,
And men haue gart you vnderstand,
Als that the Erle of Carrik
Clames to gouerne this Kinrik:
And for you man that he hes slaine,
All English men at him againe,
And wald disherite him blythly:
And in a Lyne with him am I:
Therefore Sir, gif it be your will
I wald take with him good and ill:
Thzough him I thinke my land to win,
Pagre the Clyffurd, and his kin.
The Bishop heard, and had pitie,
And said, swet sonne, sa GOD me see,
I wald blythly that ye were there,
Sa that I not reproued were.
On this maner well worke thou may,
Thou salt take sarrand my Palsray
For there na hoise is in this land
Sa twicht, nor yet sa well rinnand.
Take him as of thine awne head,
As I had giuen thereto na reid.

And all his keeper oft grunches,
 Loke that thou take him mager his,
 So sall I matre assompted be,
 Almighty GOD, for his poultie,
 Grant, that he thou passet to,
 And thou sa well all thine may do,
 That ye you fra your faes defend.
 He taught him aliter for to speke:
 And syne gaue him his bermissoun,
 And bade him passe his way off town:
 For he wald sleepe till he war gane,
 The Dowglas then his way hee take,
 Right to the hoise as he him bad:
 Bot he that him in-keeping had,
 Warned him well despitously,
 Bot he that wraithes him angeely,
 Felled him with a swordis dynt,
 And syne but ony langer spnt,
 The hoise he sadled hastely,
 And lap on him delquerly:
 And passed forth but leatie taking.
 Deare GOD that is ouer all things King,
 Haue him and shield him fra his faes:
 All him alane the way he faes
 Toward the town of Lochmabane,
 And a litle fra Ayrik stane,
 The Bruce with a great rout he met,
 He rade to Scone for to be set
 In Kings stule, and to be King.
 And when Dowglas saw his comitting,
 He rade and hailed him thirly,
 And lowted to him courteously,
 And tald him hailly all his state,
 And what he was and all what gait,

The Clyffurd held his heritage,
 And that he came to make homage
 To him, as to his rightous King,
 And that he bound was in all thing
 To take with him baith good and ill.
 And when the Bruce had heard his will,
 He receiued him in great onpasse,
 And men and armes to him taught he.
 He troved well he could be worthy,
 For all his friends were boughty.
 Thus gate made they their acquaintance,
 That neuer yet for in mischance
 Departed while they lufing waite.
 Their friendship ay wast maice and maice:
 For he serued ay lelely,
 And the other ay wilfully
 That was baith worthy, wight and wile,
 Rewarded him well his seruice.
 The Lord the Bruce to Glasgou rade,
 And sent about him till he had
 Of his friends a great menye.

Coronatio Regis ROBERT I.

And then to Scone in hy rade he,
 And was made King but langer let,
 And in the Kings Rolle he was set:
 As in that time was the matter,
 Bot of their noble and great aitch,
 Their seruice no; their royallie,
 He sall heare now nathing of me.
 Duttane that he, of the Barnage
 That bidder came toke their homage,
 And syne he went ouer all the land,
 Friends and friendship portband:
 To maintaine that he had begun.

He wist ere all the lands were win,
 That he should finde hard barganing
 With him that was of England King:
 For there was nane in life sa fell,
 Sa proud, sa hie, nor sa cruell.
 And when to King Edward was told,
 How that the Bruce that was sa bald,
 Had brought the Cumyng to an ending,
 And how he had syne made him King,
 Out of his wit he yed full nere,
 And syne gart call him Sir Aymeere,
 Of Wallans, that was wise and twicht,
 And of his hands a doughtie Knight:
 And bade him men and armes ta,
 And in all by to Scotland ga:
 And burne, and sla, and raise Dungoun,
 And heght all Fyfe in warisoun
 To him, that outhir might take or sla,
 Robert the Bruce that was his sa.
 Sir Aymer did as he him bade,
 Great Cheualrie with him he had:
 With him was Philip the Mowbray,
 Sir Ingrayme Vmfraywile persay
 That was baith wise and als worthie,
 And fulfille of great Cheualrie,
 And of Scotland the most party,
 They had into their company.

THE FIRST SPEAKING OF
 King ROBERT vwith Sir AYMER.

For yet then mekle of the land
 Was into Englishmens hand.
 To Perth they went into a rout,
 That then was walled all about.

With feill Towres right hie battalled,
For to defend gif it were sailleid:
Therein dwelt Sir Aymery
With all his great Cheualry,
The King Robert with he was there,
And what kin Chiftanes with him were,
He assembled all his menye,
And had feill folke of great bountie:
Bot their faes were ma than thay,
By fiftene hunder as I heard say:
And yet he had there at that need,
Feill folke that doughtie were inded,
And Barons that were bauld as Baire,
Edwa Crles als was with him there
Of Lennox, and Athol were thay,
Edward the Bruce was there alsway,
Thomas Randell and Hew de la Hay,
And god Sir Dauid de Barclay,
Fresell, Somerwell, and Inchemertine,
James of Dowglas there was syne,
That then was but of litle might,
And other feill forcie men in fight:
Als was god Cristall of Setoun,
And Robert Boyde of great Renoun:
And other feill men of mekle might,
But I cannot tell what they hight.
Though they were few, they were worthle,
And fulfille of great Cheualrie,
And in battell in god array,
Besoze Saint Iohnstoun they lay:
And bade Sir Aymer ith and fight:
And he that in his mekle might
Trusted on them that were him by,
Wade his men arme them hastily:

Bot Sir Ingrayme of Vmfrawile,
 Thought it was all too great perill,
 In plaine battell to them to ga,
 While that they were arrayde allwa:
 And to Sir Aymer then said he,
 Sir, gif that ye will troth to me,
 We shall not idd them to assaſſye,
 Till they are purbayed in battaſſye:
 For their leader is wiſe and wight,
 And of his hand an noble knight,
 And he hes in his company
 Mony a good knight and woorthy,
 That shall be hard for to assay
 While they are in ſa good array:
 For it ſould be full mekte nght
 That now ſhould put them to the flight.
 For when thay folke ate well arrayed,
 And for the battell are puruayed,
 With thy that they all good men be
 They ſall ſar mair be anſle,
 And well mair to be ozed than thay
 Were ſet ſome deſt out of array.
 Wherefoze ye may gar ſay them till,
 That they may this night gif they will,
 Gang harbye them, and ſleepe and reſt,
 And on the mozne but langer triſt,
 We ſall ſee ſowth to the battaſſle,
 And ſeght with them bot gif they faille.
 So ſall they wend to their harbye,
 Some ſall to Forray paſſe ſickerly.
 And they that dwells at the lodging,
 Gif they come out of travelling,
 Shall in ſhort time ſnarmed be,
 Than on our beſt maner may be

With all our faire Chensalry
 yde toward them full hardely:
 And they that wenes to rest all night,
 When they see vs arrayde to fight,
 Comming on them sa suddenly,
 They shall afrayde be gratumly,
 And ere they knit in battell be,
 We sall speeð vs sic sort that we
 Shall be all readie for to semble,
 That some for eryne we sall tremble,
 When he assaillide is suddenly,
 That with anyement is doughty.

THE LVDGING OF KING

ROBERT in the Parke of *Methven*.

As he deupled, so haue they done,
 And to them outwith sent he some:
 And bade them barbaie them that night.
 And on the mozne come to the fight.
 When they saw they might opene mair,
 Toward Methven some can they fare:
 And in the Wood them lodged they.
 The third part went to the Foways:
 And the laue some bwarmed were,
 And skailed to lodge them here and there.
 Sir Aymer then bot mair abade,
 With all the folke he with him had,
 Whed enforcedly to the fight,
 And rade into a randoun right.
 The straight way toward Methven
 The King that was bwarmed then,
 Saw them come on enforcedly,
 And to his men can highly cry.

To armes stwyth, and make you yre,
Here at our hand our faes are:
And they did sa in full great hy,
And on their horse lap hastely:
The King displayed his baner,
When that his folke assembled were.
He said, Lordings, now may ye see
That yon folke through subtiltie,
Shapes them to doe with sight,
It that they dread to doe with might.
Now perceiue I, that wha will trow
His fa, it sall him sometime grow:
And noght for thy, though they be feill,
God may right well our werdes deill:
For multitude makes na victorie.
As men haue red in mony storie.
As few folke oft haue vanquishd ma,
Trowe ye that we sall doe right sa.
Ye are ilkane wight and wortheie
And called of great Cheualrie,
And wase right well what honour is,
Worke ye therefore on sic a wise,
That your honour be saved ay,
And one thing will I to you say,
That he that dies for his Countrie,
In hight of heauen sall harbzed be.
When this was said they saw command,
Their faes ryding at their hand,
Arraved right auisedly,
Willfull to do Cheualry.

THE BATTELL OF METHWEN,
and the first Discomfite of King ROBERT.

On either side thus were they there,
And to assemble ready were:

They straght their speares on either side,
And sa rudely can raging ryde,
That speares all tofrushed are,
And feill men dead and wounded saire:

The blood out of the beirnes bzast,
Of best and of the woꝛthiest,

That willfull were to win honour,
Plunged into that stalwart stour:

And routes rude about them dang.

Men might haue sene into that thzang:

Knights that wight and woꝛthy were,
Under hoꝛse feet defouled there.

Some wounded and some all dead:

The gars wart of the blood all red:

And they that held on hoꝛse in hy,

Swapped out swoꝛds deliverly,

And sa fell strakes gaue and toke,

That all the rinke about them shoke:

The Bruces folke full hardely,

Shawed their great Cheualry:

And he himselſe attour the lane,

So hard and heauie dints gaue,

That where he came they made him way,

His men them put to hard assay,

To stint their faes meekle might:

Than they sa fair had of the fight,

That they wan place ay mair and mair,

The Kings small folke nere banquishd were.

And when the King his folke hes sene,
Begin to failye, for proper sene,

To his

To his Entenpe can highly cry,
And in the flour sa hardely,
He raged till all the semble shoke,
He all so betwix that he ouertoke:
And dang on them while he might dre,
And to his folke he cryed he.
On them, on them, they feeble fast,
This Bargane may no longer last,
And with that word sa wilfully,
He dang on them sa hardely:
That wha had sene him in that fight,
Shoulde halde him for a doughtie knight:
Bot though he stout was, and hardy,
And other als of his company,
There might na worship there auailne,
For there small folke all baill they sailne.
And fled, and skailled here and there,
Bot the good that escaped were,
Waide fighting in that saltmart flour,
To conquesse them endlesse honour.
And when Sir Aymer he hath sene,
The small folke fleeing baill hedene,
And saw sa few abaide the fight,
He drewe to him mony a knight,
And in the flour sa hardely,
He rushed with his company,
That he rushed his faes ilkane.
Sir Thomas Randell there was tane,
That then was a young Batcheler,
And Sir Alexander the Frazer,
And Sir David the Barclay,
Inchemertine and Henry de la Hay,
And Somervell, and other ma,
And the King himselte alwa,

Was set into sa hard essay,
 Through good Sir Philip the Mouvbray,
 That rade to him full harrelly:
 And hint his renge, and then can cry:
 Helpe, helpe, I haue the new made King,
 With that came girbing in a ling,
 Crystall of Setoun when he sa
 The King saw sealed with his sa,
 To Sir Philip sic routes he raught,
 That thought he was of mekle maught,
 He gart him stakker deilly
 And had to etre gane haillely:
 War not he held him by the Stæd,
 Out of his hand the bypole ræd,
 And the King his Enseigne can cry,
 Kellen'd his men that stood him by:
 That were sa few that they not might
 Indure the forze mair of the fight.
 They pricked them out of the preasse,
 And the King that all angrie was:
 For he his men saw see him fra:
 Said then, Lordings, sen it is sa
 That wære runneth against us here,
 God is we passe off their danger,
 While GOD vs send estlones some grace,
 And it may fall, gif they will chace,
 Quite them combate some deill we fall.
 To that word they assented all,
 And fra them walloped oppermere:
 Their faes also they wearie were:
 That of them all they chased nane,
 Bot with prisoners that they had tane,
 Right to the towne they held the way,
 Right glade and ioyfull of their pray.

That night they lay all in the toun,
 There was nane of sa great renoun,
 For none sa hardie of them all,
 That durst harbzie without the wall:
 So dzead they saire the game comming
 Of Sir Robert the doughtie King,
 And to the King of England sone,
 They wzate haillie as they had done:
 And he was blyth of that tything,
 And for despyte bade dzaue and hing
 All the prisoners, though they were ma:
 Bot Sir Aymer did nathing sa:
 To some baith life and land gaue he,
 To leaue the Bruce and his sekatie,
 And serue the King of England,
 And of him for to hald their land:
 And warp the Bruce as their say,
 Thomas Randell was aue of thay,
 That for his life became their man,
 And others that were taken then,
 Some they ransomde, and some they slew,
 And some they hanged, and some they dzeu.
 In this maner rebuted was,
 The Bruce that great mourning maist:
 For his men that were slaine and tane,
 And he was also will of wane:
 For he trotoode in nane sikkerly,
 Except them of his company.
 That were sa few they scarce might be,
 Ffue hunder men of haill menge:
 His brother also was him by,
 Sir Edward that was sa worthy,
 And with him was a bauld Baroun,
 Sir William the Halyburton,

The Erle of Atholl he was there:
 Bot ay sen they discomfite were.
 The Erle of Lennox was away,
 And was put to full hard assay,
 Ere he met with the King againe,
 Bot alwayes as a man of maine,
 He him maintained manfully,
 The King had in his company
 James also Lord of Dowglas
 That wise, wight, and woorthy was:
 Sir Gilbert de la hay allwa,
 Sir Neill Campbell and other ma:
 That 3 their names cannot tell,
 And Outlawes went to baill and sell,
 Dreeing in the mountaines pine,
 And eat flesh, and dranke water syne,
 He durst not into plaines ga,
 For all the Commons went him fra:
 That for their lines were full saine,
 To passe to English peace againe.
 So fares it alwayes commonly,
 In Commons may na man affy,
 Bot he that may their warrand be:
 So fare they then with him, for he
 Them fra their faes might not warrand;
 They turned all to the other hand,
 Bot thaldome that men gart them feele,
 Gart them ay varne, that he sure well.
 Thus in the hilles lived he,
 Till the maist part of his menye
 Was reuen and rent, and na thone had,
 Bot as they then of Hydes made:
 Therefore they went to Aberdene,
 Whete Neill the Bruce came, and the Quene,

And other Ladies faire and pleasand,
 Alkane for loue of their husband:
 And for lele loue and loyaltie,
 Partner of their paines would be.
 They choosed rather with them to fa
 Anger and paines, than be them fra:
 Byne loue it is of sik a might,
 That it does all the paines make light,
 And many times makes tender wight,
 Als of sik strength, and of sik might:
 That they may mekle paine indure,
 And to forsake nane aventure,
 That euer may fall: with thy that thay
 Therethrough succour their lines may.

¶ Men reades when Thebes was fane,
 And King Adrestus men were slaine,
 That assieged the Citie,
 All the women of his Countrie,
 Came for to fetch him hame againe:
 When they heard all his folke was slaine,
 Where that the King Campeus
 Through the Dast of Menestheus,
 That came through race yding them by,
 With thre hundred in company,
 That through the Kings prayer assailed,
 And yet to take the towne had failed,
 War not the Wines that thzilde the wall,
 With pikkes, where the assailyeours all
 Entred and destroyed the town,
 And slew the people but ransom:
 Byne when the Duke his wayes was gane,
 And all the Kings men were slaine:
 The Wines had hnto his Countrie,
 Where was na lining man bot he.

In women mekle comfort lyes,
And great solace in mony wise.
Sa fell it here : for their comming
Comforted greatumly the King:
For why euerilk night he woke,
And his rest on the day he toke,
A good while there he solournde then,
And eased wonder well his men,
While that the Englishmen heard lay,
That he there with his menye lay:
At all kin ease, and sikkerly,
Their Dast assembled they in hy.
And trodded there him to supprise:
But he that in his dedes was wise,
Wist, they assembled were, and where:
And wist that they sa mony were :
That he might not against them fight:
His men in hy he gart them dight,
And buske them off the towne to ryde.
The Ladies rade hard by his syde :
Then to the hilles they held their way,
Where great default of meat had thay:
Bot worthie James of Dowglas,
Ay travellde he, and busse was,
For to purchase the Ladies meat:
And ees in mony wise wald get:
For whyles bennison he them bzoght,
And with his hands whyles he wzoght,
Girnes to take Geddes, and Salmones,
Troutes, Celes, and Menons,
And whyles they went to the Forray,
And sa their meat purchased thay
Alike man travellde for to get,
And purchast them that they might eat,

Bot of all that euer there were,
 There was not ane amang them there,
 That with the Ladys mair praisde was,
 Than was Sir James of Dowglas:
 And the King oft comforted was,
 Through his wit, and his busines,
 On this maner then gouernde thay,
 Till they come to the head of Tay.

HOW IOHN OF LORNE
 discomfite King ROBERT.

The Lord of Lorne winned thereby,
 That was Capitall enemye,
 To the King for his Comes sake
 John the Cumyng, and thought to take
 Vengeance vpon cruell manere.
 When the King wist he was sa nere:
 He assembled his men in hy,
 And had into his company,
 The Barons of Argyle allwa,
 They were a thousand well and ma,
 That came for to surprise the King,
 That was well ware of their coming,
 But all too few with him he had:
 And yet he bauldly them abade:
 And feill of them at their first meeting
 Was laid at eird but reconering:
 The Kings folke full well them bare,
 And slew, and feill wounded sare:
 Bot the folke of the other party
 Fought with ares sa fellounly:
 For they on foot were enerilkane:
 Bot they feill of their horse bes flaine,
 And to some gaue they wounds wyde,
 James of Dowglas was hurt that tyde:

And als Sir Gilbert de la Hay,
The King his men saw in affray,
And his Enseigne right fast gan cry:
And in the flour full hardely
He rade, and rushed among them all,
And feill of them there gart he fall:
Bot when he saw they were sa fell,
And saw them sa great dints deale,
He dreid to tyne his men for thy
His folke to him he can rely.
And said, Lordings, it folly were,
To us for to assemble mare:
For they feill of our horse haue slaine,
And gif we seght with them againe:
We sall tyne of our small menye,
And our selues sall in perill be:
Therefore me thinke maist accordyng,
To withdrow us, we defendyng,
Will we come out of their danger,
Our strength is at our hand well nere.
When they withdrew them haillely:
But that was nathing cowardly,
For samyn into a sop held they.
And the King him abandouned ay,
To defend behind his menye:
And though his worship sa wrought he,
That he rescued all the fléars,
And sa astonisht all the chasers,
That nane durst out of battell chase:
For at their hand allwayes he was.
Sa well defended he his men,
That wha sa ever had sene him then
Proue sa worthy bassalage.
And turne sa oft-time his visage:

He could say. he ought well to be
A King of full great Royaltie.

When that the Lord of Lorne saw
His men stand of him sit aw,
That they durst not follow the chase,
Right angrie in his heart he was:
And sair wondred that he could sa
Stoney them him allane but ma,
He said, me thinke Martheokes sonne
Right as Colmakmorne was wonne,
To haue fra Fyngall his menye,
Right sa fra vs all his, hes he.
He set ensample thus him lyke,
The whilk he might mair manerlyke,
Likened him to Gaudifer Delaryse:
When that the mighty Duke Betyse
Assayed in Gaders the Forrayours,
And when the King them made recourse:
Duke Betyse toke on him the flight,
And wald na mair abide the sight:
Bot god Gaudifer the worthy
Abandound him sa hardely,
For to rescue all the flears,
And for to assoney the chasers:
That Alexander to eird he bare:
And sa did he Ptolome there,
And god Corneus allwa,
Danchine, and also other ma:
Bot at the last there slaine he was.
In that failtyed the likelines.
For that the King Cheualrou sy
Defended all his company,
That was set in full great danger,
And yet escaped haill and fere.

ROBERT BRUCE.

41

HOW THE KING SLEW THE
three men that swore his death.

Twa bꝛether were into that land,
That were the hardiest of hand,
That were in all that same Countre:
And they had swoꝛne gif they might see
The Bruce: where they might him ourta.
That they sould die: oꝛ then him sla:
Their Surname was Makindorser,
That is als meekle to say heere,
As Durwatts sonnes persay,
Of their couene the thirð had thay:
That was right stout, ill and fellgun.
When they the King of great renown
saw sa behind his menye ryde,
And saw him turne sa mony a tye.
They abade ay while that he was
Entred into a narrow place,
Betwixt a Loch syde and a bra,
That was sa strait Jbnderta,
That he might not well turne his Sted:
Then with ane will to him they yed,
And ane him by the bydle hint:
Bot he raught to him sik a dint,
That arme and shoulder slaw him fra,
With that, another can him ta
By the Leg, and his hand can shoot
Betwixt the sterop and his foot.
And when the King felt there his hand,
In steroppes stythly can he by stand,
And strake with spurres his Sted in by,
And he lanced deliuerly:
So that the other faillyed sate,
And noght so, thy his hand was yet

Under

Under the sterop magre his.

The thirde in full great hy with this,

Right to the byaces sode he yed,

And stert behind him on his sted.

The King was then in full great pteasse,

The whilk bethought, as he that was,

In all his dedes auisse,

To doe an outrageous bountie:

He hint him that behind him was,

And magre him he can him raise.

Fra behind him, though he had swozne,

And laid him euen him besozne:

Byne with his sword sic dints him gaue.

That he the head till harness clane:

He rushed downe of blood all red,

As he that stound felt of the dead:

And then the King in full great hy

Strake at the other bigorously,

And at the first strake he him slew,

That he after his sterop drow.

On this wise him deliuered he

Of all thay felloun saes thre.

When Iohn of Lorne hes saene the King.

Set for him selfe sa great helping,

And defend him sa manfully:

Was nane amang them sa hardy,

That durst assaillye him mair in sight,

So dzed they of his mækle might.

There was a Baroun Maknaghtane,

That in his heart great kærpe hes tane

Unto the Kings great Cheualry:

And praisde him in his hart greatly,

And to the Lord of Lorne said he,

Purely Sir now may ye se

ROBERT BRUCE.

43

Befane the starkest pondlayne
 That in your lifetime ye saw tane,
 For yon Knight throug his doughtie dede,
 And throug his couragious manhed,
 Hes felled into a litle tyde
 Thre men of mekle might and pride,
 And stoned all our menye swa,
 That after him dare na man ga,
 And turnes sa many time his sted,
 It seemes of us he hes na dread.
 Then can the Lord of Lorne say,
 It seemes it lykies thar perlay,
 That he slaes yone gate our menye,
 Sir, said he, sa our Lord me see,
 To save your peace, it is not sa,
 Bot whether he be friend or sa,
 That winnes praise of Chivalrie,
 Men could speake thereof lelely.
 And sickerly in all my time,
 I heard neuer in song, nor ryme,
 Tell of a man that sa smertly,
 Encheesed sa great Chivalry.
 Slik speaking of the King they made,
 And he after his menye rade,
 And to sic sautie them led,
 Where he his faes nathing dzed:
 And they of Lorne againe are gane,
 Deining the skaith that they had tane.
 The King that night his watches set,
 And gart ordaine that they might eat.
 And bade them comfort to them take,
 And at their nights merie make:
 For discomfort as then, said he,
 Is the worst thing in warld may be:

For throught makele discomforzing,
Men oft times falles in desparing.
And fra a man despared be,
Then vtterly vanquishd is he :
And fra the heart be discomfite,
The body is not woorth a myte :
Wherefore he said, attour all thing,
Kepe you well fra discomforzing,
And thinke, though we now harmes seele,
That GOD may yet reliefe vs well.
Men reades oft of many that were
Far harder sted, than we yet are:
And syne our LORD lik grace them lent,
That they came well to their intent:
For Rome vntwile sa hard was sted,
When Hanniball them vanquishd had :
That of Kings with rich stane,
That was off knights fingers tane,
He send thre bolles to Carthage,
And syne to Rome toke his voyage,
For to destroy the Citie all,
And they within baith great and small,
Had fled when they saw his comming,
Had not bene Scipio the ping,
That ere they fled wold them haue slaine,
And sa he turned them againe:
And syne for to defend the Citie,
Thzilled, and seruants made he free,
And made them knights euerilkane:
And of the Temple syne hes tane,
The armes that their Elders bare,
In name of victoꝝ offered there.
And when they armed were and dight,
Thay stalwart Carles were and wight,

And saw that they were free allwa,
 They thought that they had rather sa
 The deed: than let the toun be tane:
 And with common assent as ane,
 They ished off the toun to fight,
 Where Hanniball of meikle might,
 Against them arrayed was:
 Bot through the might of Gods grace,
 It rainde sa hard and sa heaute,
 That there was nane sa harvie,
 That durst then into the plaine abide,
 Bot sped them all in hy to ride.
 The ane part to the Valliouns,
 And the other part to the tounes.
 The raine thus lettet the fightyne:
 Soa did it twise thereafter syne.
 When Hanniball saw this ferly,
 With all his great Chenalry,
 He left the towne, and held his way,
 And syne was put to sik assay,
 Through the power of that Citie,
 That his life and his land tint he,
 Den sa tohene and sa vnworthy
 Man sik a knight, and sa mighty:
 He may well by example see,
 That na man sould despared be,
 For let his heart be vanquisht all:
 For na mischiese that ever may fall:
 For nane wate in how litle space,
 That GOD will sometime send his Grace,
 Had they fled and their wayes tane,
 Their faes sould the toun hane tane:
 Therefore men that woering are,
 Sould set their intent evermare,

To stand against their faes might,
 Outher with strength or els with might:
 As they thinke to come to purpose,
 And gif that they were set in chose,
 To die or to liue cowardly,
 They should erer die Cheualrouly.

Thus gate them comforted the King,
 And to comfort them in can bzing,
 Auld Stozies of men that were
 Set into hard assayes seere,
 And that Foxtoun contraried fast,
 And came to purpose at the last:
 Therefore he said, that wha that wald
 Their harts undiscomfite hald,
 Shold ay thinke ithingly to bzing
 All their purposes to good ending.
 As whylum did Cesar the worthie,
 That travellde ay sa busilie,
 With all his might following to make
 End of the purpose that he wald take:
 That him thought he had done right noght,
 Ay to doe while he left oght:
 For thy great things encheued he,
 As men may in his Storie se,
 Men may se by his ithand will,
 And it shold als accoꝝd to skill,
 That wha takes purpose intierly,
 And followes on it ithandly:
 Withoutten fainting or falding,
 With thy it be cunnable thing,
 Bot he the maie be unhappie,
 He sall encheue it be partie.
 Hane he lifedaves it may befall,
 That he sall well encheue it all.

For thy soule nane haue desparing,
 For to encheine a full great thing:
 For gif it fall, he thereof failye,
 The fault may ly in his traualye.

He preached them on this maner,
 And fainpted to make better cheare,

Then he had matter to, be sar,
 For his cause yed fra ill, to war,
 They were ay in sa hard fraulle,
 While the Ladies began to faile:
 That might the trauell dree na mare,
 And othir als that were there.

The Erle John was aue of thay,
 Of Atholl, when that he saw say,
 The King thus be discomfite twyle:
 And sa feill folke against him ryle,
 And leaue him in sik trauell and dout,
 His heart began to faill all out:

And to the King vpon a day,
 He said, gif I durst to you say,
 We liue into sa mekle dzead,
 And of meat hes sa mekle ned,
 And is ay in sik traouelling,
 With Cold and Hunger and waking:

That I set of my selfe in sa,
 I count not of my life a stra.

Thir angers may I na mair dze:
 For thought me worthed theretoze to die,
 I mon sojourne where euer it be.
 Leau me thereto for Charitie.

The King saw that he thus gate failied;
 And that he was sa sair traauilied:
 He said, Sir Erle we sall sone see,
 And ordaine how it may best be.

Where ever ye be, our LORD you send
Grace, fra your faes you to defend.
With that in hy to him calde he
They that were to him maist priue.
Then amang them they thought it best,
And ordainde for the likeliest,
That the Quene and the Erle alswa,
And the Ladies in hy sould ga,
With Neill the Bruce to Kyndromy.
For they thought they might sickerly
Dwell there, while they were vittailde well.
For sa Clarke was the Castell,
That it with strenght was hard to get,
While that within were men and meat.
As they ordainde they did in hy,
The Quene and all her company,
Lap on their horse, and forth they fare:
Men might haue sene wha had bene there,
At lieue taking the Ladies grat,
And made their cheekes with teares wat:
And knights for their loues sake
Baith sigh and wepe, and mourning make.
They kiss their loues at their parting:
The King bethought him of a thing,
That he fra thyne on foot wald ga,
And take on foot baith well and wa,
And wald na hozmen with him haue.
Fra them there all baill they gane,
To the Ladies that mister had.
The Quene forth on her wayes rade,
And safely came to the Castell,
Where her folke were receiued well,
And eased well with meat and drinke:
Yet might nane ease let her to thinke

On the King that sa hard was stab,
 That bot twa hunder with him had.
 The whilke them well gouerned ay
 God helpe them that all mightis may.

THE PAINES OF KING

ROBERT among the Mountaines.

The Quene dwelt thus in Kildromy,
 And the King and his company,

That were twa hunder and na ma,

Fra they had sent their horse them fra:

Maured among the hie mountaines,

Where he and his oft thollid paines:

For it was to the Winter nere,

And sa fell faes about them were,

That all the Countrie them weltrayed,

With sa hard noy they them assayed.

Of hunger, cauld, and showres snell,

Is nane that liues that can tell.

The King saw how his men were stab,

And what annoy els that they had:

And saw Winter was drawing nere,

And that he might on na manere,

Dre in the hilles the cald lying,

For yet the lang nightis waking,

He thought he wald to Kintyre ga,

And sa lang sojourne there to ma,

While Winter weather were away:

And then he thought but mair delay,

In the mane land for to arrive,

And to the end his weirs bryne.

And for Kintyre lyes in the sea,

Sir Neill Campbell before sent he,

For to get him flanting and meat,

A certaine time to him he set,

When he could meet him at the sea,
 Sir Neill Campbell with his menie
 Went his way but mair letting,
 And left his brother with the King,
 And in ten dayes safranelde he;
 That he gat Whipping good plentie,
 And bittail in great abundance.
 So made he Noble Chensance:
 For his friends winned thereby,
 That helped him full willingly.

HOW THE KING PAST OVER
 LOCHLOWMOND.

The King after that he was gane,
 To Lochmabene the way hes tanet
 And came there on the third day:
 Bot thereabout na Boat fand thay,
 That might them ouer the Water beare.
 Then were they noyed in great maner,
 For it was far about to ga,
 And they were into doubt allwa:
 To meet their saes that spred were wyde,
 Therefore endlang the Loch syde,
 They soght sa busily and sa fast,
 While James of Dowglas at the last,
 Fand a litle sinking Bait,
 And it to land they drew full hait:
 Bot it sa litle was, that it
 Might bot thre ouer the Water lift.
 They send thereof word to the King,
 That was ioyfull of that finding:
 And first into the Bait is gane,
 With him Dowglas: the third was ane
 That rowed them ouer delinerly,
 And set them on the land all drie:

And rowed sa oft spes to and fra,
 Fetching ay ouer twa and twa:
 That in a night and in a day,
 Commed ouer the Loch are thay:
 For some of them could swimme full well,
 And on his backe beare a Fardell,
 So with swimming and with rowing,
 Thay brought them ouer, and all their thing.
 The King a while merily,
 Read to them that was him by,
 Romanes of worthie Ferembraz,
 That worthely ouercommen was,
 With the right doughtie Olyuer,
 And how the doughtie Dutcheperes were,
 Assieged into Egrymor,
 Where King Lauyn lay them befoze,
 With ma thousands than I can say,
 And bot eleuen within were thay.
 And a woman: that were sa stad,
 That they na meat there with them had:
 Bot as they fra their saes it wan.
 Yet they contained sa them than,
 That they the town held manlely,
 While that Richard of Normandy,
 Dagre his saes warned the King,
 That was topyfull of that tything:
 For he weind they had all bene slaine,
 Therefore he turned in by againe:
 And wan Monetribill, and past Flagote:
 And syne Lauyn, and all his flete,
 Despiteously discomfite he,
 And deliured his men all free,
 And wan the Bailles and the Speare,
 And the Crowne that James beare,

And of the Crosse a great party,
He wan through his great Cheualry.

The good King vpon this maner,
Comforted them that were him néere,
And made him gaming and solace,
While that his men overpassed was.

When they had past the Water brade,
Suppose they feill of fars had,

They made them mery, and was blyth,
Yet not for thy full feill syth,

They had full great default of meat,

And therfore Wennison to get,

In twa parts are they gane.

The King himselfe was into ane,

And good Sir Iames of Dowglas,

Into the other party was,

Then in the hight they held their way,

And hunted lang whyle of the day,

They sought Shalwes, and seattes set:

Bot litle good gate they to eat.

Then hapned in that time through cace,

That the Erle of Lennox was,

Amang the billes neare thereby,

And when he heard sik blaw and cry,

He had wonder what it might be,

And on sik maner spied he,

That he knew well it was the King,

And than but ony mair dwelling,

With all them of his company,

Right to the King he went in by.

So blyth and so ioyfull, that he

Might on na maner blyther be:

For he the King weind had bene dead,

And he was also will of read:

That

That he durst rest into na place,
Sen that the King discomfite was
At Methwen: he heard neuer tithing,
That ever certaine was of the King.
Wherefore in full great daintie,
The King full hamely hailed he,
And he him welcommed right blythly,
And kissed him full tenderly,
And all the Lords that there were,
Were ioyfull of their meeting there.
And kissed him in great daintie,
It was great pitie for to see,
How they for ioy and pitie grat,
When that they with their fellows met,
That they weind had bene dead: for the
They welcommed him more hartfully:
And he for pitie grat againe:
That neuer of meeting was sa faine.
Though I say, that they great sothly,
It was na grating properly:
For I trow fraistly that grating,
Comes to men through mistaking:
And that nane may but anger greet,
Bot it be women that can wret
Their cheekes, when them list with teares.
The whilk oft times nane ill them teares.
Bot I wate right well but beeing.
Where ever men be of the grating,
That mekle ioy and great pitie,
May gar men sa amoued be,
That water fra their heart will rise,
And wret their eene on sik a wise,
That it is like to be grating,
Though it be not like in all thing.

For when men grates inkerly,
 The heart is so to wfull or angry:
 Bot for pitie, I trow gréeting,
 Be nathing bot an opening
 Of heart; that shalwes the tendernes,
 Of reuth, that in it closed is.

The Barons upon this maner,
 Through GODS grace assembled were.
 The Erle had meat, and that plentie,
 And with blyth hart, them it gaue he:
 And they, eate it with full good will,
 And sought nane other sauce theretill,
 Bot appetite that oft men takes,
 For well scowzed was their stomackes.
 They ate and dranke sik as they had,
 And to the Lord sik loning made,
 And thanked him with full good cheare,
 That they were met on that maner,
 The King at them then asked varne,
 Sen he them saw, how they had farnes
 And they full piteously can tell,
 Of auentures that them befell:
 And great annoyes, and pouertie.
 The King thereat had great pitie,
 And tauld them piteously againe,
 The noy, the tranell, and the paine,
 That he had tholed sen he them saw,
 Was nane amang them hie, nor law:
 Bot he hath pitie, and pleasance,
 When he heard make remembrance
 Of the perils that passed were.
 For when men ought at liking are,
 To tell of paines passed by,
 Pleases the hearing boondously.

And to rehearse their auld diseases,
 Does them oft comfort, and eases.
 With thy thereto follow na blame,
 Dishonour, wickednes, nor shame.
HOW THE KING PAST TO THE SEA;
 and how the Erle of LENNOX was chaist.

After the meat sone raise the King,
 When he had leaved his speaking,
 And busked him with his menyie,
 And went in by toward the sea,
 Where Sir Neill Campbell sone them met,
 Baith with shippes and with meat,
 Salles, Aires, and other thing.
 That was speedfull to their faring.
 Then shipped they withoutten mair,
 Some went to Stère, and some to Aire,
 And rowed about the Ile of Boote,
 Men might see mony freely sote,
 About the Coastes there bowning,
 As they on Aires were rowing.
 And néues that staltwart were and square,
 That wont to span great speares were.
 Sa spanned Aires, that men might see,
 Féle of their Hyde left on the tre:
 For all was doing, knight, and knave,
 Was nane that other disport might have,
 Fra Stère, fra Aire, and fra rowing,
 To farther them in their sitting:
 Bot in the samin time that thay,
 Were shipped, as ye heard me say,
 The good Erle of Lennox was,
 (I cannot tell you through what case)
 Left behind all with his Gaillay,
 While the King was far on his way.

And when that they of his Countrie,
 Wist, that sa left behind was he,
 By sea with shippes they him sought,
 And he that saw that he was nought
 Of pith, to seght with thay Traitors:
 And that he had na nere succours,
 For the Kings flote : for thy
 He sped him after them in hy:
 Bot the Traitors him followed sa,
 That they well nere can him overta:
 For all the might that he might do,
 A nere and nere they came him to.
 And when he saw they were sa nere:
 That he might well their manance heare,
 And saw them nere and nere come ay,
 Then to his menye can he say:
 Bot gif we find some subtiltie,
 We sall all sone overtaken be:
 Therefore I reede but mair letting,
 That outtaken our arming,
 We cast all thing into the sea,
 And fra our ship sa lighted be,
 We sall all row and sped vs sa,
 That we sall well escape them fra,
 With that they sall make dwelling,
 Upon the sea to take our thing.
 And we sall row but resting ay,
 Will we escaped be them fray.
 As he deuysed so haue they done,
 And their ship haue they lighted sone,
 And rowed syne with all their might,
 And when their ship was sa made light,
 So raiked sliding through the sea,
 And when their saes can them see,

Before them alwayes mair and mair.
 At he things that there fleeing were
 They took, and turned syne againe,
 And sa they lased all their paine.

When that the Erle on this maner,
 And his menye escaped were.

After the King he can him by,
 That then with all his company
 Into Kintyre arrived was.

The Erle he told him all the cace,
 How he was chased on the sea,

With them, that sould his awne men be:
 And how he had bene tane but doue,

Mar not it that he wapped out,
 All that he had him light to ma,

And sa escaped he them fra.
 Our Erle, said the King per say.

Bif thou escaped is away,
 Of thy fynfall is na plenneing:

Bot I will tell thee well ane thing,
 That there will fall thee great folly,

To passe oft fra my company:
 For oft syes when thou art away.

Thou art set in full hard assay:
 Therefoze me thinke it best for thee,

To hald thee alwayes nere by me.
 Our Erle, said the King, it sall be sa,

I sall na wise passe far you fra,
 Till GOD giue grace we be of might,

Against our saes to hald our right.

ANGVS of the Isles that time was syne,
 And Lord, and leader of Kintyre,

The King right well receiued he,
 And undertoke his man to be

And him and his on mony wise,
He abandouned to his seruice:
And for mair sikernes gaue him syne,
His Castle of Donabardyne:
To dwell therein at his lyking.
Full greatly thanked him the King,
And receiued his seruice:
Yet not for thy on mony wise,
He was dreading for treasoun ay:
And therfore as I heard men say,
He traisted in nane sikkerly,
While that he knew him vtterly:
Bot what kyn dread that ever he had,
Fair countenance to them he made:
And in Donabardyn dayes thys.
He sojournde still with his menyle:
Syne gart his men all make them part,
Toward Ranchoyn by sea to fare:
That is ane Ile into the sea,
And may well in the midway be,
Betwixt Kintyre and Ireland,
Where als great streames are rinnand,
And als perillous and mair,
For to saile them in ship fair,
As the great Raes of Britanye,
Or Straites of Marrok into Spaine.
Their ships to sea they set,
And made readie but langer let,
Ankers, Rapes, baith Saile and Aire,
And all that needed to ship-fare,
When they were boun, to ship they went,
The wind was well to their intent,
They raised Sailes, and swyth they fare,
And by the Mule they passed there.

And entred some into the Racs,
 Whereat the storme sa surdy was,
 With waues wyde that bolning were,
 Waltering as hilles here and there.
 The ships ouer the waues made,
 For wind at will blawing they had:
 But not for thy, wha there had bene,
 A great sterling he might haue sene
 Of ships. For while some wald be
 Right on the waues summitie:
 And some made fra the hight sa lair,
 Right as they downe to hell wold dairo:
 So re on the waues stert suddenly,
 And other ships that were by,
 Welynerly dairo to the Deepe.
 It was great Cuning for to keepe,
 Their Takle into sik a thzang,
 And waite sik waues ay amang,
 That rest them oft sight of the land,
 When that they to it were marchand.
 And when ships were sayling nere,
 The sea wald rise on sik maner:
 That of the waues the waltering hight,
 Wold reauie them oft off their sight:
 Yet into Raughring sikkerly,
 They arrined sikane safely,
 Right blyth, and glade that they were sa,
 Escaped the hideous waues fra.
In Raughring they arrined are,
 And to the land they went but mare,
 Armed upon their best maner:
 When the folke that there wimming were,
 Saw men of armes in their Countrie,
 Arrine into sik quantitie:

They fled in hy with their Cattell,
 Right toward a stalward Castell,
 That in the land was nere them by:
 Men might heare women highly cry,
 And flee with Cattell bere and there:
 Bot the Kings folke that were
 Delyuer of foot, them can ouer-hy,
 And them arreſted hailely,
 And bzought them to the King againe.
 So that nane of them all was ſaine.
 Then with them treated ſa the King,
 That they to ſuſſail his parning,
 Became his men euertkane:
 And hes him truely bndertane,
 That they and theirs loude and ſill,
 Shoulde be in all things at his will:
 And whyle him lyked there to leind,
 Euertlk day they ſould him ſend
 Wittalle ſoz thzoe hunder men:
 And ay ſoz Lord they ſould him kene:
 So that their Foxtreſſes might be,
 For all his men their awne free.
 The Cunnand on this wiſe was made,
 And on the mozne but langer bade:
 Of all Raughring baith man and page,
 Kneled, and made the King homage,
 And therewith ſwoze to him ſelotie.
 To ſerue him into lele latotie:
 And held him therewith lele Cunnand.
 For while he dwelt into that land,
 They gaue meat to his company,
 And ſerued him right faithfully.

OW THE QUEENE, AND OTHER

adies were tane, & prisoned & hermen slaine,

A Raughring leane we now the King,

In rest withoutten bargaining:

And of his facts a whole speake we,

That throughe their might and their poustie,

Made sik a persecution,

A hard, sa Straite, and sa felloun,

In them, that to him louing were,

2 kyn or friend in any maner.

That it to heare was great pitte,

For they spared nane of na degree,

That they trowed his friends were,

Both of the Birke nor Seculare.

For of Glasgow Bishop Robert,

And Marcus of Maine they feithly spared

Saith in fetters and in prison,

And als good Cristall of Setoun

Into Lochdon betrayed was,

Throughe a Disciple of Iudas.

Alaknaght a false Traitor that ay

Was with him dwelling night and day,

Whom to he made good company.

It was far war than traitoury,

For to betray sik a person,

A noble, and of sa good Renoun:

Bot thereof had he na pitte,

In Hell condemned mof he be.

For when he him betrayed had,

The Englishmen right with him rade

In hy in England to the King:

And gart drato him, and heade and hing,

Withoutten pitte or mercy,

It was great sorow likerly,

That

That sa worthe a person as he,
 Soule in sik maner hanged be.
 Thus gate ended the worthines
 Of Craufurd als, Sir Reynald wes,
 And Sir Bryse als of the Blaire,
 Were hanged in a barne at Airc.
 The Quene and Dame Mariory,
 Her Doughter that syne worthely,
 Was coupled into GODS band,
 With Walter Stewart of Scotland,
 That wald in na wise langer ly
 In the Castle of Kildromy,
 To bide a Siege. Bot ryding raiith
 With knights and with squyars baith,
 To Rosse, right to the gyth of Thane,
 Bot that travell they made in vaine.
 For they of Rosse they wald not beare
 For them na blame, noz na danger.
 Out of the gyth them als hes tane,
 And syne hes send them everilkane:
 Right into Enlgand to the King,
 That gart draw all the men and hing,
 And put the Ladies into prison,
 Some in Castle and some in Dungeoun.
 It was great pittie for to beare,
 Folke troubled on sik maner.

HOW ENGLISH MEN SIEGED the Castle of KILDROMY.

That time was into Kildromy,
 Good men that were wight, and worthy,
 Sir Neill the Bruce this wate ye well,
 And the Erle also of Atholl,
 The Castle right well bittailde thay,
 And meat, and fuell they can purvey:

And enter

he enforced the Castle sa,
 that them thought na strength might it sa:
 when it to the King was tald
 England: how they shope to hald
 the Castle: he was all angry,
 he calde his sonne to him in by,
 the Eldest and appearand Airc,
 young Batcheler, starke and faire,
 Edward of Carnauerane:
 that was the starkest man of ane,
 that might be found in a Countrie:
 since of Wales that time was he,
 he gart call Crles twa,
 rochester and Herfoorde were tha:
 he bad them wend into Scotland,
 he set a blege with stalwart hand,
 to the Castle of Kildromy,
 he bad the halders all haillily,
 he bade destroy them but ransom,
 he bring them to him in prisoun.

When this mandament they had tane,
 they assembled an host on ane:
 to the Castle went in by,
 he assieged vigorously:
 he mony a time it hard assailed,
 he yet to take it oft they sallied:
 for they within were right worthy,
 he them defended doughtely,
 he repugned their saes oft againe:
 some bailed, some wounded, and some slaine,
 he mony a time ishe they wald,
 he bargaine at the Barras hald,
 he wound their saes oft, and sla.
 surely they them contemned sa,

That they thereout despaired were,
 And thought in England againe to fare:
 For sa Marke saw they the Castle,
 And thought that it was weaponde well,
 And saw the men defend them sa,
 That they na hope had it to sa,
 None had they done all that tesson,
 Gif it not war right false tesson:
 For there within was a Traitor,
 A false Lurdane, a Losyngeour:
 Osbarne to None made the tesson,
 I wate not for what enchesoun,
 For whome with he made the conuyne,
 Bot as they said, that were within,
 He toke a Coulter boat glowing
 That red was in a fire burning:
 And went vnto the mekle hall,
 That then with corne was filled all.
 And high vp in the mow it did,
 But it full lang was not there hid:
 For men sayes oft that fire, nor pride,
 But discovering may na man hide:
 For the pompe of the pride soorthsaues,
 Or els the great boast at it blaues,
 For there may na man fire sa couer,
 Bot it fall low or reke discover.
 Sa it fell here: for fire all cleare
 • Some throug the thicke wood can appeare.
 First as a Sterne, syne as a Stone,
 And well brader thereafter some.
 The fire out some in bleas brast,
 And the reke raise sa wonder fast:
 The fire ouer all the Castell spred,
 There might with force na man it red.

Then they within drew to the wall,
 That at that time was battaild all
 Within, right as it was without.
 That battalling withoutten doubt
 Saved their lives, for to brake
 Fire-blacks that them wald overtake.
 And when their faes that mischiese saw,
 To armes went they in a thraw:
 And assailed the Castle fast,
 Where they durst come for fires blast:
 Bot they within that mister had,
 Sa great defence and worthy made,
 That they full oft their faes rushed,
 For na kin perill they refused,
 For trauell for to saue their lives:
 Bot weird, that to the end all duries,
 The warldis things them sa travelled:
 That they on twa sides were assailed.
 Within with fire, that them sa bcolpied,
 Without with folke that them sa tailyed:
 That they bint magre theirs the yet.
 Bot for the fire that was sa het,
 They durst not enter sa sone in by:
 Therefore their folke they gart rely.
 And went to rest: for it was night,
 Till on the morne that day was light.

A sk mischiese as ye may see,
 Were they within, which was pffie:
 They them defended doughtely,
 Contemning them sa manfully,
 That they ere day through mekle paine,
 Had tymmered by the yet againer:
 Bot on the morne when day was light,
 And Sunne was shining faire and bright:

Then they without in battail battaile,
 Came puruayde readie to assaile:
 Bot they within they were sa stad,
 That they na meat nor fetwell had.
 Wherewith they might the Castle hald,
 Treates first, and syne them yald,
 To be into the Kings will,
 That ay to Scottissh men was ill:
 As sone after well was knowne:
 For they were hanged all and rawn.
 When this Cunnand thus treated was,
 And affirmed with sikkernes.
 They toke them off the Castle sone,
 And in short time sa haue they done,
 That all a quarter of Snawdown,
 Right to the eird thay tumbled down:
 And toward England held their way:
 Bot tohen that King Edward heard say,
 How Neill the Bruce held Kildromy,
 Against his sonne sa stalwartly,
 He gathered a great Cheualrte,
 And toward Scotland went in hy.
 And as he in Northumberland,
 Was with his great rout ryband,
 A sicknes toke him by the way,
 And put him to sa hard assay,
 That he might neither gang nor ryde:
 Him behouped magre his abyde,
 Into an Hamelet was there by,
 A little town and vnworthy.
 With great paine they him hither broght,
 He was sa stad, that he na moght
 His bzeath bot with great paines dzeat:
 For speake bot gif it were well lat.

Bot then he bad they should him say,
What place was that where he in lay.
Sir, they said, Burgh in the land:
They call this place into this land,
Call they it Burgh, alas (said he)
My hope is now fordone to me:
For I weind neuer to thole the paine
Of death: while I through mekle maine,
The Burgh of Ierusalem had tane.
My life there weind I should be gane.
In Burgh, I with well I should die,
Bot I was neither wise nor lie,
To other Burghes helpe for to fa.
How may I na wile farther ga,
Thus plenyied he him of his folg,
As he had matter sickerly.
Then he weind to wit certaintie
Of it, that name might certaine be.
Yet some men said, in clode he had
Spreit that him an answer made,
Of things that he wald inquire:
Bot he was fole withoutten weere,
That gaue traist to that Creature:
For Feynds are of ilk nature,
That they to Dankinde haue enuy:
For they will on na wile truely,
That they that well are living here,
Shall win the Siege, wherefra they were
Cumbled through their mekle pride.
Wherethrough, oft times will betyde,
That when Feynds discrepyed are,
They will appeare, and make answers,
Through force of contrarition:
Bot they falshe are, and fa telloun,

That they make ay their answering,
 Into double vnderstanding,
 To deceiue them that will them trow.
 Ensample will I set you now,
 Of a Wier, as I heard tell,
 Betwixt France and the Flemings fell.
 The Erle of Flanders Mother was
 A Negromancer, and Sathanas
 She raised: and him asked sene,
 What sould worth of the fightone,
 Betwixt the French King, and her Sonne.
 And he (as all time he was wone)
 Into deceit made her answere,
 And said to her thir verses here.

Versus Belli de B o s b e k.

Rex ruet in bello, tumulique carebit honore.
 FERRANDVS (comitissa) tuus mea chara Minerva,
 Parisios veniet, magna comitante caterva.

This was the spech he made persay,
 And is in English thus to say.
 The King shall fall in the seghting,
 And shall failie honour of eirding.
 And thy Ferrand, thy Nephew, my Deare,
 Shall right to Parise wend but weere:
 Following him a great company,
 Of Noble men, and of worthie.
 This is the sentence of the Saw,
 That he in Laine can her make.
 He called her his deare Minertie,
 For she was ay wont for to serue
 Him, till she lased at his deuise;
 And for she made the lamine seruise.

His Minerue and her called he:
And als thzough his subtiltie,
He calde her Deare, her to deceiue:
That she the tittar sould conceiue,
Of his spech the vnderstanding,
That maist pleased to her lpying.
His double spech her sa deceiued,
That thzough it her sonne the dead receiued:
For sho was of his answere blyth.
And to her sonne sho tald it smyth,
And bade him to the battell speid,
And he sould Victoz be but dread:
And he that heard her sermoning,
Sped him in hy to the seghting.
Where he discomfite was and went,
And taken, and to Parise sent:
Bot in the seghting not for thy,
The King thzough his Cheualry,
Was laid at eird and lamed baith:
Bot his men hoised him well raith.
And tohen Ferrandus Mother heard,
How her sonne in the battell farde:
And that he was sa discomfite:
Sho raide the ill spirit tye,
And asked him why he lied bad,
Of the answere he to her made,
And he said, that he said soth all,
I said the, that the King sould fall
In the battell, and sa did he,
And sailyed eirding, as men may se,
And I said the, that thy sonne sould ge,
To Parise: and he did right sa:
Following him sik a menple,
That neuer in his lifetime, he

Had sik a Denyie into leading,
 Now sees thou, I made na leeing.
 The Wife conuicted was persey,
 And durst na mair to him then say.
 Thus gate throug double vnderstanding,
 That bargaine came to sik ending,
 That the ane part bereiued was.
 Right sa sell it vpon this cate,
 At Ierusalem trowed he,
 Grauen into the Burgh to be,
 At the whitk Burgh into the sand,
 He swelt right in his awne land.
 And when he to the death was nere,
 The folke that at Kildromy were,
 Came with the prisoners they had tane:
 And sone vnto the King are gane,
 And for to comfort him they tauld,
 How they the Castle to them yald:
 And hold they to his will were brought,
 To doe with them what euer him thought.
 Asked what they sould with them do?
 Then looked he angerly them to,
 And said girning, gar hang and draw.
 It was great wonder of sik law:
 That he, that to the death was nere,
 Should answere vpon sik maner,
 Withoutten meaning of mercy:
 How might he traill on him to cry.
 That sothfastly demes all thing,
 To haue merrie for his crying.
 Of him that throug his fellony,
 Into sik point had na mercy.
 His men his mandament haue done,
 And he diid thereafter sone.

And syne was brought to Barving,
His sonne syne after him was King.

HOW JAMES OF DOWGLAS

past into ARRANE.

TH King Robert againe ga we,
In Raughring with his menpie
Lay, till the Winter neere was gane,
And of that yle his meat hes fane.
James of Dowglas was angry,
That they sa lang sould idely:
And to Sir Robert Boyde said he,
The poze folke of this Countrie
Are charged vpon great maner
Of vs, that idle lyes here:
I haue heard say, that in Arrane,
In a strange Castle made of stane,
Are Englishmen, that with strang hand,
Halds the Lordship of that land.
Ga we hidder, and well may fall,
Annoy them in some thing we fall.
Sir Robert said, I grant theretill,
To ly here maistr were litle skill:
Therefore to Arrane passe will we,
For I knaw right well the Countrie,
And the Castle also knaw I,
We sall come there sa prauily,
That they sall hane na perceiuing,
Nor yet knawledge of our comming:
And we sall neere in bushment be,
Where we their comming well may see
Sa sall it on na maner fall,
Bot catch them in some wise we sall:
With that they bushed them on ane,
And at the King their leane hes fane,

And went some south upon their way,
 Into Kintyre some come are they:
 Syne rowed alwayes by the land:
 While that the night was nere at hand,
 Then to Arrane they held their way,
 And safely there arrived thay.
 And in a Glen their Gaillay brough,
 And syne it heilled well enough.
 Their Takle, aires, and all their Stère,
 They hid all on the same maner:
 And held their way then in the night:
 So that ere day was dawning light:
 They were enbusht the Castle nere,
 Armed upon their best maner:
 And though they wet were and weary,
 And soz lang fasting all hungry:
 They thought to hold them all pntie,
 Untill that they their time might see,
 Sir John the Hastings at that tide,
 With Knights of full mekle pride,
 And with Squyars and Pemanry,
 And had a well great company:
 Was in the Castle of Brathwyke:
 And oft time when it wald him lyke,
 He went to hunt with his menyie:
 And sa the land abandouned he.
 That nane durst warne to doe his will,
 He was into the Castle still,
 The time that James of Dowglas,
 So nere hand byenbusht was,
 So hapned at that time through chance,
 That with viffalle and purveyance,
 And with clething and all arming,
 The day before in the Evening,

The Under-Marshalle arrived was,
 With these Baillies right nere the place:
 Where the folke I spake of aye,
 Full prively embusched were.
 When fra the Baillies saw they ga,
 Of Englishmen threttie and ma,
 Charged all with sundrie things.
 Some bare wine, and some armings:
 The remanent all charged were,
 With things of sundrie maner.
 And other sundrie yed them by,
 As they were Masters toke.
 They that embusched were them saw,
 And then withouten drede or aw:
 Their bushment on them they brake,
 And slew all that they might overtake.
 They cried hideously and his,
 And they that dreeding were to die,
 Right as beastes can raire and cry:
 And they slew them without mercy,
 As that into the samme dead.
 Here nere to fourtie that were dead.
 When they that in the Castle were,
 Heard the folke sa cry and raire.
 They ished south to the feghting:
 Bot when Douglas saw their coming,
 His men to him he can rely,
 And went to make them baffely.
 And when they of the Castle saw,
 Him come on them but drede or aw,
 They fled withouten maite or batte:
 And they them followed to the set,
 And slew of them as they in past:
 Bot they their jets harred sa fall:

That they at them might do na mair:
 Therefore they left them ilke ane there,
 And turned to the place againe,
 Where that the men before was slaine.
 And when they that within the Baittes,
 Saw them comming, and what gaites
 They had discomfite their Penye.
 In hy they put them to the sea,
 And rowed fast with all their mair:
 Bot the wind was them againe:
 And sa great the land byst rise,
 That they might weeld the sea na wise.
 For they durst not come to the land,
 Bot held them there sa lang hobland,
 That of thre Baittes drowned twa,
 And when Dowglas saw it was sa:
 He took the arming and the clæthing,
 Wittaille, and wine, and other thing,
 That they fand there: and held their way,
 Right glad and iopfull of their pray.

¶ On this maner James of Dowglas,
 And his Penye thzough GODs grace,
 Were well relieved with arming,
 And with vittaille, and als clæthing.
 Syne to a strait they held their way,
 And themfull manly gouernde they:
 While on the tent day that the King,
 With all that were in his leading:
 Arrived were in that Countrie,
 With thzettie Gaillayes come and thre.
 The King arrived in Arrane,
 And syne to the land is he gane:
 And in a toun took his harby,
 And syne speared full spectally,

If any men could tell fithand,
Of any strangers in that land.

Des said a woman, Sir, yetsay,
Of strang men, I can you say:

That are come in to this Countrie,

And short whyle syne through their hountie.

They discomfited our War daine,

And mony of his men haue laine:

And to a stalward place hereby,

Repaireth all their company.

Daine, said the King, wilt thou me wis,

To the place where their repaire is,

I sall reward thee but lasing:

For they are all of my dwelling,

And I right blythly wald them le,

And as I trow, sa wald they me.

Des, Sir, said she, I will blythly,

Go with you and your company,

Whyle that I shal you their repaire.

That is enough, my sister saire,

How ga we forthward, said the King.

Then went they forth but maie letting

Following her. And the them led,

Whyle at the last she shew the sted

To the King in a woodie Glen:

And said, Sir, yonder saw I the men

That ye spere after, make luring,

Here trow I, is their repairing:

The King then blew his borne in by,

And gart the men that were him by,

Sald them still in priuete,

And syne againe his borne blew he:

James of Dowglas heard him blaw,

And well the blaw some can be knaw.

And said,

And said, surely yone is the King,
 I ken him well by his blawing.
 The third time therewith als he blew,
 And Sir Robert Boyd him knew:
 And said, yone is the King but dead,
 Ga we will forth to him god speed.
 Then went they to the King in by,
 And to him inclined courteously,
 And blythly welcommed them the King,
 That was topfull of their meeting,
 And kissed them, and speared syne
 How had they faine in their huntynge?
 And they him tald all but lasing:
 Syne loued they GOD of their meeting,
 Then with the King to his barby
 They went, baith blyth and topfully,

HOW THE KING SENT HI
 man to spy in CARRIE, vha vvere to
 him friendly.

THE King upon the other day,
 As his priue men can say:
 We know all well, and well may we,
 How ye are out of your Countrie
 Banisht, through Englishmens might,
 And that whilke ours could be with right,
 Through their mallice they occupy,
 And wald also without mercy:
 If they had might, destroy vs all:
 Bot GOD forbid, that it should fall
 To vs, as they make mahalling,
 When were there na recovering,
 And manhed bids vs, that we
 To procure vengeance bule be:

so ye may see we haue thre things,
 that makes vs admonishings,
 so to be worthie, wise, and might,
 and to annoy them at our might.
 he is, our liues sauitie:
 that could on na wise saued be,
 if they had vs at their lyking.
 the other that makes vs egging,
 that they our possession
 holds with strength against reason.
 the thirde is, the ioy that we abide:
 if that it happens (as well may tide)
 that we haue victorie and maistris,
 to ouercome all their fellonie.
 therefore we sould our hearts raise,
 that na mischiese sould vs abase:
 and shap alwayes to that ending,
 that beares in it mense and louing.
 and therefore, Lordings, gif that ye see,
 among you, that it speedfull be:
 will send a man in Cartik,
 to spy and speare how the Burik
 is led? and wha is friend so fa.
 and gif he sees we land may fa:
 on Turneberyse-nuke he may
 make a fire on a certaine day.
 to make takning to vs, that we
 day there arrine in safetie:
 and if he sees, we may not fa,
 make on na wise the fire be ma.
 a may we thereof haue witting
 of our passage, and our dwelling.
 to this spech all assented are,
 and there the King withouthen mare,

Calde ane that was to him priue,
 And bozne was of Carrik Countrie:
 And charged him in life, and mair,
 As ye heard he deuised aire:
 And set him certaine day to ma-
 The fire: gif he saw it were sa,
 That they had possibilitie,
 To maintaine were in that Countrie:
 And he that was right well in will,
 His Lords varning to fulfill,
 As he that worthie was and leele,
 And could his secret well concele.
 Said, he was bound into all thing,
 For to fulfill his commanding,
 And said, he could doe sa wisely,
 That na reproche sould after ly.
 Syne at the King his leane bes tane,
 And forth vpon his way is gane.

Now gaes the Messenger his way,
 That heght Cuthbert (as I heard say)
 In Carrik sone arrived he:
 And passed through all the Countrie:
 Bot he fand few therein persey,
 That good wald of his Master say.
 For feill of them durst not soz dread,
 And other some right into deed,
 Were saes to the Noble King,
 That rewed syne their barganing.
 Baith hie and law the land was then,
 All occupied with Englishmen:
 That despised attour all thing,
 Robert the Bruce the doughtie King.
 Carrik was giuen then haillie
 To Sir Henric the Lord Percy,

hat into Turneberyle Castle then,
 as well nere with thre hunder men,
 and danted sa all hail the land,
 hat all were to him obeyand.
 his Curthbert saw his fellony,
 and saw the folke sa haillely,
 the twothen English, baith rich & poze,
 hat he to nane durst him discover:
 ot thought to leane the fire vnnade,
 one to his Master went but bade:
 that conuyne to him to tell,
 hat was sa angrie, and sa fell.

OF THE FIRE THE

King saw burning.

The King that into Arrane lay,
 when that commin was the day,
 That he set to his Messinger,
 I to you deuised aie.
 ter the fire he looked fast,
 and sone as the none was past,
 he thought well that he saw a fire
 o Turneberie burning fair and hyre.
 and to his men counth it shaw.
 kane thought well that they it saw:
 en with blyth heart the folke can cry,
 od King, speed you deliuerly:
 hat we sone in the Euening,
 rine withouthen perceiuing.
 rant (said he) now make you pare.
 And further vs into our sare:
 en in short time men might them see,
 ot all their Gaillages to the sea,
 and bare to sea baith Aie and Etare,
 and other things that needfull were.

And as the King upon the land,
 Was ganging by and downe by hand
 His menye till they ready were:
 His Offets came right to him there.
 And when that spo him hailed had,
 A priate speake sho to him made:
 And said, take god keepe to my shaw:
 For ere ye passe, I sall you shaw,
 Of your Fortoun a great partie:
 And attour all thing specialle,
 A twittering here I sall you ma.
 What end that your purpose sall fa:
 For in this land is nane truely,
 What things to come sa well as I.
 Ye passe now forth in your boyage,
 To venge the harme and the outrage:
 That Englishmen hes to you done:
 Bot ye wate not yet, what kin Fortoun,
 Ye mon dre, in your weraping.
 Bot wit ye well without lesing,
 That fra ye now have taken land,
 There sall na might nor strength of hand,
 Car you passe out of that Countrie,
 While all to you abandounde be.
 Within short time ye sall be King,
 And haue the land at your lyking,
 And ouercome your foes all.
 Bot sell annoves soles ye sall,
 That your purpose end haue tane:
 Bot ye sall them ouerdzine likeane,
 And that ve trow this likerly,
 My twa sonnes with you sall I
 Send: to take part of your tranale.
 For I wate well, they sall not falle,

To be rewarded well at right,
When ye are raised to your right.

¶ The King that heard all her carping:
Thanked her in mekle thing.

For she comforted him some deill.

And he trowed not all well,

Her spech: For he had great ferly,

How she soulo wit it sickerly.

As it was wonderfull per say.

How ony mans science may

know things that are to come

Determinatly, either all or some:

Bot gif that he inspired were

Of him that all things evermare

does, in his awne Ptesence,

As it were ay in his ptesence,

As was David and Jeremy,

Samuell, Ioseph, and Esay:

That thzough his holy grace could tell

Feill things that afterwards befell.

Bot thay Propheys sa thir are satione,

That nane in eird may now be knowne.

Bot feill folke are sa curious,

And to wit things sa covetous,

That they trow thzough their great Clergy,

Or els thzough their deinty,

Of thir twaine maners makes finding.

Of things to come to have knowing:

One of them is Astrology,

Wherethzough Clerkes that are wisly,

Day know Coniunction of Planets,

And whidder that their counle them sels,

In soft Sieges, or in angry.

And of the heaven all battels

How that the disposition
 Wikes vpon things here down:
 On Regions or on Clemates,
 That all where worketh not all gaites.
 Yet may they faile the trueth to say,
 In things that them happen may.
 For whether that man inclined be,
 To vertue or iniquitie.
 He may right well refraine his will,
 Either thzough vertue or thzough skill:
 And to the contrare turne it all:
 As hath bene mony time sene fall:
 That men kyndly to ill are giuen,
 Thzough their great wit alway haue dzinen
 Their ill: and woꝛthen of renoun,
 Magre the constellatioun,
 As Aristotle, gif as men readez,
 He had folloved his kyndly dedez:
 He had bene false and couetous.
 Bot his wit made him vertuons,
 And syne that men may on this wise,
 Woꝛke against the course, that is
 Principall cause of their deeming.
 We thinke they deeme na certaine thing,
 Negromancie another is,
 That kens men on sundrie wise:
 Thzough skalkward Coniuration:
 And als thzough Erhortation
 Logar spreits to them appeare.
 And giue them answer on seir maner,
 As whylunt did the Pythonesse,
 That when Saul abased was,
 Of the Philistims might,
 Railed thzough her mekle sight,

amuels spzeit als tye,
 in his stead the euill spzeit,
 that gaue right graith answere her to:
 Bot of her selfe right noght wist sho,
 and man is into vzeiding ay,
 of things that he hes heard say,
 namely that are to come, while he
 natw of the end the certaintie:
 and sen they are in sik wening,
 Withoutten certaine witting:
 he think, wha sayes he knawes things
 to come: he makes great gabings.
 Bot whidder he that tauld the King,
 how his purpose sould haue ending,
 Meind, oz wist it vtterly,
 it fell after all haillely,
 as he said, for syne King was he,
 and reigned into fre poustie.

OF THE KINGS HANSALING

in CARRIK, at his first arriuing.

This was in Ver, when Winter tide,
 With his blacks hiddeons to bide,
 Has ouerdziuen: and birds small,
 as Turtle, and the Pightingale,
 began right swættly for to sing,
 and for to make their solacing.
 swæt notes and sounds sæte,
 and melodies pleasant to heare.
 and træs begouth bzeaking to ma
 burgeons, and blyth blowmes allwa.
 to win the betwing of their head,
 that wicked Winter hath them made,
 and all gertle begouth to spzing.
 in that swæt time the Noble King,

How that the disposition
 Wrikes vpon things here down :
 On Regions or on Clemates,
 That all where worketh not all gaites.
 Yet may they faile the trueth to say,
 In things that them happen may.
 For whether that man inclined be,
 To vertue or iniquitie.
 He may right well refraine his will,
 Either thzough vertue or thzough skill :
 And to the contrare turne it all :
 As hath bene mony time sene fall :
 That men kyndly to ill are giuen,
 Thzough their great wit alway haue bynen
 Their ill : and wothen of renoun,
 Agre the constellation,
 As Aristotle, gif as men reades,
 He had followed his kyndly dedes :
 He had bene false and couetous.
 Bot his wit made him vertuous,
 And syne that men may on this wise,
 Worke against the course, that is
 Principall cause of their deeming.
 We thinke they deeme na certayne thing,
 Pegromancie another is,
 That kens men on sundrie wise :
 Thzough stalward Coniuration :
 And als thzough Erpotation
 Logar spreits to them appeare.
 And gine them answere on seir maner,
 As whylom did the Pythonesse,
 That when Saul abased was,
 Of the Philistims might,
 Raised thzough her mekle sight,

amuels spreit als tyte,
 In his stead the euill spreit,
 That gaue right graitly answere her to:
 Bot of her selfe right noght wist sho,
 And man is into dreading ay,
 Of things that he hes heard say,
 Namely that are to come, while he
 Knawo of the end the certaintie:
 And sen they are in sik twening,
 Withoutten certaine twitting:
 He think, wha sayes he knawes things
 To come: he makes great gabings.
 Bot whidder he that tauld the King,
 How his purpose sould haue ending,
 Weind, oz wist it vtterly,
 It fell after all haillely,
 As he said, for syne King was he,
 And reigned into fra poultie.

OF THE KINGS HANSALING

in CARRIK, at his first arriuing.

This was in Ver, when Winter tide;
 With his blacke hideous to bide,
 Was ouerdriuen: and birds small,
 As Turtle, and the Nightingale,
 Began right sweetly for to sing,
 And for to make their solacing.
 Sweet notes and sounds sere,
 And melodies pleasant to heare.
 And trees begouth breaking to ma
 Surgeons, and blyth blowmes allwa.
 To win the betwing of their head,
 That wicked Winter hath them made,
 And all gerlle begouth to spring.
 In that sweet time the Noble King,

With his flote, and a few menpie.
 Four hunder I trow they might be,
 Went to the sea out of Arrane,
 A litle befoze the Euen was gane.
 They rowed fast with all their might,
 While that vpon them fell the night,
 That worst mirke on great maner:
 So that they wist not where they were,
 For they na needle had nor stane,
 Bot rowed alwayes forth in ane.
 Steering alwayes vpon the fire,
 That they saw burning light and fyre.
 It was but aientour them led,
 And they in short time sa them sped,
 That at the fire arrived they,
 And went to land but mair delay:
 And Cuthbert that hath sene the fire,
 Was full of anger and of ire,
 For he durst not doe it away.
 And he was also doubting ay,
 That his Lord shold passe to the sea.
 Therefore their coming waited he.
 And met them at their arriuing:
 He was right sone brought to the King:
 That spæred at him how he had done:
 And he with fair heart tauld him sone:
 How there was name there well willand:
 Bot all were faes, that euer he fand.
 And that Sir Henry the Percy
 With nere thre hunder in company,
 Was in the Castle there beside:
 Filled full of despite, and pride.
 Bot mair than twa parts of his rout,
 Were harbzed in the towne about:

and despises you mair, Sir King,
 than men may despise ony thing,
 then said the King in full great ire,
 traitour, why made thou then the fire?
 (Sir) he said, so God me see,
 the fire was neuer made through me:
 for ere this night I wist it nocht:
 not fra I wist it, well I thought,
 that ye, and hailly your Menpie,
 shuld put you to the sea,
 for thy come I to mete you here,
 to tell perills that might appeare.
 The King was at his spech angry,
 and asked his priue men him by.
 What that they thought was best to do.
 Sir Edward answered first thereto,
 his brother that was so hardy:
 and said, I say you sickerly,
 there sall na perill that may be,
 to me againe vnto the sea,
 mine auenture here take will I,
 whether it be easefull or angry,
 whether (he said) sen ye will sa,
 it is good we the samine sa,
 disease, or ease, or paine, or play.
 After as GOD will vs puruay.
 and sen men sayes, that the Percy,
 mine heritage will occupy:
 and his Menpie sa nêre vs lyes.
 that vs despises mony wayes.
 as we venge some of the despite,
 and that may we haue done full tyte:
 or they ly fraistly but dreading
 of vs, or of our here comming:

And thought we sleeping slay them all,
 Reproue vs thereof na man shall:
 For werrayont na force sould ma,
 Whether he might ouercome his fa,
 Thzough strength, or great subtelte.
 Bot at god faith ay halden be.
 When this was said, they went their way,
 And to the town sone comen are they,
 Sa priuily but noyse making:
 That nane perceiued their comming.
 They skailed thzough the town in hy,
 And brake vp dwres surdely:
 And slew all that they might ouertake,
 And they that na defence might make,
 Full piteously can raire and cry:
 And they slew them without mercy,
 As they that were in full great will,
 To venge the anger and the ill,
 That they, and theirs to them had wrought
 With sa felloun a will them sought:
 That they slew them vp euerilkane,
 Except Makdowell him allane,
 That escaped thzough mekle sight,
 And thzough the mirkenes of the night.
 In the Castle the Lord Percy,
 Heard well the noyse and the cry,
 And sa did the men with him were,
 And full infrainly gate their geare:
 But of them nane was sa hardy,
 And durst isse forth to cry.
 In sik affray baide they that night,
 While on the mozne that day was light,
 And then ceased into party,
 The noyse, the slaughter and the cry.

The King gart then departed he,
 All haill the spzaith to his Penye,
 And dwelt there syne dayes thre,
 Hk hansell to thay folke gare he:
 Right in the first beginning,
 Welwylings at his Incomming.

When that the King and his folke were
 Arrived, as I tauld you aite.

A whyle in Carrik leinded he,
 To see wha friend, or sa would be:
 And he fand litle tenderesse.
 Bot not for thy the people was
 Inclined to him in party:
 Bot Englishmen sa angerly,
 Led them with danger and with aw,
 That they na friendship durst him have:
 But a Ladie of that Countrie,
 That was to him in nere degré,
 In Cosnage, was wonder blyth
 Of his arryving, and als swyth
 Sped her to him in full great hy.
 With fourtie men in company,
 And betought all vnto the King,
 To helpe him in his werraping:
 And he receiued them in daintie,
 And her full greatly thanked he:
 And spæred tythings of the Quæne,
 And of his friends all bedéne,
 That he had left in that Countrie:
 When that he put him to the sea,
 And the him tauld sighing full saire,
 How that his brother taken were:
 In the Castle of Kildromy,
 And syne destroyed villanously.

And the Erle of Arholl alwa,
 And how the Quene and other ma,
 That his party were bald and
 Were tane and led into England
 Were put into felloun prisson.
 And how god Cristall of Setoun
 Was slaine: greeting she tauld the King,
 That was sorowfull of that tything.
 And said when he had thought a threwe,
 The words that I sall to you shaw.
 Alace, he said, for love of me,
 And for their mekle lele lordeie:
 They Noble men and they worthy,
 Are destroyed sa villanously:
 Bot gif I live in liege prouisie,
 Their death right sone sall benged be.
 Yea, whether the King of England,
 Thought that the Kingrik of Scotland,
 Was all too litle to him and me.
 Therefore I will it mine all be:
 Bot of god Cristall of Setoun,
 That was sa Noble of Renoun,
 That he sould die were great pisse,
 Where ony worship might prync be.

THE King thus sighand made his mane,
 And the Lady her leue bes tane;
 And syne went hame to her winning.

And seill spes comfort she the King,
 Baith with siluer and with meat.
 Sike as she in the land might get:
 And he oft ryoted the land,
 And made all his that ever he fand.
 And syne he drew him to the height,
 To sint better his lare might.

In that time was the Percy,
 With a full simple company.
 In Turneburyse Castle yet lying,
 For the King Robert faire dreeding,
 That he durst not is forth to fare,
 Fra thynne to the Castle of Aire,
 That was then full of Englishmen.
 Bot lay lurking as in a Den,
 While the men of Northumberland,
 Should come armed with strang hand,
 And conduct him to his Countrie,
 For to them send his Poist hath bet
 And they in by assembled then.
 Basing attour a thousand men
 And asked counsell them amang,
 Whether that they should dyell or gang:
 Bot they were stonish wonder faire,
 As far in Scotland for to fare:
 For a Knight fair Gawter de Lile,
 Said it was too great perill,
 As a neere thap Souldiers to gar
 His spech discomforted them so,
 That they had left all the boage,
 Were not a Knight of great courage:
 That Sir Roger of Saint Iohn hight,
 That them comforted with his might:
 And ilk word, can to them say,
 That they together held their way:
 To Turnebury where the Percy,
 Lay on, and went with them in by:
 In England his atone Castle till,
 Without distroublance or mair ill.
 Now in England is Percy,
 Where I trow he a while shall ly.

O: that he shap him so: to fare,
 To weirray Carrik ony mair:
 For he wist that he had na right:
 And als he dzed the Kings might,
 That in Carrik was dwelland,
 In the maist strengths of that land.

¶ Where Iames of Dowglas on a day,
 Came to the King, and can him say.
 Sir, with your leave I wald gang see
 How that they doe in my Countrie,
 And how my men demained are,
 For it annoyes me wonder saire:
 That the Clyffurde sa peaceably
 Bzokes and halos the Senyeory,
 That sould be mine with all kin right,
 Bot while I live, gif I haue migh:
 To lead a peman o: a swane:
 He sall not bzoke it but bargeine.
 The King said, certes, I cannot see,
 How that ye yet may liker be.
 Into that Countrie so: to fare,
 While Englishmen sa mightie are:
 And thou wate not wha is thy friend.
 He said, Sir, needlesse I will wend,
 And take the aventure GOD will giue.
 Whether it be to die o: live.
 The King said, sen that thou wilt sa
 And sik a yarning hes to ga:
 Thou salt passe so:th with my blessing,
 And gif the: happens ony thing,
 That annoyous o: skaithfull be,
 I pray the: sped the: sone to me:
 Take we together what ever may fall,
 I grant, he said, and therewithall

He louted, and his leane bestang,
And is toward the Countrie gane.

THE FIRST WINNING OF
the Castle of DOUGLAS

NOW takes James his boyage,
Toward Douglas his heritage.

With twa men withouten ma,

This was a simple stowe to sa,

Castle, or land of weere to win.

Bot fast he yarned to begin,

To bring his purpose to ending:

And god helpe lyes in beginning:

For god beginning and hardy,

Gift it be followed wittily,

May gar oft lyes unlikly thing,

Come to right god and fair ending:

So did he here: for he was wise,

And saw he might not on na wise,

Wearie his fa with even might:

Therefore he thought to worke with sight,

In Douglasdail his awne Countrie:

Upon an Evening entred he,

And then a man winned thereby,

That was of friends right mighty.

And rich of money and of Cattell,

And had bene to his father lell:

And to himselfe in his youthhead,

Had done mony a thankfull deed.

Thomas Diksoun was his name per say,

To him he send, and can him pray,

That he wald come allanerly,

For to speake with him priuily,

And but danger to him he gaes:

Bot when he tauld him what he was,

He grat

He grat for ioy, and for pitie,
 And him right to his house had he.
 Where in a chamber priuily,
 He held him and his company:
 That name of him had perceiuing,
 And meat, and drinke, and other thing.
 That might them ease, they had plentie:
 So wrought they with their subtiltie,
 That all the leele men of the land,
 That with his Father were dwelland,
 This good man gart come ane and ane:
 And make him manrent everilkane:
 And he himselfe first homage made.
 Dowglas in heart great gladnesse had.
 That the good men of his Countrie,
 Wold this wise to him bounden be,
 He spæred the conuene of the land?
 And wha the Castle had in hand?
 And they him tald all haillely,
 And syne among them priuily:
 They ordainde that he still shold be,
 In hiddles and in priuities,
 Till Palmesunday that was nere hand,
 A he third day after followand.
 For than the folke of that Countrie,
 Assembled at the kirke wold be:
 And they that in the Castle were,
 Wold als be there their Palmes to beare.
 As folke that had na dread of ill:
 For they thought all was at their will.
 Than shold he come with his twa men,
 Before that folke shold not him ken.
 He shold a mantle haue awd and bare,
 And a flaile, as he a Tasker were.

Under the mantle not for thy,
 He should be armed princely:
 And when the men of his Countrie,
 That should all boun before him be:
 His Ensensie might heare him cry,
 Then should they all right enforcedly,
 Right in mids the Birke assaill,
 The Englishmen with hard battaill,
 That nane might escape them fra,
 For therethrough trowed they to ta
 The Castle: that beside was nere:
 And when this, that I tell you here
 Was devised and undertane,
 Allkane hame to his house is gane:
 And held this speake in priuie,
 Antill the day of their assemble.

How *Dowglas* in *Sanct Brydes Kirke*,
 With the Englishmen can wirke.

THE folke vpon the Palmesonday,
 Held to *Saint Brydes Kirke* their way:
 And they that in the Castle were,
 Wshed out baithlesse and mair:
 And went their Palmes for to beare,
 Except a Cooke and a Porter:
 James of Dowglas, of their comming:
 And what they were had good witting,
 And sped him to the Birke in hy:
 Bot ere he came, sa hastily,
 One of his men cried Dowglas, Dowglas,
 Thomas Nikson, that nereest was,
 To them that were of the Castell,
 That were then Inwith the Chancell.

When they the Dowglas sa heard cry,
 DREW out his sword, and fellounly
 Rushed amang them to and fra,
 And ano other withoutten ma.
 Bot they in hy were left lyand,
 With that Dovvglas came natre at hand,
 And they enforced on them the cry:
 Bot they the Chancell sturdely
 Held, and them defended well,
 While of their men were slaine some dell.
 Bot, the Dovvglas sa well him bare,
 That all the men that with him were,
 Had comfort of his well doing.
 And he himselfe spared nathing:
 Bot proued sa his force in fight,
 That through his worship and his might,
 His men sa keenely helped than,
 That they the Chancell on them wan.
 Then dang they on sa sturdely,
 That in short time men might se ly,
 The twa part dead, or then dieand.
 The laue were sealed sone in hand:
 Sa that of threttie liued nane,
 Bot they were slaine ilkane or fane.
 James of Dowglas when this was done,
 The prisoners hes fane full sone,
 And with them of his company,
 Toward the Castell went in hy:
 Or any noyle of cry sould rise.
 And for he wald them sone suppise:
 That in the Castle leaved were,
 They were but twa withoutten mare,
 Fine or les befoze send he,

That fand all open the entrie,
 And entred, and the Porter toke,
 Light at the zet, and syne the Cooke.
 With that the Dowglas came to the zet,
 And entred in without debate,
 And found the meat all ready graithed,
 With bowds set, and claithes laide,
 He zets then he gart them spare,
 And late at meat at all laisair,
 Syne all the goods fursed thay,
 That they thought light to beare away.
 Silver treasure and als clæthing,
 And namely weapons, and all arming,
 Bittaille that might not fursed be,
 In this maner destroyed he
 The bittaille outtaken salt,
 And wheate and flour, and meale and malt,
 And the wine Cellar gart he bying,
 And syne all on the floze downe sing,
 And the Prisoners that he had tane,
 Light there in gart he hide ilkane.
 One off the Tunnes the hades out strakes
 Soule melle there gart he make.
 Of meale and malt, blood and wine,
 In together in a mellinet
 That was unseemely soz to se.
 Herefoze the men of that Countrie,
 Called it the Dowglas Ladnaire.
 And will be called this many yere,
 When toke he salt as I heard tell,
 And dead horse, and forded the wall,
 And syne burnt all outtaken stane,
 And is forth with his Pengis gane,

When they the Dowglas sa heard cry,
 DREW out his sword, and fellounly
 Rushed amang them to and fra,
 And ano other withoutten ma.
 Bot they in hy were left lyand,
 With that Dovvglas came nare at hand,
 And they enforced on them the cry:
 Bot they the Chancell sturdely
 Held, and them defended well,
 While of their men were slaine some dell.
 Bot, the Dovvglas sa well him bare,
 That all the men that with him were,
 Had comfort of his well doing.
 And he himselfe spared nathing:
 Bot proued sa his force in fight,
 That throughe his worship and his might,
 His men sa keenely helped than,
 That they the Chancell on them wan.
 Then dang they on sa sturdely,
 That in short time men might see ly,
 The twa part dead, or then dieand,
 The laus were sealed sone in hand:
 Sa that of threttie liued nane,
 Bot they were slaine ilkane or fane.
 James of Dowglas when this was done,
 The prisoners hes fane full sone,
 And with them of his company,
 Toward the Castell went in hy:
 Or any noyle of cry sould rise.
 And for he wald them sone suppise:
 That in the Castle leaued were,
 They were but twa withoutten mare,
 Fine or sex befoze send he,

That fand all open the entrie,
And entred, and the Porter toke,
Right at the zet, and syne the Cooke.
With that the Dovvglas came to the zet,
And entred in without debaite,
And found the meat all ready graithed,
With bowds set, and claithes laide,
The zets then he gart them spare,
And sate at meat at all laisair,
Syne all the goods tursed thay,
That they thought light to beare away.
Siluer treasure and als clæthing,
And namely weapons, and all arming,
Bittaille that might not tursed be,
On this maner destroyed he
All the bittaille outtaken salt,
As wheate and flour, and meale and malt,
In the wine Cellar gart he bying,
And syne all on the floze downe sing,
And the Prisoners that he had tane,
Right there in gart he hide ilkane.
Syne off the Tunnes the hades out strake:
A soule melle there gart he make.
For meale and malt, blood and wine,
Ran together in a mellivet
That was unseemely for to see.
Therefore the men of that Countrie,
Called it the Dowglas Ladnair.
And will be called this many rare,
Then toke he salt as I heard tell,
And dead horse, and forded the wall,
And syne burnt all outtaken stane,
And is forth with his Pengis gane,

To his reset : for he trowed well,
 If he had harden the Castle,
 He sould haue bene assieged rath;
 And that thought him to meekle skath;
 For he na hope had of rescuing.
 And als it was right perillous thing,
 In Castle assieged for to be,
 When ane thing wants of thir thre:
 Wittaille, or meat, with arming;
 Or els good hope of rescuing.
 And for he dzed thir things sould falle,
 He choused forward to trauaile,
 Where he might at his larges be :
 And sa dizes forth his destinie.

In this wise was the Castle tane,
 And flaine that were therein ilkane.
 The Dowglas syne all his menyle
 Gart in seir places parted be:
 That men sould wit lesse where they were,
 That yed ay parted here and there.
 Them that were wounded gart he ly,
 Into hidles all pryncly :
 And gart good Leches to them bring,
 While that they were in leching:
 And himselfe with a few menyle,
 While ane, while tme, and whiles thre,
 And sometime he himselfe allane,
 In hidles throug the land is gane.
 Sa dzed he Englishmens might,
 That he durst not well come in sight:
 For they that time were all weapand,
 As Pastors and Lords ouer all the land :
 Bot thir tithings were skalled some,
 Of this dzed the Dowglas had done,

Came to the Clyffurdes eare in hy:
 That for his tynsell was right sary.
 And meened his men that were slaine:
 And syne he hes to purpose tane,
 To big the Castell by againe.
 Therfore as man of mekle maile,
 He assembled a great company,
 And syne to Dowglas went in hy,
 And bigged by the Castell swyth,
 And made it right stalward and styth:
 And put therein bittaile and men,
 And one of the Thrilwailes then
 He left behind him the Capitane,
 And syne to England went againe.

How one man and his sonnestwa,
 Vndertooke King ROBERT to sla:

In to Carrik yet was the King,
 With a full simple gaddering.
 Bot Sir Edward his brother then,
 In Galloway was nere him by,
 With him another company.
 They held the strengths of the land:
 For they durst not yet take on hand,
 To ryde ouer all the land plainely:
 For of Wallance Sir Aymery
 Was into Edinburgh lyand,
 And als was Wardane of the land,
 And when he heard of the comming
 Of King Robert and his Menple,
 Into Carrik, and how that he
 Had slaine sa of the Perfies men:
 His counsell he assembled then.

And with consent of his Counsaile,
He sent to Airc him to assaile:
Sir Ingrame Bell that was hardy,
And with him a great company.
And when Sir Ingrame come was there,
Him thought not speedfull for to fare,
For to assaile him in the hight,
Therefore he thought to worke with sight,
And lay still in the Castell than,
While he gate spèring of a man
Of Carrik that was lie and wight,
And als a man of mekle might:
As ony man of that Countrie,
Was to King Robert maist prinie,
As he that was his sibbe man nèere.
And when he wald, without danger,
Sight to the Kings presence ga,
The whilk man and his Donnes twa,
Were winning still in that Countrie:
For they wald not perceined be,
That they were speciall to the King.
They made him mony time warning,
When that they might his tensall see.
Therefore in them assyed he.
His name I cannot tell persay,
Bot I haue heard of soth men say:
Forsoth that his ane eye was out.
Bot he sa sturdie was and stout:
That he was the maist doughtie man,
That into Carrik was living than.
And when Sir Ingrame gat witting,
Forsoth this was na lèssing.
After him in hy he sent,
And he came at his Commandement.

Sir Ingrame that was sie and wise,
 Treated with him on sik a wise:
 That he made sikker vndertaking,
 With treason for to slay the King:
 And he should haue for his seruice,
 If he fulfilled this deuise:

Well fourtie pounds worth of land,
 To him and all his aires liuand.

The treason thus is vnderane,
 And he hame to his house is ganes
 And waited opportunitie,

To fulfill his iniquitie.

In great perill then was the King,
 That of this treason wist nathing:
 For he, that he troved maist of ane,
 His deid hes fully vnderane.

Nane may betraie tittar than he,
 That man introwes into lawtie.

The King in him traisted: for thy,
 He had fulfilled his fellony,

Were not the King throughe Gods grace,
 Gate warning how his purpose was:

And how, and for how meikle land,
 He toke his slaughter vpon hand.

I wate not wha the warning made:
 Bot in all time sik hap he had:

That when men shupe him to betraie,
 He gate witting thereof alwayes:

And mony a time as I heard say

Throughe women that him loued ay:

That wald tell all that they might heare,

And sa may fall that it did here,

Bot how sa euer it fell pardie,

I trow he sall the warrer be.

Yet not for thy the Traitor ay,
Had in his thought baith night and day:
How he might best bring to ending,
His treasonable vnder taking.
Will he bethought him at the last:
And in his mind can vmbecast,
That the King had in custome ay,
For to rise airly euery day:
And passe well far from his Penye:
When he wald passe to the Pryue,
And seeke a couert him allane,
And at the maist had with him ane.
There thought he with his sonnes twa,
For to supprise the King, and sla:
And syne wend to the Wood their way:
Bot yet of purpose sailyied thay.
And for this cause came all thre,
Into the couert that was pryue:
Where that the King was wont to ga,
His pryue nedes for to ma.
There hid they them till his comming,
And the King airly in the morning
Raise, when that his liking was,
And right toward the Couert gaes:
Where lying were the Traitors thre,
For to doe there his pryuitie.
To treason then he toke na heed:
Bot he was wont where euer he yed,
His sword aboot his halle to beare:
And that auailde him greatly there.
For had not GOD all things weilband:
Sik helpe set in his owne hand,
He had bene dead withoutten bread.
A chamber Page then with him yed:

And sa withontten fellowes ma,
 Toward the Couert can he ga.
 Now bot GOD helpe the Noble King,
 He is nêre brougt to his ending.
 For that Couert that he yêd till,
 Was on the other side of the hill:
 That nane of his men might him sêe
 Thitherward went his Page and he.
 And when he comen was in the Shalw,
 He saw the thrê comining on raw,
 Against him full sturdely.
 Then to his boy he said, in hy,
 Yone men will slay vs, if they may.
 What weapons hast thou? ah Sir, persey
 I haue a bow, bot and a wyze.
 Giue me them smertly, he said, ah Sir,
 What will ye then that I sall do?
 Stand on far, and behald vs to.
 Gif thou me sêes abone to be,
 Thou salt haue weapons great plentie,
 And gif I die, withdrazz the tône:
 And with the sword withontten hone,
 He toke the bow out of his hand,
 For the Traitors were nêre cummand.
 The Father had a sword but mair:
 The other baith sword and handaxe bare:
 The third a sword had, and a speare.
 The King perceiued by their affere,
 That all was soth, men to him tauit,
 Traitor (he said) thou hes me tauit:
 Come thou na farther, but hald thy there,
 I will thou come na farthermare.
 Ah Sir, bethinke you then said he,
 How nêre that I soult to you be.

What could come nêrer you than I?
 The King said, I will sîkkerly,
 At this time that thou come not nêre,
 Thou may say what thou wilt on fêre.
 Bot he with false words flêching,
 With his twa sonnes was nêre comming.
 When the King saw he wald not let,
 Bot ay came on with flêching falsset:
 He takes the wyze, and lets it flêe,
 And hit the Father right in the eye:
 While that it in the harnes ran,
 And he backward felt dōtōne right than.
 The brother that the hand are bare,
 That saw his father felled there.
 A gyrd right to the King can make,
 And with the are can him ouertake.
 Bot he that had his sword on hight
 Raught him sîk routes in randoun right:
 That he the head to harnes clauē,
 And dead dōtōne to the eird him dzaue,
 The other brother that the speare bare,
 Saw his brother was fallen there:
 With the speare as an angry man,
 In a race to the King he ran.
 Bot the King that him dzed some thing,
 Waited the speare at the comming:
 And with a wilke the head off strake.
 And ere the other had comming to take
 His sword, the King sîk swak him gaue,
 That he his head to the harnes clauē:
 He rushed dōtōne of blood all red:
 And when the King saw they were dead,
 All thrê lyng, he wipes his brand.
 With that his boy came fast rinnand,

And said, our Lord mot loued be,
 That granted you might and poultie,
 To sell the fellony, and the pryde,
 Of thir thre in sa litle tyde.

The King said, sa our Lord me ser,
 They had bene woorthy men all thre,
 Had they not bene full of treasoun,
 But that made their confusoun.

The King is went to his ludging,
 And of this dede came some tything,
 To Sir Ingrame of Vmfrawile:
 That thought his sutteltie, and gyle
 Had all failtyed in that place.
 Therefore he sa annoyed was,
 That he againe to Lochmabane,
 To Sir Aymer his way is gane:
 And to him tauld all haill the cace.
 Bot he thereof sair wondred hes.
 How ony man sa suddenly,
 Might doe sa great a Cheualry,
 As did the King, that him allane,
 Vengeance of thre Traitors hes tane.
 And said, now may men well pardie
 Wit, that it is all in certaintie,
 That Are ay helpes the hardy men.
 As by this dead we may well ken:
 Were he not sa outragious hardy,
 He had not sa vnabasedly:
 And sa smertly done his auantage.
 I dread that his great bassalage,
 And his great trauell bzing to end,
 The thing that men full litle weind.
 Sike speaking made they of the King,
 That they withoutten Sojourning,

Ravelde in Carrik here and there.
 His men fra him sa skailled were:
 To purchase their necessitie:
 And als the Countrie for to see,
 That they lest not with him sepy.
 And when the Gallovvayes wist surely:
 That he was with sa few Menpie.
 They made a priue assemblie,
 Of well twa hunder men and ma:
 And a sloth-Hound can with them sa:
 For they thought him for to surprize:
 And gif he fled in ony wise,
 To follow him with Hounds sa,
 That he sould na wise passe them fra.
 They shupe them in an evening,
 To surprize suddenly the King,
 And to him held they straight the way:
 Bot he that had his Matches ay,
 On ilke side: of their coming,
 Lang ere they came had sure witting,
 And how feill folke that they might be:
 Therefore he thought with his Menpie,
 To withdrato him out of that place:
 For the night nere hand fallen was,
 And for the night he thought that they,
 Should not haue sight to hold the way:
 That he were pass with his Menpie,
 And as he thought, right sa did he:
 And went him downe to a Parace,
 On a Water that rinning was:
 And in a Bog he fand a place,
 Was strait, and well twa bote-draught was.
 Fra that Water they passed had,
 He said, here may we make abade:

And rest you all a while, and ly.
 I will ga wait all princely,
 Gif I heare ought of their conning:
 And gif I may heare ony thing,
 I sall gar warne you, sa that ye
 At your aduantage ay sall be.

How he discomfist him allane,
 Twa hunder, and slew fifteene certaine.

THE King now takes his gate to ga,
 And with him toke he seruants twa,
 And Sir Gilbert de la Hay left he
 There, for to rest with his Menpie.
 To the Water he came in by,
 And harkened full tentfully,
 Gif he might heare of their conning:
 Bot yet then might he heare nathing.
 Endlang the Water then yed he,
 On either side great quantitie:
 And saw the braes high standing,
 The Water how through syke running:
 And fand na sorde, that men might passe,
 Bot where himselte overpassed was,
 And sa strait was the upcomming:
 That twa men might scarce through it thzing,
 For on na maner might guide them sa,
 That they together lang might ga.
 And when he lang time had bene there:
 He hearkned, and heard as hoysmen were:
 And Hounds whistling upon far,
 That ay he thought came néers and néer.
 He stood still for to harken mair:
 And ay the langer he stood there,

He heard it nere and nere command :
 Bot he thought he wald still yet stand,
 While that he heard mair takinning,
 Than for a Hounds whiffilling:
 He wald not waken his Penye.
 Wherefore he wald abide, and see,
 What folke they were : and whether they
 Held toward him the right way:
 Or past another gait far by.
 The Moone was shining right clearly:
 So lang he stood, that he might heare
 The noyle of them that comen were:
 Then his twa men in by sent he,
 To waken and warne his Penye.
 And they are forth their wayes gane:
 And he left still there him allane :
 And so lang stood he harkenand,
 While that he saw come at his hand,
 The haill rout in full great by.
 Then he bethought him hastily,
 If he held toward his Penye,
 That ere he might repaired be :
 They could be past the sword ilkane.
 And then behoued to chouse him ane
 Of these twa : outhir flee, or die.
 Bot his heart that was stout and bie,
 Counseld him alane to bide :
 And keepe them at the swordes side,
 And defend well the bycomming :
 Sen he was garnisht with arming,
 That he their arrowes could not dread,
 And gif he were of great manhode,
 He might assoney them ilkane,
 Sen they could come bot ane and ane.

He did right as his heart him bade:
 For manhood, strength and courage he had,
 When he sa stoutly him allane,
 For litle strength of earth hes tane:
 To seght with twa hunder and ma,
 Therewith he to the sword can ga:
 And they vpon the other party,
 That saw him stand allanerly,
 Thyringing in the water rade:
 For of him litle doubt they had.
 And came to him in full great hy:
 He smote the first sa rigozously,
 With his sword that sharply thare,
 While he downe to the eird him bare.
 The lane came on in a randoun:
 Bot his horse that was bozne down
 Cumbred them the bygang to sa.
 And when the King saw it was sa,
 He stikked the horse, and he can sing,
 And syne fell in the bycomming.
 The lane with that came with a shout,
 And he that stalward was and stout,
 Met them right stoutly at the bra:
 And sa good pyment can them ma,
 That finelome in the sword he slew,
 The lane then some deill them withozew,
 That dyed his strakes wonder sair:
 For he in nathing them soz bare.
 Then said aue, Certes we are to blame:
 What sall we say when we come hame?
 When aue man seghts against vs all:
 When saw men ever ssk souly fall,
 As vs, gif we it thus gate leane:
 With that all hail a shout they gaue.

And cried

And cryed : on him, he may not last.
 With that they pressed on him so fast,
 That had he not the better bene,
 He had bene dead withouten wene.
 Bot he so great defence can make :
 That where he hit with even strake,
 There might na thing against him stand.
 In litle space he left lyand
 So feill that the bygang was then,
 Ditted with slaine horse, and men.
 So that his faes soz that stopping,
 Might not come to the bycomming.
 Ah deare GDD, wha had bene by,
 And sene how he so hardely,
 Adressed him against them all :
 I wate well that they could him call,
 The best that liued in his day :
 And gif that I the sooth wald say,
 I heard neuer in na tyme gane,
 Ane kynt sa mony him allane.

Example how *Tydeus* slew forty nine men,
 And the Lieuetenāt tholde shame & paine.

E Men like when that Achilles,
 Fra his brother Polynices,
 Was sent to Thebes in message,
 To aske hailly the heritage
 Of Thebes, to hald it soz a yere :
 Two twynnes of ane baith they were.
 They strane : soz either King wald be.
 Bot the Barnage of that Countrie,
 Gart them assent on that maner,
 That the ane could be King ane yere,

And the

And the other with his Penye,
Should not be found in that Countrie,
While the first brother reigning were.
Synce could the other reigne ane yere,
And then the first could leave the land,
While that the other were reignand.
Thys ay ane yere could reigne the ane,
The other ane yere, when that were gane.
To aske halding of this assent,
Was Tydeus to Thebes sent:
And sa spake for Polynices,
That of Thebes Eteocles,
Had his Constable with him sa
Men armed well, and sa forth ga:
To meet Tydeus in the way:
And sa him but langer delay.
The Constable his way is gane,
And nyne and fourtie hes with him tane:
Sa that he, with them made fittle,
Into the Evening priuillie.
They set a bushment in the way,
Where that Tydeus behou'de to ga,
Betwixt an hie Craig and the sea.
And he, that of their Mantie
Wist nathing: his way hes tane,
And toward Grece againe is gane.
And as he rade into the night,
Sa saw he with the Moones light,
Shining of Shields great plentie:
And had wonder what it might be.
With that all hail they gane a cry:
And he that heard sa suddenly
Sik noyse, some deill affrayed was:
Bot in short time he to him saes

His spreits full hardely:
For his gentle heart and worthy,
Assured him into that need:
That with spurres he strake the steed,
And rushed in among them all.
The first he met he gart him fall,
And syne his sword he swapped out,
And raught about him mony a rout:
And slew serlome well sone oʒ ma
Then vnder him his horse they sla:
And he fell: bot he smertly raise,
Stryking about him rowme he maïs,
And slew of them a quantitie.
Bot wounded wonder fair was he.
With that a litle rod he fand,
Up toward the craig stryking and:
Hither he went in full great hy,
Defending him right doughtely:
While in the craig he clam somedeill,
And fand a place inclosed well:
Where nane bot ane might him assail.
There stodd he, and gaue them battaile,
And they assailied him ilkane:
And oft spes when that he slew ane,
As he downe to the erd did dzyue:
He wald beare downe well foure oʒ fve.
There stodd he, and defended sa,
While he had slaine the halfe and ma.
A great stane then by him saw he:
That throughe the great mantie,
Was loked ready for to fall.
And when he saw them coming all,
He tumbled downe on them the stane.
And aught men therewith bath he slaine.

And sa astoneyed the remanand:
 That they were nere all reteinand.
 Then wald he prizon hald na mair,
 Bot on them ran with swozd all haire:
 And belwed, and slew with all his mane,
 While he had nyne and fourtie slaine.
 The Constable syne can he ta,
 And gart him sweare, that he sould ga,
 To King Eteocles, and tell,
 The auentures that them befell.

TYDEVS bare him doughtely,
 That overcame him allane fiftie.
 Ye that this reades, iudge ye,
 Whether that mair sould praised be:
 The King that with his auisement
 Undertoke sik hardement?
 As to stynt him allane but feare,
 The folke that fully twa hundzeth were?
 Or Tydeus that suddenly
 Fra they had raised on him the cry,
 Through hardement that they had tane,
 Wan fiftie men all him allane?
 They did their deede baith in the night:
 And faght baith with the Moones light.
 Bot the King he discomfite ma,
 And Tydeus the ma can fla.
 Now dreme ye whidder mair louing
 Sould Tydeus haue, or the doughtie King?
 In this maner, as I haue tauld,
 The King that starke was, stout and bauld,
 Was seghting on the Fordes side,
 Bining and taking routes red:
 While he sik martyrdom there had made,
 That he the Forde all stopped had:

That name of them might to him ryde,
 Then thought they folp for to hyde,
 And haillely the flight can sa,
 And went hameward where they came fra:
 Then the Kings men with the cry
 Wakned, and full frayedly
 Came for to seeke the Lord the King,
 The Gallovay men heard their coming,
 They fled, and durst na langer hyde.
 The Kings men that dreiding were that tyde,
 For their Lord, full speedily
 Came to the Forde: and syne in hy
 They fand the King sitting allane.
 That had his Balnet off tane,
 To take the aire: for he was heat.
 Then spæred they at him his state:
 And he tauld them all haille the cace:
 And how that he assailtyed was:
 And how that GOD him helped sa,
 That he escaped haille them fra.
 Then looked they how feill were dead:
 And they fand lying in that stead,
 Fiftene, that was Aaine with his hand.
 Then loued they fast GOD all weilband,
 That they their Lord fand haille and feir,
 And said them byrd on na maner
 Dread their faes, sen their Chiftane
 Was of sik heart and of sik mane:
 That for them had undertane,
 With sa feill folke to seght allane.
 S Ik words spake they of the King,
 And for his hie undertaking,
 They ferlied and yarned him to see,
 That wont was oft with him to be.

Oh, how worship is a perfitte thing,
Worship makes men to haue louing,
Gif it be followed worthely.
Bot pryse, and worship not for thy,
Is hard to win but great trauell:
Oft to defend, and oft to assaile,
And to be in their dedes wise,
Garres men of worship win the pryse.
There may na man haue worththéd,
Bot he haue wit to steere the deed:
And see what is to leaue or sa.
Worship extremities hes twa:
Foule hardement the forrest is,
And the other is Cowardise.
And they are baith to forsake.
Foule hardement all will ouertake:
As well things to leaue as sa.
Bot Cowardise does nathing sa:
But bitterly forsaketh all.
And that were wonder for to fall,
Were not wanting of discretioun:
For thy hes worship lyk renoun,
That it is mid betwixt the twa:
And taketh that it will bnta:
And leaues that is to leaue. For it
Hes sa great garnishing with wit,
That it all perills well can see:
And all auantage that may be,
It wald to hardement halde haly.
With thy away were the folp.
For hardement with folp is,
Bot hardement that melled is,
With wit, is worship ay, pardie:
For but wit worship cannot be.

This Noble King that we of read,
 Melled all time wit with manhard,
 That may men by his mellie see,
 His wit shalwe him the strait entrie
 Of the sword, and the ishing allwa,
 That him thought was hard to ta.
 Upon a time that was worshp.
 Therefore his hardement hastely
 Thought well, it might be undertane,
 Sen atanes him might assaile but ane.
 Thus hardines gouvende with wit,
 That he in all time together knit,
 Gart him of worship winne the prise,
 And oft overcame his enemies.

How *James of Dowglas* with a traine,
 Slew *Thriswaile*, and his men of maine.

THE King in Carrik dwelt then still.

His men assembled fast him till,
 That in the land were travelling,
 When they of this deed heard tothing,
 Then thought they well with him to ta,
 Their hap, that sik defence can ma.
 Bot yet then *James of Dowglas*
 In *Dowglasdaile* dwelling was:
 O els well nere hand thereby,
 In hiddles some deill privily.
 For he wald see his governing,
 That had the Castle in keeping:
 And gart make mony copardie,
 To see gif he wald ishe blythly.
 When he perceined well, that he
 Wald ishe blythly with his menyie.

He made

He made a gaddering priuily,
Of them that were of his party:
That were sa fell, that they durst fight
With Thriswaile, and all his haill might
Of them that in the Castell were,
He shupe in ane night soz to fare
To Sandylands, and néere thereby.
He him embushed priuily:
And sent a few a trains to ma,
That sone in the morning can ta
Cattell, that were the Castell by.
And syne withdrew them hastely
Toward them that embushed were.
Then Thriswaile withoutten maire
Gart arme his men withoutten bade,
And ished with all the men he had:
And folloved fast after the ky.
He was armed at point cleanely,
Outtaken that his head was bare.
Then with the men that with him were,
The Cattell folloved he goodsped.
Right as a man that had na dzead,
While that he of them gate a sight,
Then pricked they with all their might:
Folloving them out of array:
They sped them fléxing, while that they
The bushment by some deill were pass:
And Thriswaile chased them right fast.
And then they that embushed were,
Rushed on them baith lesse and maire:
And raised suddenly the cry,
And they that saw sa suddenly,
That folke came egerly prickand,
Betwixt them, and their warrand:

This Noble King that we of read,
 Pelled all time wit with manhood,
 That may men by his mellie see,
 His wit shalwde him the strait entrie
 Of the Ford, and the ishing allwa,
 That him thought was hard to ta.
 Upon a time that was worshp.
 Therefore his hardement haffely
 Thought well, it might be vnderfane,
 Sen atanes him might assaile but ane.
 Thus hardines gouernde with wit,
 That he in all time together knit,
 Gart him of worshp winne the prise,
 And oft overcame his enemies.

How *James of Dowglas* with a traine,
 Slew *Thriswaile*, and his men of maine.

The King in Carrik dwelt then still.
 His men assembled fast him till,
 That in the land were trauellling,
 When they of this deed heard tything,
 Then thought they well with him to ta,
 Their hap, that sik defence can ma.
 Bot yet then *James of Dowglas*
 In *Dowglasdaile* dwelling was:
 O: els well nere hand thereby,
 In hiddles some deill priuily.
 For he wald see his gouerning,
 That had the Castle in keeping:
 And gart make mony icopadie,
 To see gif he wald lye blythly.
 When he perceined well, that he
 Wald lye blythly with his penyie,

He made

He made a gaddering priuily,
Of them that were of his party:
That were sa fell, that they durst fight
With Thriswaile, and all his haill might
Of them that in the Castell were,
He shupe in ane night soz to fare
To Sandylands, and néere there by.
He him embushed priuily:
And sent a few a trains to ma,
That sone in the mozing can fa
Cattell, that were the Castell by.
And syne withdrew them hastely
Toward them that embushed were.
Then Thriswaile withoutten mair
Bart arme his men withoutten bade,
and ished with all the men he had:
And followed fast after the ky.
He was armed at point cleanely,
Duttaken that his head was bare.
Then with the men that with him were,
The Cattell followed he good spéd.
Right as a man that had na dreid,
While that he of them gate a sight,
Then pricked they with all their might:
Following them out of array:
They sped them fléxing, while that they
The bushment by some deill were past:
And Thriswaile chased them right fast.
And then they that embushed were,
Rushed on them baith lesse and mair:
And raised suddenly the cry,
And they that saw sa suddenly,
That folke came egerly prickand,
Betwixt them, and their warrand:

Then were they in full great effray:
 And soz they were out of array.
 Some of them fled, and some abade,
 And Dowglas that there with him had.
 A great Menye, full egerly
 Assailed, and shailed them hastely.
 And in short time them cumbered sa,
 That well nere nane escaped them fra.
 Thriswaill that was their capitane,
 Was there into the Bargane slaine:
 And of his men the maist party.
 The laue fled full effrayedly,
 Dowglas Menye fast can chase:
 And the flears their wayes gaes.
 To the Castell in full great hy:
 The forrest entred speedily:
 Bot the chasers sped them sa fast:
 That they onertoke some at the last,
 And them without mercie can sla.
 And when they of the Castle swa
 Saw them sla of their men them by:
 They closed the zets hastely,
 And in hy to the walls ran.
 James of Dowglas Menye than
 Seazed well hastely in hand,
 All that they about the Castle fand.
 To their resset: syne went their way.
 Thus Thriswaile ished to that clay.
 When Thriswaile vpon this manere
 Had ished, as I tell you here:
 James of Dowglas and his men
 Boked them altogidder then,
 And went their way toward the King
 In great hy: soz they heard tything,
 That of

That of Wallance Sir Aymery
 With a full great Chivalry,
 Baith of English, and of Scottisshmen,
 With great fellony were ready then
 Assembled for to seeke the King,
 That was that time with his gabbering
 In Cumnok, where it straitest was.
 Bidder went James of Dowglas,
 And was right welcome to the King.
 And when he tauld had that tething,
 How that Sir Aymer was command:
 For to hunt him out of the land,
 With Hound and boine, right as he were
 A Wolfe, or els a thelfes sere,
 Then said the King, it may well fall,
 Though he come and his power all,
 We sall abide in this Countrie.
 And gif he comes, we sall him see.
 The King then spake on this maner,
 And of Wallance then Sir Aymer,
 Assembled a great company,
 Of noble men, and right worthy.
 Of England and of Louthiane:
 And he hes also with him fane
 John of Lorne, and all his might,
 That had of worthy men and wight,
 With him aught hunder, and ma,
 A smoth-hound had he there allwa
 Sa good, that change wald for nathing.
 And some men sayes yet, that the King
 As a Traittour him nourisht had,
 And ay sa mekle of him made:
 That his awne hands wald him kee.
 He followed him where euer he yed:

Sa that the Hound him loued sa,
 Through him he thought the King to sa:
 For he wist that he loued him sa,
 That he wald passe na wayes him fra.
 Bot how that Iohn of Lorne him had,
 I heard neuer na mention made:
 Bot men said, it was certaine thing,
 That he had him in his leading,
 And through him thought the King to sa:
 For he wist he loued him sa.
 That fra that he might anes feele
 The Kings bent, he wist right well,
 That he wald change it for nathing,
 This Iohn of Lorne hated the King,
 For Sir Cumyng his Comes sake:
 Might he him outhur fla or take,
 He wald not prise his life a fra:
 Bot gif he vengeance might of him sa.

How Sir *Aymer* and *Iohn of Lorne*,
 Chased the King with Hound and horne.

This Wardane then Sir Aymery
 With Iohn of Lorne in company:
 And other of great renoun alwa:
 Sir Thomas Randell was ane of tha,
 Came in Cumnok to seeke the King,
 That was well war of their comming:
 And was vp in the strengths then,
 And with him well thre hundreth men,
 His brother that time with him was,
 And als Sir Iames of Dowglas.
 Sir Aymers rout there they saw,
 That held the Plaines and the Law,

And in haill battell was arrayed,
 The King that na supposing had,
 That they were ma than he saw there:
 To them, and nouthir els where
 Had eye: and wzought bntwittily.
 For Iohn of Lorne full craftely
 Behind thought to surprise the King.
 Therefore with all his gaddering,
 About a hill he held his way,
 And held him into Couert ay,
 While he sa nére came to the King.
 Ere he perceiued his comming,
 That he was at his hand well nére.
 The other Dist. and Sir Aymer,
 Pleased vpon the other party.
 The King was in great iopardie,
 That was on either side beset
 With faes, that to sla him thref.
 And the least partie of the twa,
 Was starker far than he and ma.
 And when he saw them please him so,
 He thought in hy what was to do.
 He said, Lordings, we haue na might,
 At this time for to stand in fight.
 Therefore depart we vs in thre,
 Sa sall we not all sailyied be:
 And in thre parts hald on our way,
 Syne to his Menyeie can he say,
 Betwixt them into priuitie,
 In what steepe their repaire sould be.
 With that their gate all are they gane:
 And in thre parts their way haue tane.
 Iohn of Lorne came to the place,
 Wherefra the King departed was.

And in his trace the Hound hes set,
 That then withoutten larger let,
 Held even the way efter the King,
 Right as he had of him knawing.
 And left the other parties twa,
 As he na keepe wald to them sa.
 And when the King saw his coming,
 Efter his rout into a ling:
 He thought they knew that it was he.
 Therefoze he said to his Menye,
 Yet then in thre depart you sone,
 And they did sa withoutten hone:
 And held their wayes in thre parties.
 The Hound did there sa great Maistresse,
 That he held ay without changing,
 Efter the rout where was the King.

And when the King hes sene them sa
 All in ane rout efter him ga
 The way, and folloved not his men:
 He had a great perceiuing then,
 That they knew him, for thy in by
 He bade his men right haffely
 Skail, and ilk man hald his way
 Right by him: and sa did thay:
 By themselfe, and sundrie gates are gane:
 And the King hes with him tane
 A Foster-brother withoutten ma:
 And togidder held their gate thay twa.
 The Hound alway folloved the King,
 And changed not for na parting:
 Bot ay folloved the Kings trace
 But wanering, as he passed was.
 And when that Iohn of Lorne saw
 The Hound sa fast efter him draw,

And followed fast efter them twa:
 He knew the King was one of tha;
 And bade five of his company,
 That were right wight men and hardy:
 And als of fast the speediest were,
 That they might finde among them there:
 Run efter him, and him ouerta:
 And let him na wise scape you fra.
 And fra they haue heard his bidding,
 They held their way efter the King:
 And followed him sa speedily,
 That they well sone can him ouerby.

How the King slew the five men,
 That *John of Lorne* sent to him then.

THE King that saw them comming nêre,
 Was annoyed in great maner.

For he thought, gif they were hardy,
 They might him travell, and faty.
 And hald him still sa farland,
 While the remnant were at hand.
 Bot had he dæd bot anerly
 They five, I trow full sickerly,
 He sould not haue full trouble made:
 And to his fellow as he pæde,
 He said, thir five are fast cummand,
 They are well nêre now at our hand.
 Say: is there ony helpe in thê?
 For we sall sone assailed be.
 Yea Sir (he said) all that I may.
 Thou sayes well, said the King perday:
 I see them comming to us nêre,
 I will na farther, bot right hêre

Abide while I am into aynd,
 And see what force that they will saynd.
 The King then stood full sturdely:
 And the five men in full great by,
 Came with great shote and manassing.
 And three of them went to the King:
 And to his man the other two
 With swords in hand can stoutly ga.
 The King met them that to him sought:
 And to the first sik rout he rought,
 That Care and Cheeke downe to the halle,
 He ware of, and the shoulder als.
 He rushed downe all desky.
 The two that sawd sa suddenly
 Their fellows fall: effrayed were,
 And stert a litle backermare.
 The King with that blenked him by,
 And saw the two men sturdely,
 Against his men sik mellie ma.
 With that he left his awne two:
 And to them that saught with his man,
 A loupe right lightly made he than:
 And smote the head quite off the ane.
 To his awne two syne is he gane,
 That came on him right sturdely:
 He met the first sa rgerly,
 That with the sword that sharply ware
 The arme he fra the body bare.
 What strakes they gaue, I cannot tell:
 Bot to the King sa fair befell,
 That thought he travell had and paine,
 He of his faes soure bes he slaine.
 His Foster brother efter some,
 The sist bes out of his dayes done.

And when the King saw that all fere,
 Was on this wise brought out of life,
 To his fellow can he say:
 Whon he's helped right well per say.
 It lykkes you to say sa (quod he)
 Bot ouer great part to you toke ye:
 Ye slew foure of the five alane.
 The King said, as the gle is gane,
 Better than thou I might it do:
 For I had mair leisure thereto.
 The twa fellows that delt with thee,
 When they me saw assembled with thee,
 Of me right na kin doubt they had:
 For they wroind I was straitly stad.
 And for thy that they dzed me nought,
 For them more than thou I moght.
 Bot let vs thanke GOD of his grace,
 That fra our faes vs deliuered hes:
 With that the King looked him by,
 And saw of Lorne the company,
 Well nere with their sloothhound cummand:
 Then to a Wood that was nere hand
 He went: with his fellow in by,
 GOD saue them for his great mercy.

How the King scaped fra his faes,
 And how the sloothhound flaine was.

THE King toward the Wood is gane,
 Wearie for swett, and will of wans.
 Into the Wood so he entred he,
 And held downe toward a baillie,
 Wherethrough the Wood a Water ran:
 Piddar in great by went he than.

And be

And begouth for to rest him there :

And said, he might na farther fare.

This man said, Sir, that may not be:

Byde ye ought lang, ye sall sone lee

Five hunder yarning yon to sea.

And that is mony against vs twa.

And sen we may not deale with might:

We mon helpe that we may with might.

The King said, sen that thou wilt swa,

As for this, and I sall with thee ga:

Bot I haue heard oft times say,

That wha endlang a Water ay,

Wald waide a botwrought, he sould gar

With the slothhound and his leadar,

Byne the sent that men gart them ta,

Byne we gif it will now doe swa.

For were yone deilish Hound away:

I rek not all the lane per say.

As he deuised, sa haue they done,

And entred in the Water sone:

And held downe endlang it their way,

And syne vnto the land yed thay:

And held their way as they did aye,

And Iohn of Lorne with great effere,

Came with his rout right to the place,

Where that his five men slaine was.

He miened them when he them saw:

And after said, in a lile thra w,

That he sould sone reuenge their dead:

Bot other wise the gaming yed:

Where wald he make na maie dwelling,

Bot for this in by followed the King:

Right to the Burne they passed were,

Bot the slothhound made stinking there:

And wauered lang time to and fra,
That he na certaine gate could ga.
While at the last that Iohn of Lorne
Perceined the Hound the Sent had fozne:
And said: we haue tint this trauaile,
To passe farther may not auaille:
For the Wood is baith lang and wide,
And he is far south by this tide.
Wherefore is good we turne againe,
And waste na mair trauell in vaine.
With that resyed he his Penyte,
And his way to the Dist toke he.

Thus escaped the Noble King:
Bot some men sayes, his escaping,
Upon another maner felk:

Then thzough the waiding, as they tell,
That the King a good Archer had.
And when he saw his Lord sa stad:
That he was left sa anerly.

He ran on side alwayes him by,
While he into the Wood was gane.

Then said he to himselfe allane:

That he right there a rest wald ma,
To looke gif he the Hound might sla:

For gif the Hound might last on liue,

He wist, right well that they might dzeas

The Kings trace, while they him sa:

And he wist well they wald him sla.

And for he wald his Lord succour,

He put his life in auentour:

And sate into a bush hiehand,

While that the Hound came to his hand,

And with an arrow sone him slew:

And to the Wood syne hid withdeeto.

Bot whether his escaping fell,
As I tauld first, or I now tell:
I wate not, but without lasing,
At that Burne escaped the King.

What maner that the thieues three,
Made to the King flight lawtie.

THE King is forth his wayes tane,
And Iohn of Lorne againe is gane,
To Sir Aymer, that fra that chace
With his Menvie repaired was:
That sped but litle in their chacing,
And thought that they made following
Full egerly, they wan bot small:
Their faes were escaped all.
Men sayes, Sir Thomas Randell than
Chacing, the Kings banner wan:
Wherethrough in England with the King
He had great prize, and his louing.
When the chasers relyed were,
And Iohn of Lorne had met them there:
He tauld Sir Aymer all the cace,
How that the King escaped was:
And how that he his five men slew,
And to the Wood syne he him dzew.
When Sir Aymer heard tell in hy,
He sained him for this ferly:
And said, he is greatly to praise,
I know nane liuing in thir dayes:
That at mischiefe can helpe him sa.
I trow he sall be hard to fa,
And he were bodin euenlie.
On this wise spake Sir Aymeric,

And the good King held forth his way,
Betwixt him and his man, while they
Passed out through the Forrest were:
Then in a Wood they entred are,
That was baith hie, lang and brade,
And by the halfe they passed had,
They saw on side thre men cummand:
Like to light men, and wauerand.
Swords they had, and ares als,
And ane of them about his hals,
A makle boundin Wedder bare,
They met the King, and hailed him faire.
The King againe them hailing yald:
And asked them, whether they wald?
They said, Robert the Bruce they sought:
To meete with him gif that they mought,
Their manrent to him wald they ma.
The King said, gif that ye will swa,
Wald forth your wayes now with me:
And I sall gar you sone him see.
They pereciued by his speaking,
And his affæres, he was the King.
They changed countenance, and late,
And held not in the first estate:
For they were fæs to the King,
And thought to come in to talking:
And dwell with him, while that they saw
Their point, and bring him out of daw.
They granted to his Speake for thy,
Bot the King that was ay witty,
Perceiued well by their hauing,
That they loued him well nathing.
He said, fellows, ye must all thre,
(Farther acquainted while that we be)

All by your selfe before vs ga.
 And on the samine wise we twa,
 Shall follow you behind well néere.
 Sir (said they) it is na misère
 To trow into vs ony ill.
 Paine doe I (said he) bot I will
 Be ga before vs a litle wie,
 Better with other knawone while we be.
 We grant (they said) sen ye will sa:
 And so, th upon their gate they ga.

The slaying of the thieues three,
 And how the King his death was nic.

Thus yéed they while the night was néere,
 And then the forrest commed were
 To a waste husband house, and there
 They slew the webber that they bare:
 And strake fire for to make their meat,
 And asked the King gif he wald eat,
 And rest him while the meat were dight:
 The King that hungrie was, I hight,
 Assented to their spech in hy.
 Bot he said he wald alanerly
 Betwixt him and his fellow be
 At a fire, and they all thre
 In the end of the house sould ma
 Another fire, and they did swa.
 They drezw them to the house end,
 And halfe the Webber to them send:
 And they rosted in hy their meat,
 And fell right freshly it to eat:
 For the King right lang fasted had,
 And had full mochte travell made:

Therefore

Therefore he ate full egerly:
 And when he eaten had hastily,
 He had to slepe sa mekle will,
 That he might make na let theretill,
 For when the veines filled are,
 The body is heauie enermare:
 And to slepe draweth heaviness.
 The King that all fortranelde was,
 To his Foster brother sayes,
 Certes, me behoues to slepe nédwayes.
 Say, may I traist thæ me to wake,
 While I a litle sleeping take.
 Yes Sir (he said) while I may dre.
 The King then winked a litle wie,
 And slept, bot not right inkerly,
 And glisned up oft suddenly:
 For he had dzed of the thræ men,
 That at the other fire were then:
 That they his faes were well he wist:
 Therefore he slept as fowle on twist.
 The King slept but litle than,
 While sik a slepe fell on his man,
 That he might not hald by his eye:
 Bot fell on slepe, and snored hie.
 Now is the King in great perill:
 For slepe he sa a litle while,
 He sall be dead withoutten drede:
 For the thræ Traitours toke god hède,
 That he on slepe was, and his man.
 In full great by they gate by than:
 And drew their swords full hastily,
 And went toward the King in by.
 And sleeping thought him for to sa,
 And his Foster brother alswa:

To him they yēd a full great pace,
 Bot in that time, thzough Gods grace,
 The King bp blenked suddenly:
 And saw his man ſleeping him by:
 And ſaw comming the Traitors thzē,
 Delyuerly on ſoot ſtart he:
 And dze to his ſword, and ſyne them met,
 And as he yēd his ſoot he ſet,
 Upon his man right heauily.
 He wakned, and raiſe deſily,
 Foz the ſleepe maſtered him ſa,
 That ere he gate bp, ane of tha,
 That came bp ſoz to ſla the King,
 Gaue him a ſtrake in his riſing.
 That he might helpe himſele na mair.
 The King ſa ſtrattly ſtad was there:
 That he was neuer yet ſa ſtad:
 Where not the arming that he had,
 He had bene dead withoutten wāre,
 Yet noghttheleſſe on this manēre,
 GOD helped him ſo in that Bargane,
 That the thzē Traitors he hes ſlaine,
 Thzough Gods grace, and his manhēd,
 His Foſter brother there was dead:
 Then was he wonder will of wane,
 When he ſaw he was left alane:
 His Foſter-brother ſair mēnde he,
 And waied all the other thzē,
 And ſyne his way toke him alane,
 And is toward his tryſt then gane.
 The King went ſozth right wꝛathfully
 Mēnand his man full tenderly:
 And helde his way all him alane,
 And right toward the houſe is gane,

Where he set tryſt to mæte his men.
 It was well nære the night by then.
 He came ſone in the houſe and land,
 The houſewife on the Benk ſittand.
 Sho asked him ſone what he was,
 And whence he came, and whether he gaes?
 A trauellling man good Dame (ſaid he)
 That trauellis here thzough the Countrie.
 Sho ſaid, all trauellling men hære
 For anes ſake maire welcome are.
 The King ſaid, good Dame what is he?
 That garres ybu haue ſik ſpecialtie
 To me a that trauellis? Sir perſay.
 (Quoth the Goodwiſe) I will you ſay:
 That King Robert the Bruce is he:
 Whilk is right Lord of this Countrie,
 His ſaes now halds him in thzang:
 Bot I thinke to ſe ere it be lang,
 Him Lord and King ouer all this land.
 When that na ſaes ſall him withſtand.
 Dame loue ye him ſa well, ſaid he?
 Yea, Sir (ſho ſaid) ſa GOD me ſe.
 Dame (he ſaid) loe him hære thæ by:
 For I am he, I ſay thæ ſothfaſtly,
 Ah, Sir (ſho ſaid) and where are gane
 Your men, that ye are thus alane?
 At this time, Dame, I haue na ma.
 (Sho ſaid) it may na wiſe be ſa.
 I haue twa ſonnes wight and hardy,
 They ſall become your men in by.
 As ſho deuised, ſo haue they done,
 His ſwozne men became they ſone.
 The Goodwiſe gart him ſit and eat:
 Bot he ſate ſhozt whyle at the meat.

When that he heard great stamping,
 About the house: then but lasing,
 They stert by the house for to defend:
 Bot sone after the King hes kend
 James of Dowglas: then was he blyth,
 And bade open the doores swyth:
 And they came in all that they were.
 Sir Edward his brother was there,
 And James also of Dowglas,
 That was escaped fra the chase,
 And with the Kings brother met:
 Syne to the tryst that there was set,
 They sped them with their compang,
 That was a hunder and fifty.
 And when that they haue seene the King,
 They were ioyfull of that meeting:
 And asked how he scaped was?
 And he them tauld all haill the case:
 How the five men him preassed fast,
 And how he through the Water past,
 And how he met the thicues thre,
 And how he sleeping slaine sould be:
 When he wakned through Gods grace,
 And how his Foster brother was
 Slaine. he tauld them haillly.
 Then loued they GOD almightie,
 That their Lord was escaped sa.
 Then spake they words to and fra:
 While at the last the King can say,
 For toun hes travelde vs fast this day,
 That skailled vs sa suddenly.
 Our faes this night fraistrly:
 For they trow we sa skailled are,
 And fled to warrand here and there.

That we fall not this dayes thre,
 All togidder assembled be.
 Therefore this night they fall traittly,
 But Watches take their ease and ly:
 And this day they haue done despise.
 Therefore this night I wald them quise:
 Wherefoze wha knew their harbery,
 And wald come on them suddenly:
 With few Menye men might them skailth,
 And yet escape withoutten waith.

Here tranoynted the Noble King,
 And to his faes made an affraying.

Perfay (quoth James of Dowglas)
 As I came hithertoward by caue,
 I came sa nere the harbery,
 That I can bzing you where they ly:
 And wald ye speeð you yet ere day
 It might well happen that we may
 Doe them a greater skailth well soone,
 Than they vs all this day hes done:
 For they ly skailled as them list.
 Then thought they all it was the best,
 To speeð them to them haffely:
 And they did sa in full great hy,
 And came on them in the dawing,
 Right as the day begouth to spring:
 Sa tell it that a company
 Into a toun had tane harby,
 Well fra the Dist a mile, oz mair:
 Men said, that they twa hunder were.
 There assembled the Noble King:
 And soone efter their assembling,

They that sleeping assailed were,
 Right hideously can cry and raire:
 And other some that heard the cry,
 Ran forth sa right effrayedly:
 That some of them all naked were,
 Fleeing to warrand here and there:
 And some their harnesse to them drew,
 And they withoutten mercy them slew:
 And sa cruell vengeance can sa,
 That the twa part of them and ma,
 Were slaine into that samine dead,
 And to their Dist the reminand fled.

THE Dist then heard the noyse and cry,
 And saw their men sa wretchedly
 Come, naked, fleeing here and there:
 Some all haill, some wounded saire:
 Into full great effray they raise,
 And ilk man to his Baner gees:
 Ha that the Dist was all on stere.
 The King and they that with him were:
 When they on stere the Dist saw sa,
 Toward their warrand can they ga:
 And there in sauitie came thay.
 And when Sir Aymur heard say,
 How that the King their men had slaine,
 And how they were turned againe.
 He said, now may we clearly see,
 That noble heart where euer it be,
 Is hard to overcome with Maistris:
 For where an heart is right worthie,
 Against stoutnes it is ay stout,
 And as I trow there may na doubt,
 For it all out discomfite be,
 While body living is in poultie,

As by this melle may be sene:

The weind Robert the Bruce had bene

So discomfite, that by good skill,

He sould haue neither heart nor will,

Sik ieopardie to vndersta:

For he was put at vnder sa:

That he was left all him alane,

And all his men were fra him gane:

And he was sa saire trauelled,

To put them off that he assailied:

That he sould haue yarned resting,

Maire than seghting, and traouelling:

Bot his heart full is of bountie,

So that it banquishit may not be.

If this wise spake Sir Aymery,

And when they of his company

Saw that they traouelde had in baue:

And how the King thei men had slaine,

That at his larges was then all free:

Them thought it was bot piteie,

For to make there langer dwelling,

Sen they might not annoy the King:

And then said Sir Aymery,

That vnbethought him hastily:

That he to Carlile then wald ga,

And there a while sojourne ma:

And leaue his spyes on the King,

To knaw alwayes his contening.

And when that he his time might see,

He thought that with a great menie,

He sould set on them suddenly:

Therefore with all his company

To England he his way bes tane:

And ilk man to his house is gane.

A whyle to Carlile went is he,
 And therein thinketh soz to be,
 While he his time saw of the King,
 That then with all his gaddering
 Was in Carrik as he was wont,
 And wald wend with his men to hunt.

How the King and his Hounds twa,
 Three men in the Wood can fla.

S^a hapned it vpon a day,
 He went to hunt soz to assay,
 What gaming was in that Countrie,
 Sa hapned it that day, when he
 By a Wood side to a seate is gane,
 With his twa Hounds him allane,
 Bot he his sword ay with him bare:
 He had bot shot whyle sitten there,
 When he saw fra the Wood cummand,
 Thre men with bowes in their hand,
 That to ward him came speedily,
 And he perceiued them in hy,
 By their effere and their hasting,
 That they him loued na kin thing.
 He raise vp, and his Lesh drew he,
 And leete his Hounds gang all free.
 GOD helpe the King now for his might:
 For bot he baith be wise and twicht,
 He sall be set in meekle pzeasse,
 For tha thre men withoutten lies,
 They were his faes all verely,
 And waited him ay basily,
 To see when they might vengeance take
 Of him: soz Sir Iohn Cumyngs sake,

And they thought then they leasure had.
 And sen he him alane was stad,
 They thought in hy they sould him sla:
 And gif that they might cheuifly sa,
 That they might win the Crowne againe:
 Fra that they had the good King slaine:
 His men they thought they sould not dzead
 In yre toward the King they yed:
 And bent their bowes: when they were nere.
 And that he dzed on great maners
 Their arrowes: for he naked was,
 In hy a spæch to them he maist:
 And said you aught to shame pardie.
 Sen I am aye, and ye are thre:
 For to shoot at me upon fære.
 Bot had ye hardiment to come nere,
 And with your swordes to eslay,
 Win me on sik wille gif ye may:
 We sall all out mair praised be.
 Per say, quoth aye then of the thre
 Hall na man say we doubt thæ sa,
 That we with arrowes sall thæ sla.
 With that their bowes away they kelt,
 And came on fall but langer trill.
 The King them met full hardely,
 And smote the first sa rigorously:
 That he fell dead downe on the grene.
 And when the Kings woundes had sene,
 Tha men assaillie their paffer sa:
 They lay to aye, and could him sa
 Right by the werke: full curdely,
 While top ouer felle they gart him ly:
 And the King that his sword out had,
 Saw the woundes sk succours made:

Ere he that fallen had, might by rise,
 He him assaillied on sik a wise,
 That he the backe strake euen in twa.
 The third that saw his fellow sa
 Without recovering to be slaine,
 Tooke to the Wood his gate againe:
 Bot the King followed speedily,
 And als the Hounds that were him by,
 When he the man saw flee him fra,
 Ran to him sone, and can him ta
 Right by the necke while he him dreugh,
 And the King that was nere aneugh,
 In his rising a strake him gaue,
 That strake dead to the eird him draue.
 The Kings Menye that were nere,
 When that they saw on sik manere,
 The King assaillied sa suddenly,
 They sped them toward him in hy:
 And asked how that race befell?
 And he all baill it can them tell:
 How they assaillied him all thre.
 Persay (say they) we may well see
 That it is hard to undertake,
 Sik mellie with you soz to make:
 That sa smertly hes slaine thre,
 Withoutten hurt: Persay (said he)
 I slew bot one withoutten ma.
 God, and my Hounds hes slaine twa.
 Their treason cumbzed them persay,
 For right wight men all thre were thay.
When that the King through Gods grace,
 On this maner escaped was,
 He blew his hozne, and then in hy,
 His god men can to him relp.

Then hameward buskde he him to fare:
For that day wald he hunt na mair.
In Glentrolle a while he lay,
And went oft times to hunt and play,
For to purchase them bennison:
For then the Deire were in season.
In all that time Sir Aymery,
With Noble men in company,
Lay in Carlile his time to see.
And when he heard the certaintie,
That in Glentrolle was the King,
And went to hunt and to playing:
He thought then with his Chenalry,
To come vpon him suddenly,
And fra Carlile on nights ride,
And in Couert on dayes bide:
And thus gate with his tranoynting.
He thought for to supprise the King,
He assembled a great Menpie,
Of folke of full great Renounie,
Baith of Scots and Englishmen,
Their way fogidder held they then:
And rade on nights priuily,
While they came to a Wood nere by
Glentrolle: where lodged was the King,
That wist right noght of their coming:
Into great perill now is he.
For but GOD through his great bountie
Saue him: he sall be slaine or tane:
For they were ser where he was ane.

How the

Ere he that fallen had, might by rise,
 He him assaillied on sik a wise,
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 When he the man saw slæ him fra,
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 Right by the necke while he him dreugh.
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 When that they saw on sik manere,
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 They sped them toward him in hy:
 And asked how that cace befell?
 And he all haill it can them tell:
 How they assaillied him all thre.
 Per say (say they) we may well see
 That it is hard to vnder take,
 Sik mellie with you for to make:
 That sa smertly hes slaine thre,
 Withoutten hurt: Per say (said he)
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 God, and my Hounds hes slaine twa.
 Their treason cumbred them per say,
 For right wight men all thre were thay.
When that the King throughe Gods grace,
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That wist right noght of their coming:
Into great perill now is he.
For but GOD thzough his great bountie
Sane him: he sall be slaine or tane:
For they were ser where he was ane.

How the

How the King with a few Menye,
Discomfite Sir *Aymer* in *Glentrolle*.

When Sir *Aymer* (as I haue tauld)
With his men that were stout and bauld,
Were comming sa nere the King that they
Were bot a myle, fra him off way.
He toke auisement with his men,
On what maner they shuld doe then.
For he said them that the King was
Ludged, into sa strait a place,
That horsmen might him not assaile:
And gif foot-men gaue him battaile,
He shuld be hard to win, gif he
Might of their comming witted be.
Therefore I red all prynces
We send a woman him to spy:
That porsely sall arrayed be.
She may aske meat for Charitie,
And see their conuene baillie.
Upon what maner that they ly,
And in that whyle we and our Menye,
Comming out through the Wood may be,
On foot, all armed as we are.
May we doe sa, that we come there
On them, or they wit our comming,
We sall finde in them na fighting,
This counsell thought they was the best:
Then send they swyth but langer frist,
The woman that shuld be their spy:
And she her way held swyth in by,
Right to the Ludging where was the King,
That had na drede of supprising:
For in *Glentrolle* was the King,
That was nere brought to supprising,

And unarmed, merry and blyth.
 The woman hes he sene all swythy.
 He saw her vncouth, and for thy
 He beheld her mair sentiuely:
 And by her countenance him thought,
 That for god commen was the nought.
 Then gart he men in hy her ta:
 And the that dzed men sould her sla,
 Tauld them how that Sir Aymery,
 With the Clyffurde in company,
 And the flowze of Northumberland,
 Were comming on them at their hand.

When that the King heard that tything,
 He armed him but mair dwelling:
 So did they all that with him were,
 Syne in a sop assembled there.
 I trow they were thre hundzeth nere.
 And when they all assembled were:
 The King his banner gart display,
 And set his men in god array.
 Bot they standen had bot a thzaw,
 Right at their hand when that they saw
 Their faes thzough the Wood cummand,
 Armed on foot, with speare in hand:
 They sped them fall enforcedly.
 The noyse begouth then, and the cry:
 For the god King that formess was
 Stoutly toward his faes gaes:
 And bynt out of a mans hand,
 That nere beside him was gangand.
 A bow, and a brade arrow als,
 And hit the formess in the hals,
 While thzoppell and welland yed in flos,
 And he downe to the erd can ga.

How the King with a few Menyie;
Discomfite Sir *Aymer* in *Glentrolle*.

When Sir *Aymer* (as I haue tauld)
With his men that were stout and bauld,
Were comming sa néere the King that they
Were bot a myle, fra him off way.
He toke auisement with his men,
On what maner they sould doe then.
For he said them that the King was
Ludged, into sa strait a place,
That horsemen might him not assaillie:
And gif foot-men gaue him battaillie,
He sould be hard to win, gif he
Might of their comming witted be.
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We send a woman him to spy:
That pweely sall arrayed be.
She may aske meat for *Charitie*,
And see their conuene haillely.
Upon what maner that they ly,
And in that whille we and our Menyie,
Comming out thzough the wood may be,
On foot, all armed as we are.
May we doe sa, that we come there
On them, or they wit our comming,
We sall finde in them na synting.
This counsell thought they was the best:
Then send they forth but langer frist,
The woman that sould be their spy:
And we her way held forth in hy,
Right to the Ludging where was the King,
That had na dreadd of supprizing:
For in *Glentrolle* was the King,
That was néere bzought to supprizing,

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 The woman hes he sene all swyth.
 He saw her vnouth, and for thy
 He beheld her mair tentyely:
 And by her countenance him thought,
 That for god comen was she nought.
 Then gart he men in by her ta:
 And she that dzed men soulb her sla,
 Tauld them how that Sir Aymery,
 With the Clyffurde in company,
 And the slowze of Northumberland,
 Were comming on them at their hand.

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 He armed him but mair dwelling:
 So did they all that with him were,
 Synne in a sop assembled there.
 I trow they were thre hundreth nere.
 And when they all assembled were:
 The King his banner gart display,
 And set his men in god array.
 Bot they standen had bot a thre,
 Right at their hand when that they saw
 Their faes throug the wood cummand,
 Armed on foot, with speare in hand:
 They sped them full enforcedly.
 The nopsle begouth then, and the cry:
 For the god King that forrest was
 Stoutly toward his faes gaes:
 And bynt out of a mans hand,
 That nere beside him was gangand.
 A bow, and a brade arrow als,
 And hit the forrest in the hals,
 While throppell and wessand yed in fids,
 And he downe to the erd can ga.

The laue with that made a flynting,
 And then but maire the Noble King,
 Hynt fra his Baneriman his Baner,
 And said, vpon them : so: they are
 Discomfist all, and with that word,
 He swapped smertly out his sword,
 And on them ran sa hardely,
 That all they of his company,
 Tooke hardement of his good deed,
 And some that first their wayes yed,
 Againe came to the feght in hy,
 And met their faes bigozously:
 That all the fozmest rushed were.
 And when they that were backermair
 Saw that the fozmest left their steed,
 They turned all their backe; and fled,
 Out of the Wood they them withdrew.
 The King bot few men of them flew:
 For they right soone their gait can ga,
 For it discomforted them sa:
 That the King and his men was
 All armed to defend the place:
 When they weind thzough their tranoynting
 To haue winning without feghting:
 That they affrayed were suddenly:
 And he them sought sa angerly,
 That they in full great hy againe
 Out of the Wood ran to the Plaine:
 For they failed of their intent.
 They were that time sa folly went:
 That fiftene hundzeth men and ma,
 With a few were rebuted sa:
 That they withdrew them shamefally.
 Therfore among them suddenly

Raise great debaite, and great distance,
 Alkane with other of their mischance.
 The Cliffurde and Vanis made a melle,
 Where Cliffurde raught him routes thre
 And ather side dzeu to parties.
 Bot Sir Aymer that was ay wise,
 Departed them with mekle paine,
 And went to England hame againe:
 He wist, fra strife raise them amang,
 They could not hald togidder lang,
 Without debate or moze melle:
 For thy to England turned he,
 With mair shame than he went off toun,
 When sa mony of sik Renoun,
 Saw sa few men byde them battaile:
 Where they right hardy were to assaile.

How James of Douglas discomfite than,
 At Edirfoord Philip Mowbray with mony man

The King, fra Sir Aymer was gane
 Gathered his Menpie euerilkane:
 And left baith woods and mountaines,
 And held the straight way to the Plaines:
 For he wald fane that end were made
 Of that, that he begunnen had.
 And he wist well he could not bying
 It to good end but travelling.
 To Kyle first went he, and that land,
 He made to him, all obeyland.
 And of Cuninghame the maist party,
 He gart yeld to his Senourie.
 In Bothwell then Sir Aymer was,
 That in his heart great anger tares,

Foꝛ them of Cuninghame and Kyll,
That were obeyfand to his will.
And had left Engliſhmenſe ſewtis,
Thereof ſane benged wald be be.
And ſent there Philip the Mowbray,
With a thouſand (as I heard ſay)
That armed were in his leading,
In Kyle, foꝛ to weirray the King.
Bot James of Dowglas that all tids,
Had ſpyes out vpon ilk ſide,
Wiſt of their coming: and that they
Wald hald dwtine Makyrnoks way.
He toke with him all priuily,
Them that were of his company:
That were ſixtie withoutten ma.
Syne in a ſtraite place can they ga,
That is into Makyrnoks way:
The ſether ſord that heght perſay,
And lyeth betwixt Parraiſes twa.
Where that na hoſe on life may ga.
On the South halfe where James was,
Is an bygang, a narrow place:
And on the North halfe is the way
Sa ill, as it appeares this day.
Dowglas with them he with him had,
Embushed him, and there abade.
He might well farre ſee their coming:
Bot they of him might ſee nathing,
They bade in buſhment all that night:
And when the Sunne was ſhining bright,
They ſaw in battell come arrayed,
The Vanguard with Baner diſplayed:
And ſone efter, the remanand.
They ſaw well now behind cummand.

Then held they them still and pryncle,
 While the forrest of their menye,
 Were entred in the fowd them by,
 Then shout they on them with a cry:
 And with the weapons that sharply shere,
 Some in the fowd they backward bare:
 And some with arrowes were bledded bade,
 Sike martyrdome on them they made:
 That they can thraw to boyde the place.
 Bot behind them sa stopped was
 The way: that they fast might not fle,
 And that gart of them many die:
 For they na wise might get away,
 Bot as they came: except that they
 Wold thzough their faes hold their gate,
 Bot that way thought they all to hate,
 Their faes met them sa hardely,
 And continued the feght hardely:
 That they sa dzeding were, that they
 That first might fle, fled first away.
 And when the Keregard saw them sa
 Discomfite: and their wayes fast gat
 They fled on far, and held their way.
 Bot Sir Philip the Mowbray,
 That with the forrest ryding was,
 That entred was into that place.
 When that he saw how he was stad,
 Thzough the great worship that he had,
 With spurres he strake the Steed of pryncle,
 And manigre all his enemies.
 Thzough the thickest of them he rade,
 And but taking escaped had,
 Were not ane hynt him by the brand,
 Bot the good Steed that wold not stand,

He lanced forth deliverly.

Bot the other saffrubburnely

Held, while the belt brist fra the brand,

And sword, and belt left in his hand.

And he but sword his wayes rade,

Well outwith them, and there abade,

Beholding how his Penye fled :

And how his faes obtendz the Steed,

That were betwixt him and his men:

Therfoze he toke his wayes then,

To Kilmarnok and to Kilwinnyne

And to Ardrossen efter syne :

And thzough the Larges him alane,

To Enderkip the way hes tane,

Right to the Castell that well then,

Was staffed all with Englishmen,

That him receined in great daintie.

And fra they wist what sort that he

So far had ridden him alane,

Thzough men that were his faes ilkane:

They prassed him full gretumly,

And loued meekle his Cheualry.

Sir Philip thus escaped was :

And Dowglas, that was in the place,

Where he sirtie had slaine, and ma,

The laue fouly their gate can ga,

And fled to Bothwell hame againe :

Whereof Sir Aymer was not fane:

When he heard tell on what maner

That his Penye discomfist wer.

How the

How the King vnder *Lowdon* hill,
Discomfist Sir *Aymer* his power still.

When to King Robert he it tauld,
How that the Dowglas that was sa bauld
Vanquisht sa feill with sa few Menye.
Right glad into his heart was he:
And als his men comforted were:
For they thought well baith lesse and mair,
They sould the lesse their faes drede:
Sen their purpose sa with them yed.
The King then lay into Galtoun,
That is right even anent Lowdoun:
And to his peace toke the Countrie.
When Sir Aymer, and his Menye
Heard how he rioted all the land,
And how that nane durst him withstand.
He was into his heart soz,
And with aue of his company,
He sent him word, and said, if he,
Durst him into the Plaines se,
He sould on the tent day of May,
Come vnder Lowdoun hill alway.
And gif that he wald meete him there:
He said, his worship were the mare,
And mair be turned to Poblenesse,
To meete him in the Plaine hard wayes.
With hard dynts, and even seghting.
Than soz to doe into stalling.
The King that heard his Messinger,
Had despite on a great maner,
That Sir Aymer spake sa prondly:
Therefore he answered angerly.

And to the Messenger said he,
 Say to thy Lord, gif that I be
 In life: he shall me see that day
 Well nere, gif he dare haile the way
 That he has said: for sikerly
 At Lowdon hill mete him shall I.
 The Messenger but maire abade,
 To his Master his wayes rade.
 And his answer tould him all swyth:
 That was na neede to make him blyth:
 For he thought throughe his mekle might,
 Gif the King durst appeare to fight:
 That throughe the great Cheualry,
 That he shuld lead in his company:
 He shuld sa ouercome the King,
 That there shuld be na recovering:
 And the King on the other party,
 That was ay wise, and right wylly,
 Rade for to see, and chos the place:
 And saw the hie gate lying was,
 Peere a fair field baith faire and dry.
 Bot vpon ather side there by,
 Was a great Delle, mekle and brade:
 And fra the way was that men rade,
 A bow draught well on ather side.
 Bot that place thought he all too wide,
 To abide men that horsed were:
 Therefore thre dykes ouerthort he share,
 Fra baith the Delles to the way:
 That were sa far fra other, that they
 Were euen a bow draught, or maire,
 Sa holl, and hie tha dykes were,
 That men might not but mekle paine
 Passe them, though none were them agayne:

Bot sloppes in the way lest he,
So large, and of sik quantite:
That fūe hundzeth might togidder rebe
In at the sloppes side for side.
There thought he battell for to brde,
And bargane them, for he na bread
Had, that they could behind assaill:
For yet on side gide them battail.
And before, he thought well that he
Should fra their might defended be.
Thre depe dykes there gart he ma:
For gif he might not well ouerta
To mete them at the first: that he
Should haue the other at his poultie:
Or then the thirde, gif it fell sa,
That they had pass the other twa.
On this wise ordained he:
And syne assembled his Menye:
That were set hundzeth fighting men,
But Ranganald that was with him then,
That were als fell, as he, or ma,
With all that Menye can he ga:
The Cuen for to the field should be,
To Lowdon Bog, where that he
Wald abide to see their coming.
Syne with the men of his leaving,
He thought to speed him, sa that he
Should at the dykes before them be.
So Aymer on the other party,
Gaddered sa great Chetivry:
That he was well thre thous and more,
Armed and dight on god manere,
And as a man of great noblay,
He held toward the tryff his way.

When the set day commen was,
 He sped him fast toward the place,
 That he had named for to fight.
 The Sunne was risen shining bright,
 That shined on the shields brade,
 In battels twa ordainde he had,
 The folke that he had in his leading,
 The King well soone in the morning,
 Saw comming soone the first battell,
 Arrayed seemely, and wonder well:
 And at their backe they saw cummand,
 The other battell followand.
 Their Basnets burnisht all were bright,
 Against the Sunne lemand of light.
 Their speares, pennons, and their shields,
 With light illuminate all the fields.
 Their best and browdred bright Baners,
 And horse bewed on seire maners:
 And coat-armours, of seire colours:
 And Hawbækkes that were white as floures
 Made them glittering, that they wets like
 To Angels hie of beauen Kirike.

THE King said, Lordings, now ye see,
 How yone men through their great pouer
 Wald, if they might fulfill their will,
 Sla vs, and make sembland theretill.
 And sen we knaw their fellony,
 Ga we and meete them hardely,
 That the stoutest of their Menyir,
 Of our meeting abased be:
 For gif the foremost egerly
 We met, ye sall see suddenly,
 The hindmost full abased be,
 And though they be far ma than we,

That shuld abase vs little thing:

For when we come to the feghting,

There may méete vs na ma than we:

Therefore, Lordings, ilkane shuld be

Of worship, and of great valour,

For to maintaine here our honour.

Thinke what worship vs abides,

Gift that we may, as well betides,

Haue victorie of our saes here:

For there is na manfar nor nére,

In all this land that we then doubt.

Then said they all that stood about.

Sir, gif GOD will, we sall sa do,

That na reprouse sall ly vs to,

Now ga we forth, then said the King,

And he that made of nought all thing,

Leade vs, and saue vs for his might,

And help vs for to haue our right.

With that they held their way in by,

Well ser hundreth in company:

Stalward and stout, worthie and wight,

Bot they were all too few I hight,

Against sa feill to stand in flour,

Were not their outragious valour.

¶ Now gaes the Noble King his way

Right stoutly into good array:

And to the forrest dykes is gane,

And in the sloop the field hes tane,

The Carage men, and the ponerall,

That were na worth into battell,

Behind him leaued he all still:

Sitting together vpon a hill.

Sir Aymer the King hes sene,

With his men that were cant and kéne;

Come to the Plaine betwene sea the hill,
 As him thought, into full good will,
 For to defend or then assaillie,
 Gif ony man wold come into battailie,
 Therefore his men comforted he,
 And bade them wight, and worthe be:
 For gif that they might win the King,
 And haue victorie of that feighting,
 They shoulde greatly rewarded be,
 And eke greatly their Renouante.
 With that they were right nere the King,
 And heard well oft his manasing:
 And gart trumpe vp to the assemble.
 With the foremost of his Menyle,
 They embraced to them shields brade,
 And right sene together rade.
 With heades stouping, and speares straught,
 Right to the King their way they raught:
 That met them with so great vigour,
 That of the best and main balour,
 Were laid at eids at their meeting:
 Where men might heare sike a breaking
 Of speares: that to-frushed were,
 And the wounded sa cry and raire,
 That it annoyous was to heare:
 For they that first assembled were
 Fonged, and faught full furiously.
 The noyle begouth then, and the cry.
 O mightie GOD, wha was there bene,
 And had the Kings worship sette,
 And his brother that was him by
 That them contened sa manfully,
 That their good deed and their bountie,
 Gave great comfort to their pemye.

And hoto

And how the Dowglas sa manfully,
 Comforted them that was him by,
 He could well say, they had god will,
 To win honour, and come theretill.
 The kings men sa woorthie were,
 That with their speares that thair py shate,
 They sikked men, and stades baith:
 While red blood ran of wounds rath.
 The horse that sikked were can sing,
 And rushed the folke in their singling.
 So that they that forrest were,
 Were sikked in stoppes here and there.
 The king that saw them rushed sa,
 And saw them reilling to, and fra,
 Ran upon them sa egerly,
 And dang on them sa hardely,
 He feill gart of his faes fall.
 The field well nere was couered all,
 Baith with slaine horse, and with men:
 For the good king that followed then,
 With five hundzeth with weapons bare,
 That wald nathing their faes spare,
 They dang on them sa hardely,
 That in short time men might seely,
 At eird a hundzeth well and maice.
 The remnant well the weaker were.
 Then they begouth them to withpaw,
 And when they of the Radergath saw,
 Their Mangate be sa discomfite,
 They fled withsuten maire respite.
 And when Sir Aymer hes seene,
 His men aking all becomen:
 Wit ye well he was full wa,
 Bot he could not adonist sa,
 That ony

Come to the plaine downe fra the hill,
 As him thought, into full good will,
 For to defend or then assaillie,
 If ony man wald come into battailie,
 Therefore his men comforted he,
 And bade them wight, and worthie be:
 For gif that they might win the King,
 And haue victorie of that feghting,
 They shold greatly rewarded be,
 And eke greatly their Rensante.
 With that they were right nere the King,
 And heard well oft his manasing:
 And gart trumpe bp to the assemble.
 With the formest of his Menyle,
 They embraced to them shields brade,
 And right sene together rade.
 With heades stouping, and speares fraught,
 Right to the King their way they raught:
 That met them with sa great bigour,
 That of the best and maist valour,
 Were laid at eids at their mating:
 Where men might heare sk a breaking
 Of speares: that tofrashed were,
 And the wounded sa cry and raire,
 That it announys was to heare:
 For they that first assembled were
 Fonged, and saught full furorly.
 The noyle begouth then, and the cry.
 O mightie GOD, wha had there bene,
 And had the Kings worship sette,
 And his brother that was him by
 That them contened sa manfully,
 That their good ded and their bountie,
 Gave great comfort to their Menyle.

And hots

And how the Dowglas sa manfully,
 Comforted them that was him by,
 He could well say, they had god will,
 To win honour, and come theretill.
 The kings men sa woosthie were,
 That with their speares that that ply were,
 They stiked men, and stodes baith:
 While red blood ran of wounds rath.
 The horse that stiked were ran sing,
 And rushed the folkie in their singling.
 So that they that forrest were,
 Were stiked in stoppes here and there.
 The King that saw them rushed sa,
 And saw them reiding to, and fra,
 Ran upon them sa egerly,
 And dang on them sa hardely,
 He feill gart of his faes fall.
 The field well nere was couered all,
 Baith with slaine horse, and with men:
 For the good King that followed them,
 With five hundzeth with weapons bare,
 That wald nathing their faes spare,
 They dang on them sa hardely,
 That in short time men might seely,
 At eird a hundzeth well and miche,
 The remnant wold the botcher were.
 Then they begouth them to withdrato,
 And when they of the Keregard saw,
 Their Mangars be sa discomfite,
 They fled with sudden mair respite.
 And when Sir Aymer hes seene,
 His men aking all becomen:
 Wit ye well he was full wa,
 Bot he could not adonitly sa,
 That ony

That ony for him wald turne againe:
 And when he saw he tynt his paine,
 He turnde his bryble, and to ga.
 For the god King them pteased sa,
 That some were dead, and some were tane,
 And all the laue their gate were gane.

The folke fled on this maner,
 Withoutten rest: and Sir Aymer,
 Againe to Bothwell is he gane,
 Menand the straith that he hes tane,
 So shamefully that he vanquisht was.
 Then to England in hy he gaes,
 Right to the King, and shamefully.
 He gane by all his Wardanery:
 For never syne for na kin thing,
 Not gif he came right with the King,
 Come he to were into Scotland.
 So heanie toke he that in hand,
 That the King into set battall:
 With few folke like to Douerall,
 Vanquisht him with a great Denyle.
 That were renouned of great bountie.
 Sike anger had Sir Aymery:
 And King Robert that was worthy,
 Abade all still into the place.
 While that his men had lest the chace.
 Wyne with prisoners they had tane,
 They are toward their Innes gane.
 Fast louing GOD of their welfare:
 He might haue sene that had bene there,
 Folke that right merie were, and glad,
 For their victorie, and als they had,
 A King so swet, and debonaire,
 So wise, and of so fair affere,

Sa blyth, and als sa well bourdand,
 And in battell sa stout to stand,
 Sa wise, and also sa worthie,
 That they had great cause blyth to be.
 Sa were they blyth withoutten doubt:
 For feill that winned thereabout,
 Fra they saw the King ble him sa,
 To him their homage can they ma.
 Then wart his power mair and mair:
 And he thought well that he wald fare,
 Out over the Mount with his Penvie,
 To loke wha there his friend wald be.
 Into Sir Alexander Fraser
 He traisted: for they Cousings were:
 And in his brother Simon all wa.
 He had great misser of mone ma:
 For he had saes mony ane,
 Sir Iohn Cumyng Erle of Buchane,
 And Sir Iohn the Movvbray sone,
 And Sir David of Brechine,
 With all the folke of their leading,
 Were saes to the Noble King:
 And for he wist they were his saes,
 His voyage hitherward he saes:
 For he wald see what kin ending,
 They wald make of their manasing.
The King busked and made him pare,
 Northward with his men to fare.
 His brother can he with him sa:
 And Sir Gilbert de la Hay als wa.
 The Erle of Lennox als was there,
 That with the King was ouer all where,
 Sir Robert Boyde and other ma.
 The King can south his wayes ga.

He left Iames of Dowglas,
 With all the folke that with him was,
 Behind him, for to looke if he
 Might recover his awne Countrie.
 He put himselfe in full great perill:
 Bot efter in a litle whyle,
 With his great worship sa he wrought,
 That to the Kings peace he brought,
 The Forrest of Ettrik all hail,
 And euen sa did he Dowglasdail,
 And Iedburgh Forrest allwa:
 And wha sa well on hand wald sa,
 To tell his worshippes ane and ane:
 He could of them find mony ane:
 For in his time as men tauld me,
 Thretteine times vanquishit was he:
 And had victorie times seten and fiftie
 He seemed not lang time to lye:
 By his travell he had na will.
 He thinke, men could him loue of skill:

How Iames of Dowglas slew Webtroun,
 And wan his Castell, and kest it downe.

This Iames when the King was gane,
 All priuily his men hes tane:
 And went to Dowglasdail againe,
 And priuily hes made a traine,
 To them that in the Caste were,
 A bushment slely made they there,
 And of his men fourtene and ma
 He gart, as they wald lasses sa,
 Filled with gers; and syne them lay
 Upon their horse, and hauid their way:

Right as they wald to Lanerik fare.
 Out with where they embusched were.
 And when they of the Castell saw,
 Sa feill lades ganging on rath,
 Of that sight were they wonder fane,
 And tauld it to their Capitane:
 That heght Sir Iohn of Webtoun,
 That was baith starke, stout and felloun:
 Foly also, and couragious.
 And for that he loued Paramours,
 He wald ishe far the lightlier.
 He gart his men all take their geare,
 And ishe to get them vittaile,
 For it that they had fast did faile.
 They ished all abundantly,
 And preiked forth sa wilfully,
 To win the lades that they saw pas,
 Till the Dowglas and his men was
 Betwixt them and the Castell.
 The lade-men them perceined well,
 And they cast downe their lades in hye,
 And their gownes deliuerly,
 That heilled them, they cast away.
 And in great hy their horse hynt they:
 And start vpon them sturdely,
 And met their faes with a cry.
 They had great wonder when they saw,
 Them that were eir lurking full law,
 Come vpon them sa hardely,
 They were abased suddenly.
 And at the Castell wald hane bene,
 When on the other side they hane sene,
 Dowglas breake his Embushement,
 That against them sa stoutly went.

They

They will not what to doe or say,
 Their faces on ather side saw thay,
 That strake on them without sparing:
 That they might helpe their selfe nathing,
 Bot fled to warrand where they moght:
 And they sa angerly them sought,
 That of them all escaped nane.
 Sir Iohn of Webtoun there was flaine:
 And when he dead was as ye heare,
 They sand into his Almannare,
 A letter, that to him sent a Lady,
 That he loued for Dowry.
 That said when he had kept ane yere,
 In wære as woꝝthy Batchelere.
 The auentrous Castell of Dovvglas,
 That for to keepe sa perilous was:
 Then might he well aske a Lady,
 His Amours, and her Dowry.
 The Letter spake on this maner:
 And when they flaine on this wise wer,
 Dovvglas right to the Castell cade,
 And there sa great debate he made:
 That in the Castell entred he:
 I wate not all the certaintie,
 Whether it was thzough strength or sight:
 For he wzought sa with his great might,
 That the Constable, and all the laue,
 That was therein baith man and knaue
 He toke, and gaue them dispending,
 And sent them hame but mair griewing,
 To the Cliffurde, in their Countrie:
 And syne sa busily wzought he,
 That he all tumbled downe the wall:
 And destroyed the houses all,

Syne to the Forrest held his way,
 Where he had mony hard assay:
 And mony faire point of wære befell,
 Wha could them all rehearse or tell,
 He could say that his name could be
 Lessing in full great Renounie.

How ouer the *Month* past the King,
 And there fell sicke in his passing.

Now will we leane in the Forrest,
 Dovvglas, that sall haue litle rest.
 While the Countrie deliuered be
 Of Englishmen, and their poultie:
 And turne we to the Noble King,
 That with the folke of his leading,
 Toward the Month hes tane his way,
 Right stout, into full good array.
 Where Alexander Frazer him met,
 And als his bzother that Simon het:
 With all the folke they with him had.
 The King of their comming was glad:
 And cherisht them in all kin thing:
 And they tauld him of the comming
 Of Sir Cumyng Erle of Buchane,
 That to him helpe, had with him tane
 Sir Iohn Movvbray, and other ma,
 And Sir David Brechine alwa:
 With all the folke of their leading,
 And parnes mair than ony thing,
 Vengeance of you, Sir King, to take:
 For Sir Iohn Cumyng his Cmes sake,
 That whylom at Drumfreis was slaine.
 The King said, sa our Lord me lene,

I had great cause him for to see.
And sen that they on hand will be,
Because of him to were on me;
I shall abide a while and see,
On what wise they will proue their mighti
And gif it fall that they will fight.
Gif they assaile, we shall defend:
Let fall effer what GOD will send.
Effer this speech the King in by
Held straight his way to Enrowry:
And there he tooke like a sicknesse,
That put him to so hard distresse:
That he forbore baith drinke and meat.
His men na Medicine might get,
That euer might to the King auailie,
His heart all haill begoneth to failie:
That he might nouthur ryde, nor ga.
Then wit ye well his men were wa,
For nane was in that company.
That wold haue bene halfe so sary,
For to haue seene his brother dead,
Lying befoze them in that stead:
As they were all for his sickness:
For all their comfort in him was.
And good Sir Edward the worthy,
His brother that was so hardy,
And wise and might, let mekle paine,
To comfort them with all his maine.
And when Lords that were there,
Saw that the euill ay mair and mair
Trauelde the King: they thought in by,
It was not speedfull there to ly.
For there all plaine was the Countrie,
And they were not a fete penyie,

To ly but strength into the plaine.
Therefore while that their Capitane
Were recovered of his mekle ill,
They thought to wend some strengths till:
For folke withoutten Capitane,
Bot they the better be in paine,
Shall not be all sa good indeed,
As they a Lord had them to lead,
That put himselfe in aventure:
Bot abasing to take the bre
That God will send: for when that he,
Of sik will is, and sik bountie,
That he dare put him to essay,
His folke sall take example ay,
Of his good dede, and his bountie,
And ane of them sall be worth thre,
Of them, that wicked Chistane bes:
His wretchednes sa in them gaes,
That they their manlines sall tyne,
Throug wickednes of his conyng.
For when the Lord that them could lead,
May doe nought, but as he were dead:
Of fra his folke halds his way
Fleeing: trow ye not that they
Wincust sall in their hearts be.
Yes sall they, as I trow pardie:
Bot gif their hearts be sa hie,
They will not for their worship fle:
And though some be of sik bountie,
When they the Lord and his penyte
Sas fle, yet sall they fle a paine:
For all men fies the dead full fane.
See what he does, that sa foully
Fies thus for his Cowardy?

Baith him and his banquishes he,
 And garres his faes abone be:
 Bot he throug his great Robillay
 To perill him abandounes ay,
 For to recomfozt his Menye,
 Garres them be of sik great bountie,
 That mony time vnlkely thing
 They bring right well to good ending.
 So did this King as I of read,
 That throug his couragious manhead,
 Comfozted his men on sik maner:
 That nane had radnesse where he wer
 They wald not feght while that he wes
 Lying in sik great sicknes.
 Therfoze in Litter they him lay,
 And to the Slenath held their way.
 And thought into that strength to ly,
 While passed was his malady.

How the Kings men with feghting,
 Defended the King in his lying.

Bot fra the Erle of Buchane
 Baith. that they were hidder gane:
 And knew that sa sicke was the King,
 That men doubted of his recouering,
 He sent efter his men in hy,
 And assembled a great company.
 For all his atone men were there:
 And als his friends with him were.
 There was Sir Iohn the Mowbray
 And his bzother, as I heard say,
 And als Sir Dauid of Breching
 With feill folke of his leading.

And when

And when they all assembled were,
 In by they took their way to fare
 To the Slen uth, with all their men,
 For to assaillie the King, that then
 Was lying into his sicknesse.
 This was after the Partimesse,
 When Inaw overhauled all the land.
 To the Slenach they came nere hand,
 Arrayed on their best maner:
 And then the Kings men that wer
 Ware of their comming, them apparelled
 To defend gif they were assaillied,
 And not for thy, their faes were
 By twa for ane, or els mair.
 The Erles men nere comming were,
 Trumpling, and making meekle fare,
 And made Knights when they were nere:
 And they that in the Woodside were,
 Stood in array right sturdely,
 And thought to bide there hardely
 The comming of their enemies:
 Bot they wald upon na kin wise
 The to assaillie them in feghting,
 While recovered were the noble King.
 And gif other wald them assaillie,
 They wald defend, bailye quoth bailye.
 And when the Erles company
 Saw, that they wozought sa wisely:
 That they their strenght shupe to defend,
 Their Archers south to them hes send,
 To bikker them as men of mane:
 And they sent Archers them againe,
 That bickered them sa sturdely,
 That they of the Erles party.

Waith him and his banquishes he,
 And garres his faes abone be:
 Bot he throug his great Pobillay
 To perill him abandounes ay,
 For to recomfozt his Menye,
 Garres them be of sik great bountie,
 That mony time unlikely thing
 They bzing right well to good ending.
 So did this King as I of read,
 That throug his couragious manhead,
 Comfozted his men on sik maner:
 That nane had radnesse where he wer
 They wald not fecht while that he wes
 Lying in sik great sicknes.
 Therfore in Litter they him lay,
 And to the Slenath held their way.
 And thought into that strength to ly,
 While passed was his malady.

How the Kings men with feighting,
 Defended the King in his lying.

Bot fra the Erle of Buchane
 Mist, that they were hidder gane:
 And knew that sa sicke was the King,
 That men doubted of his recovering,
 He sent efter his men in hy,
 And assembled a great company.
 For all his atone men were there:
 And als his friends with him were.
 There was Sir Iohn the Mowbray
 And his bzoother, as I heard say,
 And als Sir Dauid of Breching
 With feill folke of his leading.

And when

And when they all assembled were,
In by they took their way to fare
To the Slen uth, with all their men,
For to assaillie the King, that then
Was lying into his sicknesse.
This was after the Martimesse,
When snaw overhauled all the land.
To the Slenach they came nere hand,
Arrayed on their best maner:
And then the Kings men that wer
Ware of their comming, them apparelled
To defend gif they were assaillied,
And not for thy, their saes were
By twa for ane, or els maire.
The Erles men nere comming were,
Trumping, and making mekle fare,
And made Knights when they were nere:
And they that in the Woodside were,
Stod in array right sturdely,
And thought to bide there hardely
The comming of their enemies:
Bot they wald upon na kin wise
The to assaillie them in feghting,
While recovered were the noble King.
And gif other wald them assaillie,
They wald defend, bailye quoth bailye.
And when the Erles company
Saw, that they wzought sa wisely:
That they their strength shupe to defend,
Their Archers south to them hes send,
To bicker them as men of mane:
And they sent Archers them againe,
That bickered them sa sturdely,
That they of the Erles party.

Right to their battell bzinen were.
Foure dayes on this wise lay they there,
Bikking them euerylike day:
Bot their Botomen the war had ag.
And when the Kings company,
Saw their faes befoze them ly,
That ilke day wort ma and ma:
And they were whene, and stad were sa,
That they had nathing for to eat:
Bot gif they trauelled it to get.
Therefore they toke counsell in hy,
That there they wald na langer ly:
Bot hald their way where they might get
To them, and theirs, bittaile and meat.
In a Litter the King they lay:
And graithed them vpon their way,
That all their faes might it see.
Ilke man busked in their degre
To seght, if they assailied were.
In mids of them the King they bare,
And yed about him right worthely,
And not full greatly can them by.
The Erle, and they that with him were,
Saw that they busked them to fare:
And how with sa litle astray,
They held swyth with the King their way,
Ready to seght, wha wald assailie:
Their hearts then begouth to sailie,
And in peace lete them passe alday,
And to their houses hame went they.

How the

How the King discomfist at *Enrowry*,
The Erle of *Buchane* shamefully.

The Erle his way take to *Buchane*:
And Sir Edward the Bruce is gane
Right to *Strabogie* with the King:
And sa lang made there sojourning,
While he begouth to recover and ga,
And syne their wayes can they sa
To *Enrowry* straught againe:
For they wald ly into the *Plaine*
The *Winter* season: for vittaile
Into the *Plaine* they might not faile.
The Erle wist that they were there,
And gaddered *Denpie* here and there:
Brechine, *Mowbray*, and their men,
All to the Erle assembled then.
They were a full great company
Of men arrayed tolely.
To auld *Meldrome* they held their way:
And there with their men lodged they.
Before *Pale-Cuen* ane night but mair:
A thousand frow I well they were:
They lodged them there all the night,
While on the moone that day was light,
The Lord of *Brechine*, Sir *Davy*,
Is went toward *Enrowry*.
To loke gif he on any wise,
Might doe faith to his enemies.
And to the end of *Enrowry*,
He came ryding sa suddenly,
That of the Kings men he flew
Ane part, and other them withdrew.

That fled their way toward the King:
 That with maist part of his gabbering,
 On yond halfe of the towne were lying:
 And when men tauld him the tything,
 How Sir Dauid had slaine his men,
 His horte in hy he asked then:
 And bade his men all make them yare,
 In full great hy: for he wald fare
 To bargane with his enemies.
 With that he busked him to rise,
 That was not well reconered then.
 Then said some of his priue men:
 What thinke ye, Sir, thus gate to fare
 To seght, and ye not reconered are:
 Yes, said the King withoutten wære,
 Their boast hes made me haill and sære,
 There sould na Medicine sa sone
 Haue cured me, as they haue done.
 Therefore sa GOD himselfe me se,
 I sall haue them, or then they me,
 And when his men hes heard the King,
 Set him sa well for the seghting:
 Of his retonering all blyth they were,
 And made them for the battell yare.

The Noble King and his Menpie,
 That might well nere seven hunder be
 Toward auld Meldrome held the way,
 Where the Erle and his Menpie lay.
 The discurreours saw them cummand
 With Baners to the wind wainand:
 And tauld it to their Lord in hy,
 That gart arme his men haffely,
 And them arrayed for the battell,
 Behynd them set they their pouveraill,

And made good semblance for to fight.
 The King came on with meikle might,
 And they abade making great feare,
 While that they néere assembled were.
 Bot when they saw the Noble King
 Come stoutly on without spynting:
 A litle on byde them withdrew,
 And the King that right well knew
 That they were all discomfist néere,
 Pleasid on them with his Banere.
 And they withdrew them mair and mair.
 And when the small folke they had there,
 Saw their Lords withdraw them sa,
 They turnde their backe, and haill to ga,
 And fled, and skalled here and there.
 The Lords that yet togidder were,
 Saw that their small folke were flæing.
 And saw the King stoutly comming:
 They were ilkane abased sa,
 That they the backe gane, and so ga.
 A litle sound togidder held thay.
 And syne ilk man took his ownie way.
 Fell neuer men sik foule mischance,
 Efter sa sturdy countenance.
 And when the Kings company
 Saw, that they fled sa foullely:
 They chased them with all their mane:
 And some they took, and some hes lane.
 The remanand were flæing ay,
 Wha had best horse, got best away.
 To England fled the Erle of Buchane:
 Sir Iohn Mowbray is with him gane,
 And were restet there with the King:
 Bot they baith thort toyle had resting,

For they died haith sone after syne.
 And good Sir David of Breching
 Fled to Brechin his awne Castell,
 And garnist it haith saire and well:
 Bot the Erle of Atholl Sir Dany,
 His sonne, that was in Kildromy,
 Came syne, and him assieged there.
 And he that wald hald were na mair,
 For bargane with the Noble King,
 Come syne his man with good lyking.

Of the heirship of *Buchane*,
 And how the Castell of *Forfare* was tane.

Now ga we to the King againe,
 That of his victorie was tane,
 And gart his men burne all *Buchane*,
 Fra end to end, and spared nane:
 And herped them in sik manéere,
 That efter that well fiftie yere,
 Men méened the heirship of *Buchane*.
 The King then to his peace hes tane,
 The North Countries all baillely,
 Obeded they to his Soneyour:
 So that by North the Month was hane.
 Bot they his men were comen ilkane.
 His Lordship ay wort mair and mair.
 Toward Angus syne can be fare,
 And thought sone to make his all fræ:
 That were on Northside the Scots sea.
 The Castell of *Forfare* was then
 Stuffed all with Englishmen:
 Bot Philip the Fraser of *Platane*,
 Wes of his friends with him tane:

And with

And with ladders all prynciply,
 He to the Castell can him by:
 And clambe. by over the walles of stane,
 And syne all that he fand hee stane:
 Syne yald the Castell to the King,
 That made him right faire rewardyng:
 And syne he gart breake downe the wall,
 And forded well, and Castell all.

How the King wan *Sainct Iohnstoun*,
 And tumbled all the Towres down.

When that the Castell of Forfare,
 And all the Towres down tumbled were
 Right to the eird, as I have said,
 The King that stout was, starke and bauld,
 Thought that he wald make all free,
 Upon North halfe the Scots sea.
 To Perth he went with all his rout,
 And embeset the towne about,
 And onto it hee a Siege set.
 Bot while they might haue men, and meat,
 It might not but great paine be tane:
 For all the walles were then of stane,
 And thicke Towres, and high standing:
 And that time were there in winning,
 The Methwenes and the Olyphands:
 They twa the towne had in their hands.
 Of Stratherne also the Erle was there:
 Bot his sonne, and his men were
 Without into the Kings rout.
 There was ilke day bickering stout,
 And men slaine on ather party:
 Bot the god King that was witty

In all his deedes enerilkane,
Saw the walles sa sight of stane,
And saw the fence that they can ma :
And that the toun was hard to sa:
With open assault of strength or might:
Therefore he thought to worke with sight,
And in all time that he there lay :
He spied, and sely gart assay,
Where at the dykes it shaldest was:
While at the last he fand a place,
That they might to their shoulders waite.
And when he that place founden had,
He gart his Menye buske ilkane,
When ser Dukes of the siege was gane:
And tused their harnesse haillely,
And left the Siege all openly.
And forth with all his folke can fare,
As he wald doe thereat na mair.
And they that were into the toun,
When they to fare saw him all boun,
They shouted him, and scorning made,
And he forth on his wayes rade:
As he na will had againe to turne,
For beside them to make sojournes:
And in aught dayes nought for thy,
He gart make ladders pryncely,
That might suffice to this intent:
And in a myrke night syne he went
Toward the toun with his Menye:
And hoyle and knaves leaved he
Far fra the toun: and syne hes tane
His ladders, and on foot are gane,
Toward the towne all pryncely.
They heard na Watches speake nor cry:

For they that were therein may fall,
 As men that dzed noght, but slept all.
 They had na dzead then of the King,
 For they of him heard na tyding,
 All tha thre dayes befoze, o2 mair:
 Therefoze sikker and traist they were.
 And when the King heard them not stære,
 He was right blyth in great manére,
 And his ladder in hand can ta:
 Example to his men to ma.
 Arrayed well in all his geare:
 Shot in the dyke, and with his speare
 Casted till that he it ouer-wade,
 Bot to his throt the water stode.

That time was in his company,
 A Knight of France, wight and hardy
 And when he in the Water sa
 Saw the King passe, and with him ta
 His ladder vnabasedly,
 He saned him for the ferly.
 And said, O Lord, what sall we say.
 Of our Lords of France, that ay
 With good morcells fairles their panche,
 And will bot eat, and dzinke, and dance:
 When sik a King, and sa worthy,
 As this is thzough his Cheualry,
 Into sik perill hes him set,
 To win a wretched Hamolet.
 With that word to the dyke he ran,
 And ouer after the King he wan.
 And when the Kings Menpie saw,
 Their Lord the King into a thzaw,
 Past to the dyke, and but mair let,
 Their ladders to the wall they set,

And so

And to climbe vp fast pzeassed they:
 Bot the good King, as I heard say,
 Was the second yed ouer the wall,
 And bade there while his Menple all,
 Were comming vp in full great hy:
 Yet then raise neither noyse noz cry,
 Bot soone efter they noyse made,
 That of them first perceiuing had.
 So that the cry raise thzough the toun:
 Bot he that with his men was bonne,
 To assaillie, to the towne is went.
 And the maist part of his men sent,
 And skailled thzough the towne: bot he
 Held with himselfe a great Menple.
 So that he might be ay puruayde
 To defend, gif he were assayde:
 Bot they that he sent thzough the toun
 Put to sa great confusioun
 Their faes: that in beds were,
 Or skailled, fléxing here and there:
 That ere the sunne raise, they had tane
 Their faes, and discomfist ilkane.
 The Wardanes baith therein were tane,
 And Malise of Stratherne was gane
 To his father, the Erle Malis,
 And with strength toke him, and all his.
 Syne for his sake, the Noble King
 Gaue him his land in governing.
 The laue that ran out thzough the toun,
 Seazed to them in great fustoun,
 Men, arming, and Merchandise,
 And other good of sundrie wise,
 While they that were baith poze and bare,
 Of their goods rich, and mightie were.

Bot there was few slaine : for the King
 Had ginen them in commanding,
 Upon great paine they shold staine,
 That but great bargane might be tane:
 For they were kynde to the Countrie
 He wist : and had of them piete.

In this maner the towne was tane :
 And syne the Towres euerilkane,
 And walles great were tumbled downe,
 He left nathing about that towne,
 Towre standing, nor stane wall,
 Bot he gart haillely destroy them all,
 And prisoners that there toke he:
 He sent where they might keped be:
 And to his peace toke all the land.
 Was nane that then durst them withstand,
 On North halfe the Scots sea,
 All obeyed to his Maestie:
 Except the Lord of Lorne, and tha
 Of Argyle, that wald not with him ga.
 He held him ay against the King,
 And hated him attour all thing.
 Bot yet ere all the gaming ga,
 I trow well that the King sall ta
 Vengeance of his great crueltie:
 And that him saire repent sall be,
 That he the King contraried ay,
 May fall, when he it mend not may.

The Kings brother when the towne
 Was taken thus, and downen downe,
 Sir Edward that was sa hardy,
 Toke him with a great company,
 And toke his gate in Galloway:
 For with his men he wald assay,

If he reconer might that land,
 And win it fra Englishmens hand.
 This Sir Edward the Brnce I hight
 Was of his hand a Noble Knight:
 And in blythnesse swet and ioly,
 Bot he was outragious hardy:
 And of sa hie vndertaking:
 That he had neuer yet abasing
 Of multitude of men, for thy
 He discomfist commonly
 Mony with whæne: therfore had he
 Attour his Pæres the Renounie.
 And wha rehearse wald all his dæde,
 Of his worshop, and his manhæde,
 Men might a meekle Romanes make.
 And not for thy I thinke to take
 On hand to say, of him some thing:
 Bot not teind part his travelling.

How Sir *Edward* discomfist at *Cree*,
 Sir *Ingrame Vmfraile*, and *Aymerie*.

This god Knight that I spake of alre,
 With all the folke that with him were:
 And into Galloway commen is,
 All that he fand he makes all his,
 And herped greatly all the land.
 Bot then in Galloway was winnand
 Sir *Ingrame Vmfraile* that was
 Renouned of sa great Prowes,
 That he of worshop past the rout:
 Therfore he gart ay beare about
 Upon an speare a red Bonet,
 Into takinning that he was set

Into the hight of Cheualry
Of S^{an}t Iohn:als Sir Aymery.
Thir twa the land had in stering:
And when they heard of the comming
Of Sir Edward, that all plainely,
Ouer-rade the land, then in great hy
They assembled of their Menyle,
I trow twelue hundzeth they might be:
Bot he with fewer folke them met,
Beside Cree, and sa hard them set,
With hard battell, and stalward fight,
That he them put all to the flight,
And slew twa hundzeth well, and ma,
And the Chiffanes in hy can sa
There to Bothwell for to be
Receiued there into sauitie.
And Sir Edward them chased fast,
Bot to the Castell at the last,
Gate Sir Ingrame, and Sir Aymery:
Bot the best of their company
Lay dead behind them in the place.
And when Sir Edward saw the chace
Was failvied, he gart lese the Pray:
And sa feill Castell had away,
That it was wonder for to see.
Of Bothwell Towre they saw, how he
Gart his men with him drine the Pray:
Bot na let there till set might thay.
Through his couragious Cheualry,
Galloway was stoneyed gretumly,
And doubted him for his bountie.
Some of the men of that Countrie
Came to his peace, and made him aith:
Bot Sir Aymer that had the shalthe,

After the bargane I tauld of airc,
 Made in England to purchase there,
 Of armed men great company,
 To venge him of the belany,
 That Sir Edward the Noble Knight,
 Him did at Cree into the fight.
 Of good men he assembled there,
 Well fiftene hundred men and mair;
 That was of right great Renoune:
 His way with all the folke toke he:
 And in the land all privity
 Entred with that Cheualry:
 Thinking Sir Edward to surprise,
 If he might vpon any wise:
 For he thought he wald him assaile,
 Ere he lest into plaine battaile.

How Sir *Edward* with fifty,
 Wan fiftene hundred, and Sir *Aymery*.

Now may ye heare of great ferly,
 And als of right his Cheualry.
 For Sir Edward was in the land
 With all his Menye right nere hand.
 And in the morning right aircly,
 He heard the Countre men make cry:
 And had a witting of their coming.
 Then busked he him but delaying,
 And lap on horse delluerly.
 He had into his rout fifty:
 All lap on horse arrayed well,
 His small folke gart he like deill
 Withdrow them to a straith thereby:
 And he rade south with his fifty.

A knight that then was in his rout,
Mozthy, and wight, stalward and stout,
Courtes, and saire, and of good fame,
Sir Alane Cathkart is his name,
Tauld me this tale, I to you tell.
Great Wyss into the moorning sell.
Sa that men might not see them by
For Wyss a bowdzaught fully.
Sa hapned, that they fand the trace,
Where the great rout passed was
Of their saes that befoze rade,
Sir Edward that great yarning had
All time to doe great Cheualry.
With all his rout in full great by.
Followed the trace where gane were thay:
And befoze midmozne of the day,
The Wyss wort cleare all suddenly:
And then he and his company,
Was not a bowdzaught fra the rout.
Then set they on them with a shout:
For gif they fled, they wist that they
Shoulde not get fourt part well away:
Therefore in auenture to die
They would them put ere they wald flee.
And when the English company
Saw on them come sa suddenly,
Sik folke withouthen abasing,
They were put into great affraying:
And the other but mair abade,
Sa hardely among them rade:
That seill of them toged they bare,
Astoneyed sa greatly they were,
Through the force of the first assay.
And they that were into sa great affray,

They wend by far he had bene ma,
 For that they were assailed sa.
 And Sir Edwards Company,
 When they had thrilled them hastily,
 Set stoutly in the head againe:
 And at their course bounden, and slaine
 Were of their faes a great party,
 That they affrayed were utterly:
 So that they skailed greatly then.
 When good Sir Edward and his men
 Saw them into sa euill array:
 The third time on them preiked thay.
 And they that saw them sa stoutly
 Come on them, and sa hardely,
 All their rout baith lesse and mair,
 Fled fast skailling here, and there.
 Was nane of them all sa hardy
 To hyde, bot fled all commonly,
 To their warrand, and he can chase.
 That wilfull to destroy them was:
 And some he toke, and some hes slaine:
 Bot Sir Aymery with mekle paine
 Escaped, and his gait is gane:
 His men discomfist euerskane.
 Some tane, some slaine, some gote away.
 This was a full fair point persey.
 Lo, how hardement tane suddenly,
 And driven syne to the end tharply,
 May gar oft time vnkely thing,
 Come to right faire and good ending:
 As it fell into this race here
 For hardement withhoutten leere,
 Wan fiftene hundreth with fiftie:
 When ay for ane they were syzettie:

And swa

And twa men is ouer mony hère,
 Bot they were led on ilk manère,
 That they discomfist ware ilkane.
 Sir Aymer hame his gait is gane,
 Right blyth, that sa he got away:
 I trow, he sall not mony a day,
 Hane will to weirray that Countrie,
 With thy Sir Edward therein be.
 And he dwelt still into the land,
 Them that rebelled still weirrayand:
 And in ane yère sa weirrayed he:
 That he wan quyte all that Countrie,
 To his brothers peace the King:
 Bot that was nought bot hard seghting.
 For in that time there him besell,
 Mony fair point, as I heard tell,
 The whilk are not all wrytten here:
 Bot I wate well that in that yère
 Threttene Castells with strength he wan,
 And ouercame mony a moody man.
 And wha of him the soth wald read,
 Had he had measure in his deede,
 I trow that worthier than he,
 In his time might not founden be:
 Except his brother alanerly,
 To whome into god Chenealry.
 I dare compare nane, was in his day:
 For he led him with measure ay.
 And with wit all his Chenealry
 He gouerned ay sa worthely,
 That he full oft vnlikly thing
 Brought right well to a god ending.

How *James Dowglas* tooke *Thomas Radel*,
And *Alexander Stewart*, as I heard tell.

In all that time *James of Dowglas*
Into the *Forrest* ay traueilling was.
And it throught hardement and flight,
Occupied all, magre the might
Of his feill faes, the whilk thay
Set him oft spes in hard assay.
Bot oft throught wit, and throught bountie,
His purpose to good end brought he:
Into that time himselte throught cace
Ane night, as he traueilling was,
And thought to hane had his resting,
In a house by the *Water of Lync*,
And as he came with his *Menpie*,
Piere hand the house, sa listned he,
And heard their *Sawes* euerilke deill.
And he by that perceined well,
That they were *Strange* men that there
That night in that house harbzed were:
And as he thought, sa fell throught cace:
For of *Bonkill* the *Lord* there was
Alexander Stewart heght he,
With other twa of great bountie:
Thomas Randell of great *Renoun*,
And also *Adam of Gordoun*:
That came there with great company,
And thought in the *Forrest* to ly,
And occupy it with all their might,
And with trauell, and *Halward* fight,
To chace *Dowglas* fra that *Countrie*:
Bot otherwise all yed the glé.

When James of Dowglas had twitting,
And als to him there came tyding,
That strange men had tane harbery,
Into the place where he shupe to ly,
He to that place past hastely.
Baith he and all his company
And embeset the house about.
When they within heard sik a rout
About the house, they raise in hye,
And toke their geare right hastely,
And came forth fra they harness were.
Their faes them met with weapons bare,
And them assailied right hardely,
And they defended doughtely.
With all their might, while at the last,
Their faes pzeassed them sa fast,
That their folke failed them ilkane,
Thomas Randell there was tane,
And Alexander Stewart alstwa,
Wounded into ane place, o2 twa.
Adame of Gordoun fra the sight,
What thzough strength, and what thzough sight
Escaped, and als seire of their men.
Bot they that were arreistid then,
Were of their taking wonder wa:
Bot nédlings them behoude be sa.
That night god James of Dowglas
Made to Sir Alexander, that was
His Emes sonne right gladsome chère:
Sa did he als withontten wære
To Thomas Randell, so2 that he
Was to the King in nère degré
Of blood, so2 his sister him bare.
And on the mozne withontten maire.

Toward the noble King he rode,
 And with him both the two he had.
 The King of that present was blyth,
 And thanked him thereof fellelyth,
 And to his peny can he say
 Thou has a while renounced thy say,
 Bot now counsaillde thou mon be.
 Then to the King answered he,
 And said, ye chastie me, bot ye
 Aught better for to chastyed be.
 For sen ye weitrapped the King
 Of England into plaine seghting,
 Ye sould preasse to direnne you right
 With might, and not yet with sight.
 The King said, yet fall it may
 Ere it be lang, to sik assay:
 Bot sen thou speakes sa rudely,
 It is great reason, that men chasty
 Thy proud words, while that thou know,
 The right, and duetie that thou ow.
 The King without mair delaying,
 Sent him to be in firme keeping,
 Where that he a while fall be,
 Pought all vpon his awne poultie.

How the King at *Gleclaben*,
 Discomfist *Iohn* of *Lornes* men.

When Thomas Randell on this wise
 Was taken, as I here deuise:
 And sent to dwell in firme keeping,
 For his spech he spake to the King.
 The King that thought vpon the skaith,
 The despite, and the belany batt,

That Iohn of Lorne had to him done:
 His Dist assembled he allone,
 And toward Lorne he took the way,
 With all his men in good array.
 Bot Iohn of Lorne of his coming,
 Lang ere he came had good witting,
 And men on ilk side gathered he:
 I trow twa thousand they might be.
 And sent them for to stop the way,
 Where the good King behoude to ga:
 Clochmabanie hecht that mountaine.
 I trow that into all Britane,
 A higher hill may not founden be.
 Where Iohn of Lorne gart his Menpie,
 Embusched be abone the way.
 Gif the King held that gait, persey,
 He thought he sould sone banquish be:
 And himselfe held him on the sea:
 Well nere the place with his Gaillayes.
 Bot the King that at all assayes
 Was founden wise, and right wittie,
 Perceiued well their subteltye,
 And at him houed that gait to ga:
 His men departed he in twa.
 And to the good Lord of Dowglas,
 In whome all vertue winning was,
 He taught his Archers euerilkane.
 And the good Lord bes with him tane
 Sir Alexander the Phrazer wight,
 And William Wiseman a good knight.
 And with them then Sir Andro Gray,
 That with their Menpie held their way,
 And clambe the hill deliuerly:
 And ere they of the other party

Toward the noble King he rade,
 And with him both the twa he had.
 The King of that present was blyth,
 And thanked him thereof fell syth,
 And to his Penoy can he say
 Thou hes a whyle renouncde thy say,
 Bot now reconnsailde thou mon be.
 Then to the King answered he,
 And said, ye chastie me, bot ye
 Aught better for to chastyed be.
 For sen ye weitrayed the King
 Of England into plaine seghting,
 Ye sould preasse to direnpe you right
 With might, and not yet with sight.
 The King said, yet fall it may
 Ere it be lang, to sik assay:
 Bot sen thou speakes sa rudely,
 It is great reason, that men chasty
 Thy pround words, while that thou know,
 The right, and duetie that thou aw.
 The King without mair delaying,
 Sent him to be in firme keeping,
 Where that he a whyle fall be,
 Pought all vpon his atone pouste.

How the King at *Gleclaben*,
 Discomfist *Iohn* of *Lornes* men.

When Thomas Randell on this wise
 Was taken, as I here deuise:
 And sent to dwell in firme keeping,
 For his spech he spake to the King.
 The King that thought vpon the skaith,
 The despite, and the belany baith,

That Iohn of Lorne had to him done:
 His Dist assembled he allone,
 And toward Lorne he took the way,
 With all his men in god array.
 Bot Iohn of Lorne of his comming,
 Lang ere he came had god witting,
 And men on ilk side gathered he:
 I trow twa thousand they might be.
 And sent them for to stop the way,
 Where the god King behoude to ga:
 Clochmabanie hecht that mountaine.
 I trow that into all Britane,
 A higher hill may not founden be.
 There Iohn of Lorne gart his Menye,
 Enbushid be abone the way.
 Gif the King held that gait, persey,
 He thought he sould sone vanquish be:
 And himselfe held him on the sea:
 Well nere the place with his Gaillayes,
 Bot the King that at all assayes
 Was founden wise, and right wittie,
 Perceiued well their subtelte,
 And at him houed that gait to ga:
 His men departed he in twa.
 And to the god Lord of Dowglas,
 In whome all vertue winning was,
 He taught his Archers everilkane.
 And the god Lord hes with him tane
 Sir Alexander the Phrazer wight,
 And William Wiseman a god Knight.
 And with them then Sir Andro Gray,
 That with their Menye held their way,
 And clambe the hill peliuerly:
 And ere they of the other party

Perceiued them, they had ilkane
The hight abone their saes tane.
The King and his men held their way:
And when into the place were thay
Entred, the folke of Lorne in hy,
Upon the King raised the scry,
And shot, and tumbled on them stanes,
Baith great and heauie for the nanes.
Bot they skaithed not greatly the King.
For he had there in his leading,
Men that light, and deliuer were,
And light armours vpon them bare:
So that they stontly clambe the hill,
And stopped their saes to fulfill
The maist part of their fellony:
And als vpon the other party,
Came Iames of Dowglas, and his rout,
And shot vpon them with a shout,
And wounded them with arrowes fast:
And with their swords at the last,
They rushed among them hardely:
Bot they of Lorne full manfully
Great and a peart defence can ma.
Bot when they saw, that they were sa
Assailied vpon twa parties:
And saw well that their enemies,
Had all the fairer of the fight,
In full great hy they toke the flight:
And they a felloun chase can ma,
And slew all that they might ouersa,
And they that might escape, persay,
Right to a Water held their way,
That ran downe by the hilles syde,
That was sa strait, sa deepe and wyde.

That men on na wise might it passe,
 Bot at a Bzig that narrow was.
 To that Bzig held they fast their way,
 And to bzeake it can fast assay.
 Bot they them chased when they them saw,
 Make there a rest, but bzead oʒ aw
 They rushed vpon them bassely,
 And discomfist them vtterly:
 And held the Bzig baill, while the King
 With all the folke of his leading,
 Passed the Bzig all at their ease.
 To Iohn of Lorne it sould displease,
 I trow, when he his men might see,
 Out of the shippes into the sea,
 Be slaine, and chased fra the hill,
 And he might set na let theretill:
 For it angers as gretumly
 To godd heartes that are worthy,
 To see their saes fulfill their will,
 As to themselfe to thole the ill.

How *Linlithgow-Peill* winnen was
 Through *William Binnie*, & his purchase.

All this mischiese were they of Lorne,
 For feill their lines there hes soʒlozne,
 And other some had fled away.
 The King in haste gart seise the pray,
 Ouer all the land, where men might see
 Sa great aboundance come of see,
 That it were wonder to behald.
 The King that stout was, starke and bald,
 To Dunstaffage right sturdely
 A siege set, and husily

Assailied that Castell for to get:
 And in short time he hes them set
 In sik thzang, that therein were than,
 That magre theires he it wan:
 And a good Wardane therein set,
 And betought him baith men and meat:
 So that he lang time there might be,
 Magre them all of that Countrie.
 Sir Alexander of Argyle that saw
 The King destroy bp cleane, and law
 His land, sent treitise to the King,
 And came his man but mair dwelling:
 And he receined him to his peace.
 Bot Iohn of Lorne his sonne, that was
 Sittell, as he was wont to be:
 He fled in shippes to the sea:
 Bot they that left were on the land,
 Were to the King all obeyland:
 And he their pledges all hes tane,
 And toward Perth againe is gane:
 To play him there into the Plaine.
 Yet Lowthiane was him againe:
 And at Linlichgow was yet a Peill,
 Meikle and starke, and stuffed well
 With Englishmen, that was reffet
 To them that with armours, and meat,
 Fra Edinburgh wald to Striuling ga:
 And fra Striuling wald againe alswa,
 That to the Countrie did great ill.
 Now may ye heare gif that ye will,
 Of interludes and icopardies,
 That men assailied mony wise,
 Castells and Peills for to fa,
 And this Linlichgow was one of tha:

And I sall tell you how it was tane.
In the Countrie there winned ane,
That husband was, and with his fae,
Oft hay onto the Deill led he.
William Binny to name he beght,
A stalward man he was in seght.
He saw sa hard the Countrie stad,
That he great noy and pitie had:
Thzough Fortresses that were then
Gouernde and led with Englishmen,
Then trauelde men out of measure.
He was a stout Carle, and a store:
And of himselte doure, and hardy,
And had friends that winned him by,
And shawed to some his prinitie:
And vpon his conuene gate he:
Men that might embusment ma,
While that he sould with his Wane ga:
To lead them hay into the Deill:
Bot his Wane sould be stuffed well.
For aught men armed in the body,
In his Wane sould sit prinitly:
And with hay heilled all about.
And himselte that was dour and stout,
Sould by the Wane gang idelty,
And a Peoman wight, and hardy,
Before sould dzine the Wane, and weare
A hatchat that wald sharply weare
Under his belt: and when the zet
Were opned, and they were thereat:
When he heard him cry sturdely,
Call all, call all, then in great hy,
He sould stryke with the are in twa
The chengies: and then in hy sould thay

That were within the **Wane** come out,
And debate make, while that the rout
That could nére by enbushéd be,
Come for to maintaine that melle.
This was into the **Haruest** tyde,
When fields that faire were, and wyde,
Charged with corne, and furnisht were
For sundrie cornes that they bare,
Most rype, to win to man his food.
And the trees all charged stód,
With seire fruits on sundry wise.
In this swéet time, as I deuise,
They of the **Peill** had twinnen hay,
And with that **Binny** spoken had thay,
To lead their hay, for he was nére:
And he consented but danager.
And said, that he in the morning
Well sone a **Fodder** should in bring.
Fairer and greater, and well more,
Than he did ony that yere before,
And held them cunnand slykerly.
For that night warned he pryncly,
Them that in his **Wane** should ga,
And them that bushéd, should be allwa.
And they sa greatly sped them there,
That ere day they enbushéd were,
Well nére the **Peill**, where they might heare,
The cry, als sone as ony wére.
And held them sa still, but stérting,
That nane of them had perceiuing,
And this **Binny** last can him paine,
To dresse his **Penple** in his **Wane**:
And all a whyle before the day,
He had them heilled well with hay.

And made him then to yoke his sée,
 Whille men the sunne might shining sée:
 And some that were within the Peill,
 Were issed out on their awne Séele,
 To win their harnest nére thereby.
 Then Binny with his company,
 That in his Wane closed he had:
 Went on his way but mair abade:
 And called his Wane toward the Peill,
 And the Porter that saw him well,
 Came nére the zet, it opned sone.
 And then Binny withouthen hone,
 Gart call the Wane delyuerly.
 And when it set was evenly,
 Betwixt the chékes of the zet:
 Sa that he might it close na gait:
 He cried londe, call all, call all.
 And he then léte his Gadwand fall,
 And betwixt in twa the chenpie in by.
 Binny with that deliuerly
 Raught to the Porter sik a rout,
 That blood and harnes baith yed out:
 And they that were within the Wane,
 Lap out belyue, and sone hes slaine
 Men of the Castell haillely.
 Then in a whyle begouth the cry,
 And they that nére embushed were,
 Lap out, and came with swords bare,
 And toke the Castell all but paine.
 And hes them that therein was slaine,
 And they that were went forth befozne,
 When they the Castell saw so lozne,
 They fled to warrand here, and there:
 And some to Edinburgh ran fare.

And some

190 The Booke of King
And to Scriuiling are other gane,
And some into the gaitte were flane.

How *Thomas Radel* came to the Kings peace
And was made Erle withoutten lies,

BYnny on this wise with his *Wane*,
Wan the Peill, and their men hes flane:
Syne gaue it to the King in hy:
That him rewarded woꝛthely,
And gart downe dꝛue it to the ground.
And syne ouer all the land can send,
Setting in peace all the Countrie:
That vnto him obeyand wald be.
And when a litle time was spent,
Efter Thomas Randell he sent:
And with him sa well treated he,
That he his man beght for to be.
The King his anger there him forgaue,
And to maintaine his state him gaue
Murray, and Erle thereof him made:
And other sundrie lands brade,
He gaue him into heritage:
He knew his woꝛthy; bassallage,
And his great wit, and his auise:
His traistie heart, and his leele seruice.
Therefore in him affyed he,
And made him rich of land and see:
As he was certes right woꝛthie:
For gif men speake of him trueste,
He was sa courageous a knight:
Sa wise, sa woꝛthy, and sa wight:
And of sa Soueraigne great bountie,
That mekle of him may spoken be.

And for I thinke of him to read,
 And to tell part of his good dede,
 I will describe you his fallouns,
 And part of his conditiouns.
 He was of measurable stature,
 And all well portrayed at measure:
 With brade visage pleasant and faire,
 Courtes at point, and debonaire,
 And of right sikker conténing:
 Lawtie he loued attour all thing:
 Falset, treasoun, and fellony,
 He gainestod ever allutterly:
 And loued honour and larges,
 And ay maintained righteousness:
 In company he was solacious,
 And with that, blyth, and amorous:
 And god knyghts he loued ay.
 And gif that I the soth sall say,
 He was fulfilled sa of bonntie,
 As of all vertues made were he.
 I will commend him here na maire,
 Bot ye sall well heare farthermaire,
 That he for his dedes woorthy,
 Shold well be prailed Soueranely.

How *Thomas Randell* that was worthy,
 Sieged *Edinburgh Castell* stoutly.

When the King was with him saught
 And great Lordship had to him saugt,
 He wort sa wise, and sa anisse:
 That his lands first stablisht be.
 And sene he sped him to the wêrs,
 To helpe his Cme at his power.

And with

And with the consent of the King,
 And with a simple apparelling,
 To Edinburgh he went in by,
 With good men into company:
 And set a Siege to the Castell,
 That then was garnisht wonder well,
 With men and vittaille at all right,
 So that they dyed na mans might.
 Bot this good Erle not for thy,
 Set a Siege to it full pearly,
 And pleased the folke that therein was:
 So that not ane the yet durst passe,
 They may abide therein and eat
 Their vittaille, while they ought may get:
 Bot I trow they sall letted be,
 To purchase mair in that Countrie.
 That time Edward of England King,
 Had giuen the Castell in keeping,
 To Sir Peirs Libald a Gascoun.
 And when they of his Warnisoun.
 Saw the Siege left there so straitly,
 They mistrasted him of Treachoury,
 That he spoken had with the King,
 And for that ilke mistrowing,
 They took and put him in prison:
 And of their awne Ration,
 They made a Constable them to lead,
 Baith wittie and ware, and wight of dede,
 And he set wit, and strength and sight,
 To keepe the Castell with all his might:
 Bot now of them I will be still.
 And speake a litle whyle I will,
 Of the doughtie Lord of Dowglas;
 That left into the Forrest was.

Where he mony a teopardy,
 And faire points of Chenalry
 Prowed, as well by night, as day,
 To them that in the Castell lay:
 Of Iedburgh, and Roxburgh, bot I
 Will let feill of them now passe by:
 For I cannot rehearse them all.
 And though I could, trow well ye sall
 Say, that I might not suffice thereto:
 Where sould sa mæke be for to do:
 Bot it that I wate sickerly,
 Efter my wit rehearse sall I.

How *James Dowglas* gart ladders make,
 Of Hemp, the Castel of *Roxburgh* to take.

THE time that the good Erle Thomas,
 Assieged, as the letter sayes:
 Edinburgh, James of Dowglas
 Set all his wit for to purchase,
 How Roxburgh thzough subtiltie:
 Of ony craft, might winnen be.
 While he gart Sym of the Ledhouse,
 A craftie man, and a curious,
 Of hempine rapes ladders ma,
 And træne steppes bunden sa,
 That they wald breake on na kin wise.
 A Croke they made at their devise
 Of Pyne, that was starke and square:
 That fra it in a kernell were
 Ffestened, it sould hing thereby,
 And the ladder theretra straighly.
 This good Lord Dowglas as sone
 As this devised was, and done,

Gaddered good men in priuitie:
 Thre&score, I trow that they might be:
 And in the Fastings: Euen right,
 In the beginning of the night,
 To the Castell toke their way,
 With blacke Frogges all heilled thay
 The armour, that they on them had.
 They came nere by there, and abade,
 And sent haillely their hoyle them fra,
 And in a raying on a rout they ga:
 On hands and fete, when they were nere,
 Right as they Ry, and Dren were,
 That were vnbounden lest thereout.
 It was right myzke withoutten dout:
 Bot one vpon the wall that lay,
 Beside him to his Feere can lay:
 This man thinks to make good cheare,
 (And named a husband thereby nere)
 That hes left all his Dren out.
 The other sayes, that is na dout:
 We shall make good cheare this night though thay
 Be with blacke Dowglas led away:
 They weind the Dowglas and his men
 Had bene Dren: for they yed then
 On hands and fete, ay ane and ane.
 The Dowglas right good tent hes tane
 To all their spech, bot right sone thay
 Held speaking inward baith their way.
Dowglas men thereof was blyth,
 And sped them to the wall swyft.
 And sone had vp their ladders set,
 That made a clap when the croke knet,
 And fastned fast in the keynell.
 Ane of the Watches heard it well,
 And bucked

And busked hiddertward but bade.
 Bot Ledhouse that the ladders made,
 Sped him to climbe vp first the wall:
 Bot ere he was comen vp all,
 He that that Maïrd had in keeping,
 Met him right at the vpcoming.
 And for he thought to ding him down,
 He made nouthur cry nor soun:
 Bot fought to him deliverly.
 And he that was in ieopardy
 To die, a loup he to him made,
 And gotte him by the necke but bade,
 And stikked him vpward with a knyfe:
 While with his hand he rest his life.
 And when he dead sa saw him ly,
 Up on the Wall he went in by:
 And downe the body kest them till.
 And said: all gangs as we will,
 Sped you all vp deliverly.
 And they did sa in full great hy:
 Bot ere they gate vp there came ane
 That saw Ledhouse stand him allane:
 And knew he was noght of their men,
 And in great hy rushed to him then,
 And him assailied sturdely:
 Bot he slew him despiteously:
 For he was armed, and was twicht:
 The other naked was I hicht,
 And had not for to stynt a straike.
 Sik melle there vp can he make,
 While Dowglas and his Menyeie all,
 Were winnen vp upon the Wall:
 Then to the Towre they went in by.
 The folke that time were baillely

Into the hall, at their dancing,
 And singing, and other wayes playing:
 As vpon Hastings Euen is
 The Custome, to make ioy and blisse,
 To men that were in sauitie.
 So trowed they that time to be:
 Bot ere they wist, into the hall
 Dowglas, and his rout came all.
 And cried on hight, Dowglas, Dowglas,
 And they that ma were than he was,
 Heard Dowglas cry sa hiddenly,
 They were abased for the cry:
 And shupe them na defence to ma.
 And they but pilie can them fla,
 While they had gotten the vpper hand.
 The other fled to seeke warrand,
 That out of measure the deede can dread.
 The Wardane saw how that it yed,
 That called was Gilmyn de Fyrmes:
 In the great Towre he gotten hes,
 And other of his company,
 And closed the yets hastily.
 The laue that left were thereout,
 Where tane, or flaine, this is na dout:
 Bot gif that ony lap the wall,
 The Dowglas held that night the hall,
 Although his faes thereat was wa.
 His men were ganging to and fra,
 Throughtout the Castell all that night,
 While on the mozne that day was light,
 The Wardane that was in the Towre:
 That was a man of great balour,
 Gilmyn de Fyrmes when he saw,
 The Castell tynt baith hie and law:

He set his might for to defend
 The Towre, bot they without him send
 Arrowes in sa great quantitie,
 That saire annoyed thereof was he.
 Yet while the other day not for thy
 He held the Towre full sturdely.
 And then at an assault he was
 Wounded sa felly in the face,
 That he was dreeding of his life:
 Therfore he treated them but strife,
 And yald the Towre on sik maner,
 That he, and all that with him wer,
 Should safely passe into England.
 Dowglas held them full good cunnand,
 And conseyde him to his Countrie.
 Bot there full short whyle lived he:
 For thzough the wound into the face,
 He died sone, and buried was.
 Dowglas the Castell sased all,
 That then was closed with stalward wall:
 And sent this Ledhouse to the King,
 That made him right good rewarding:
 And his bzother in full great hy,
 Sir Edward that was sa doughty,
 He sent hidder to tumble down.
 Baith Towre, Castell, and als Dungeoun.
 And he came with great company,
 And gart trauell sa busily,
 That Towre, and Wall, right to the ground
 He gart cast downe in litle sound:
 And dwelt there, while that Teuydail,
 Came to the Kings peace all hail:
 Except Iedburgh, and other that nere
 To the Englishmens bounds were:

How *William Frances* led *Thomas Rädell*,
Vpto the Craig of *Edinburgh* Castell.

When Roxburgh was win on this wise,
The Erle Thomas that hie emprise,
Set ay on Souerane hie bountie,
At Edinburgh with his Penye,
Was lying at the Siege, as I
Tould you befoze all openly.
Bot fra he heard how Roxburgh was
Tane with a traine, all his purchase,
And wit and businesse, I hight:
He set to purchase him some flight:
How he might helpe him thzough victorie,
Welled with hie Cheualrie:
To win the wall of the Castell,
Thzough some kin flight: for he wist well,
That na strength might it plainely get,
While there within were men and meat.
Therefore priuily spæred he,
Gif ony man might there founden be,
That could find ony ieopardy,
To climbe the wall right priuily:
And he sould haue his warisoun:
For it was his intencion,
To put himselfe in auenture:
Or at that Siege on him misfure.
Then was there ane William Frances,
Wight and expert, wise and courtes;
And he in his youthhead had bene
In the Castell, when he had sene
The Erle sa ernestly him set
Some subteltye, or wyle to get,

ell,
Wherethrough the Castell hane might be,
He came to him in priuie.

And said, me think, ye wald blythly,

That men sand you some iopardy,

How ye might ouer the walles win:

And certes, gif ye will begin

Foz to assay on sik a wise,

I vndertake foz my seruice,

Foz to ken you to climbe the Wall:

And I sall fozmest be of all.

Wherewith a short ladder may we

(I hope of twelue fot it may be)

Climbe the Wall bp all quietly.

And gif that ye will wit how I

Mate this, I sall you blythly say.

When I was young this hinder day,

My father was keeper of yone house:

And I was somedeill lecherous,

And loued a Wench here in the town.

And that I but suspitionn:

Might repaire to her priuily,

Of rapes to me a ladder made I:

And therewith ouer the Wall I made,

A strait rod there I spyed had,

Into the Craig syne downe I went,

And oft spes came to mine intent.

And when that it drew néere the day,

I held againe that samine way,

And ay came in but perceining.

I bled sa lang that trauellling:

So that I can that rod ga right,

Though men se neuer sa myzke a night.

And gif ye thinke ye wald assay,

To passe bp after me that way,

Up to the Wall I sall you bring,
 Gif GOD vs saue fra perceiuing
 Of them that Matches are on the Wall.
 And gif it vs sa faire may fall,
 That we our ladder by may set,
 While a man on the Wall may get:
 He sall defend, gif there be néede,
 While the remnand by them speed.
 The Erle was blyth of that carping,
 And heght to him saire rewarding:
 And vnderooke that gaite to ga,
 And bade him sone his ladder ma.
 And hald him priuie while they might
 Set for their purpose on a night.
 Sone efter was the ladder made:
 And then the Erle but mair abade,
 Puruayed him a night priuily,
 With threttie men wight and hardy:
 And in a myrke night held their way.
 They put them in full hard assay,
 And to great perill sikkerly.
 I trow, might they haue séene clearely,
 That gate had not bene vnderstane.
 Although to stop them had not bene ane:
 For the Craig was high and hiddeous,
 And the climming right perillous,
 Gif ony hapned to slide, or fall.
 He sould be sone too crushed all.
 The night was myrke, as I heard say,
 And to the foot sone comen were thay:
 Of the Craig that was high and shor.
 Then William Frances them before,
 Clambe in the Crookes before them ay:
 And at the backe him followed thay,

With mekle paine, whyle to, whyle fra.
 They clambe in the Crokes sa,
 While halfe the Craig they climmen had:
 And there a place they fand sa bzae:
 That they might sit on alanerly,
 And they were ayndlesse and weary:
 And there abade their aynd to fa.
 And right as they were sitting sa,
 Right abone them, vpon the wall,
 The Chak-watches assembled all.
 Now helpe them, GOD, that all thing may
 For in full great perill are thay.
 For might they see them, there sould nane
 Escape out of that place vnslaine,
 To dead with stanes they sould them ding:
 For they might helpe themselves nathing,
 Bot wonder myrke there was the night:
 Sa that they had of him na sight.
 And not for thy: yet was there ane
 Of them that stakked downe a stane,
 And said, away Traitor, I see thee well:
 Howbeit he sawd of them na veill.
 Out ouer their heades flew the stane,
 And they sate still lurking ilkane.
 The Watches when they heard na stere,
 Fra that place passed all in feare,
 And carping held they sworth their way.
 The Erle Thomas allone, and thay
 That on the Craig, sate then him by,
 Toward the Craig clambe hastily:
 And hidder came with mekle maine,
 And not but great perill, and paine:
 For fra thyne vp was grievousar,
 To climbe vp, nor beneath by sa.

Bot what kin paine sa euer they had,
 Right to the Wall they came but bade:
 That was well néere twelue foot on hight,
 And withoutten perceiuing o2 sight,
 They set their ladder to the wall:
 And syne Frances befoze them all
 Clambe vp, and then Sir Andro Gray,
 And syne the Erle himselfe per say,
 Was the thirde man the Wall can sa.
 When they there downe their Lord swa
 Saw, climbe vp vpon the wall,
 As wood men they clambe efter all:
 Bot ere by commen all were thay,
 They that were Matches to assay:
 Hard skering, and pryncie speaking,
 And also framing of arming.
 And on them set full sturdely,
 And they met them full hardely:
 And flew of them despiteously.
 Then thzough the Castell raise the cry,
 Treasoun, treasoun, they cried fast:
 Then some of them were sa agast,
 That they fled, and lap ouer the wall:
 Bot to say soth they fled not all.
 For the Constable that was hardy,
 All armed ished forth to the cry:
 And with him feill hardy, and stout.
 Yet was the Erle hard with his rout
 Feghting with them vpon the wall:
 Bot sone discomfist he them all.
 By that his men were commen ilkane,
 Up to the wall: and he bes tane
 His way down to the Castell sone.
 In great perill he bes him done,

For they were ma than he therein,
And they had bene of god conuine:
Bot some thing they affrayed were.
And not for thy with weapons bare,
The Constable and his company,
Met him, and his, right hardely.
Their men might see great bargane rise:
For with weapons on mony wise,
They dang on other at their might,
While swords that were faire and bryght,
Were to the hilts all bloody.
Then hiddeously began the cry:
For they that felled, or stiked were,
Right hiddeously can cry and raire.
The good Erle and his company,
Fought in that seght sa sturdely,
That all their faes rushed were:
The Constable was slaine right there.
And fra he fell, the remanand
Fled, where they might best to warrand,
They durst not byde, nor make debate.
The Erle was handled there sa haite,
That had it not hapned throug care,
That the Constable there slaine was,
He had bene in great perill there:
Bot then they fled, there was na mair,
Ilke man for to saue his life:
Fled forth his dayes for to dyse:
And some slade downe out ouer the wall.
The Erle hes tane the Castell all,
For there was nane durst him withstand
I neuer heard into na land,
Was Castell tane sa hardely,
Duttaken Tyre alanerly.

When Alexander the Conquerour,
 That conquered Babylons Towre,
 Lay for a Bat south to the Wall,
 Where he among his faes all,
 Defended him full doughtely,
 While that his Noble Cheualry,
 With ladders ouer the walls yed,
 That nouthur left for dead nor drede.
 For when they wist well that the King,
 Was in the towne, there was nathing
 Into that time that synt them moght,
 For all perill they set at noght.
 They clambe the wall, and Areste
 Came first to the good King, where he
 Defended him with all his might.
 And they sa hard were stad in fight,
 That he was felled on his knee,
 Then to his backe he set a tree:
 For drede they could behind assaillie.
 Areste then to the battailie
 Sped him in hy sa sturdely,
 And dang on them sa doggedly,
 That the King well rescued was.
 For his men into sundrie place
 Clambe ouer the walles, and sought the King,
 And him rescued with hard seghting,
 And wan the town deliuerly.
 Outtaken this taking alanerly,
 I heard neuer in na time gane,
 Where Castell was sa stoutly tane:
 And of this taking that I mene,
 Sane Margaret the good haly Quene
 Wist in her time, through reueling
 Of him that knawes, and wate all thing.

Therefore in stead of Prophecy,
 She left a talking full soley,
 That is there in her Chappell.
 Shogart well portray a Castell,
 A ladder by to the wall standing
 And a man thereupon climming,
 And wzate on him, as auld men sayes,
 In French, Garde vous de Françoyis,
 And for this word he gart wzite sa:
 When weind ye Frenchmen sould it sa:
 Bot Frances called was he,
 That sa clambe by in priultie,
 She wzate it as in Prophecy,
 And it fell afterward sothly,
 Right as sho said, for tane it was,
 And Frances led them by that place.
 On this wise Edinburgh was tane,
 And they that were therein ilkane,
 Duther tane, or slane, or lap the wall,
 Their goods haue they leaved all:
 And the house everilkane.
 Sir Peirs Libald that was tane,
 As I said aite in Boyes they fand,
 And into hard fessning sittand.
 They brought him to the Erle in by,
 And he gart louse him hastely,
 And he became the Kings man.
 They send word to the King right than,
 And tauld how the Castell is tane:
 And he in by is hydder gane,
 With mony men in company:
 And gart cast downe all baillely,
 Baith Towre, and walles to the ground.
 And syne ouer all the land can found,

Seeing the Countre to his peace.
 Of this dede that sa worthy was:
 The Erle was praised gretfully,
 The King that saw him sa worthy,
 Was blyth, and glad attour the laue:
 And to maintaine his state him gaue
 Rents and lands fair aneugh.
 And he to sa great worship dreugh,
 That all spake of his great bountie:
 His face oft syes attoneyed he:
 For he fled neuer for force in fight.
 What sall I mair say of his might?
 His great manhæde, and his bountie,
 Carres him yet renowned be.

How Sir *Edward* wan *Ruglyn-Peill*,
 And *Dundie*, syne *Struiling* sieged well.

I þ this time that thir ieopardies
 Of thir Castells, as I deuise,
 Were enchauned sa suddenly,
 Sir Edward Bruce that was worthy
 Had all Galloway and Niddisdail
 Minnen to his lyking all hail,
 And dounen doun the Castells all,
 Right to the dykes baith Towre and Wall.
 He heard them say, and knew it well,
 That in Rnglyn was then a Peill.
 Wither he went with his Penyle,
 And winne it in short time hes bet.
 Syne to Dundie hes tane the way,
 That then was halden (as I heard say)
 Against the King: therfore in hy
 He set a Siege thereto stontly,

And lay there till it golden was,
 To Striuling syne the way he takes,
 Where good Sir Philip the Mowbray,
 That was sa doughty at assay,
 Was Wardane, and had in keeping
 The Castell of the English King.
 Thereto a Siege he set stoutly,
 They bickered oft spes sturdely.
 Bot great Cheualry was done nane,
 Sir Edward fra the Siege was tane
 A well lang whyle about it lay
 Fra the Lentrone, that is to say,
 While forrow the Sanct Iohnes Halls.
 The English folke that therein was,
 Begouth to failie bittails by than.
 And Sir Philip as doughty man,
 Created till they consented were;
 That gif at Midsummer then a yere
 To come, it were not with battaille
 Rescued, that then withoutten faille,
 He sould the Castell yelde quietly,
 That cunnand bzake they sikkerly.

How Sir Edward withoutten sturne,
 Vndertooke the battell of *Bannock-burne*.

AND when this cunnand thus was made,
 Sir Philip into England rade:
 And tauld the King all the haill tale,
 How that he twelue moneth all haill
 Had, as witten was in their Tailye,
 To rescue Striuling with battailie,
 And when he heard Sir Philip say,
 That Scottisshmen had set a day,

To seght

To feght, and he sik leasure had
 To puruay him he was right glad:
 And said, it was great surquidry,
 That set them vpon sik folly:
 For he thought to be ere that day
 So puruayed, and in sik array,
 That there sould na strength him withstand.
 And when the Lords of England
 Heard that this day was set plainely,
 They iudged it all to great folly:
 And thought to haue them at their lyking,
 Gif men abade them in feghting.
 Bot oft failvies that soles thought:
 And yet wise men comes nought
 To that end, that they weine alwayes:
 A litle stanz oft, as men sayes,
 May gar welter a mekle Mane.
 Na mans might may stand againe
 The grace of God, that all things steres,
 He wates whereto all things afferes,
 And dispones at his lyking
 Efter his ordinance all thing.

When Sir Edward, as I you say,
 Had giuen so ontragious a day,
 To yeeld, or to refkue Struiling:-
 Right to the King then went he syne:
 And sauld what treatie he had made,
 And what day he them giuen had.
 The King said, when he heard the day,
 That was vnwisely done, persay.
 I neuer yet heard sa lang warning
 Was giuen to sa mightie a King,
 As is the King of England,
 For he hes now into his hand

England, Ireland, and Wales allwa,
 And Aquitayne yet, with all tha
 Dwells vnder his Senycoze.
 And of Scotland a great party
 And of treasure sa stuffed is he:
 That he may wagcours haue plentie.
 And we are few against sa feill.
 GOD may right well our weirde deill:
 Bot we are set in leopardy
 To tyne, or win then hastily.
 Sir Edward said, sa GOD me reede,
 Though he and all that he may lead
 Come, we sall fecht all, though they were ma.
 When the King heard his brother sa
 Speake, to the battell sa hardely,
 He praised him in his heart greatly.
 And said (brother) sen twa is gane:
 That this thing thus is vnderthane,
 Shape we vs therfore manly,
 And all that loues vs tenderly,
 And the freedome of this Countrie,
 Puruay them at that time to be
 Boun on their best wise, that they may.
 Sa gif our faes will assay,
 To rescue Striuling with battaille,
 That we of purpose gar them saile.

The sembling of the English Oist,
 That with great power came and boast.

On this wise all assented were,
 And bade their men all make them yare:
 For to be boun against that day.
 Weapons and armours puruayed thay.

And all

And all that affered to seghting:
 And of England the mighty King,
 Purveyed him in sa great array,
 That Certes, I heard neuer say,
 That Englishmen maike apparell
 Made, than they did for that battell.
 For when the time was commen nere,
 The King assembled his power.
 And beside his awne Cheualry
 That was sa great, it was ferly
 He had of mony a farre Countrie,
 With him good men of great bountie.
 Of France, and other Cheualry,
 He had into his company,
 The Erle of Henault als was there,
 And with him met that worthie were:
 Of Gasconyie, and of Almanyie,
 And of the worthiest of Brittanie:
 He had wight men, and well farrand,
 Armed cleanelly baith head and hand.
 Of England als the Cheualry,
 He had there gathered sa cleanelly,
 That nane were left might beapons weild,
 Or worthie were to seght in field.
 Of Wales als with him had he:
 And of Ireland a great Menye:
 Of Poytow, Aquitayne, and Bayoun:
 He had mony of great Renoun.
 Of Scotland he had yet then,
 A great Menye of worthy men.
 When altogidder assembled were,
 He had of seghters with him there,
 A hundzeth thousand men and ma:
 And fourtie thousand, were of tha,

Armed on horse, baith head and hand:
 And of tha yet were thre thousand,
 With barbed horse, in plait and maille,
 To make the front of the battailie.
 And fiftie thousand of Archers
 He had, withoutten hobillers,
 And men on foot, and small rangall
 That kepted harnesse, and bittall:
 He had sa felt it were serly.
 Of Carts als that yeed him by,
 Safeill, that by them that chargde were
 With Pauillionns, and that vessell bare,
 And apparell for chamber and hall,
 Fourescoze were charged with fetwall.
 They were sa feill, where that they rade,
 And their battells were sa bzade:
 And sa great rout held they there,
 That men that mekle Dast might see there,
 Quertoke the lands largely.
 Men might see there wha had bene by,
 Mony a worthie man and wight,
 And mony a armour gayly dight.
 And mony a sturdie stering stæde,
 Arraped ay into rich wæde.
 Mony Helmes, and Habertonnes,
 Shields, speares, and eke pennouns:
 And sa mony a comely knight.
 That it seemed into that fight,
 They could vanquish the world all hail.
 Why could I make so lang my tale?
 To Baruicke are they come ilkane,
 And some theretn hes Innes tane:
 And some lodged without the town,
 In Tents, and in Pauillion.

How Englishmen manassed at will
The Scots, and delt their lands till.

AND when the King his Dast hes sene,
Sa great, sa good men, and sa cleane:
He was right ioyfull in his thought:
And well supposed, that there were nought,
A King in World might him with stand,
Him thought all winnen to his hand.
And largely among his men,
The lands of Scotland dealt he then.
Of other mens lands large was he:
And they that were of his Penye,
Manassed the Scottishmen haillely,
With great words, and not for thy:
Or that they come to their intent,
Holles in haill claith sall be rent.

In ten battells the Englishmen
Were delt, and taught to Chiftanes then.

THE King throughe counsell of his men,
His folke delt into battells ten.
In ilke battell were ten thousand,
That thought they stailwardly sould stand
In battell, and sould hald their right.
And let not for their faes might,
He set Leaders to ilk battall,
That knawen were of good gouernall.
And to renouned Erles twa,
Of Glocester and Herfurde were tha,
He gaue the Vangard in leading,
With mony men at their bidding,
Ordained with full great array.
They were sa Cheualrous that thay

Crowed, gif they came to the fight,
 There sould na strength withstand their might:
 And the King when his Penye were
 Diuided into battells sear:
 His atone battell ordained he,
 And wha sould at his byde be.
 Sir Geiles the Argentine he set,
 Upon the ane side his renye to get:
 And of Wallance Sir Aymery:
 On other halfe that was woorthy.
 For into their soueraine bountie,
 ouer all the laue affyed he.

How all the Noble Cheualry,
 At EDINBURGH tooke harbery.

When the King vpon this wise,
 Had ordained, (as I here deuise)
 His battells and his rendowning:
 He raise earely in the mornning.
 And fra Barwicke they toke their way.
 Baith hilles and balleyes covered thay.
 And the battells there was sa brade,
 Departed ouer the hilles rade:
 The Sunne was bryght, and shined cleare:
 And armouris that bryght byrneist were,
 Sa blenked with the Sunnes beame:
 That all the land seemed in a leame,
 Banners right freshly flambeisghand,
 And Pensalls to the wind waiuand:
 Sa feill they were of seir Countreys,
 That it was wonder to deuise:
 And I sould tell all their affere,
 Their countenance and their manere,

Though I couth, I could cumbred be.
 The King with all his great Menye,
 To Edinburgh are they comen right.
 They were all out to feill to fight,
 With few folke of a simple land:
 Bot where God helpes, wha may withstand

How in this time assembled then,
 To King ROBERT hes certaine men.

The King Robert when he heard say.
 That Englishmen in sik array:
 And into sa great quantitie,
 Came in his land, in hy gart he
 All men he summonde priuily,
 And they came all full wilfully,
 To the Torwood, where that the King
 Had ordainde to make there meeting.
 Sir Edward the Bruce the worthy,
 Came with a full great company
 Of good men armed well, and dight:
 Hardy and forcy, for to fight.
 Walter Stewart of Scotland syne,
 That then was bot a beardless hyne,
 Came with a rout of Noble men:
 That men be countenance might them ken.
 And the good Lord Dowglas alwa,
 Brought with him men, I vndersta:
 That well were vsde into seghting,
 They sall the lesse haue abasing,
 Gif them beside in thzang to be:
 And ane auantage sall sooner se,
 For to attoney their faes might,
 Than men that bles not to fight.

The Erle of Murray with his men,
 Arrayed well came also then,
 Into good conuene for to fight:
 And wilfull to maintaine their right.
 Outtaken mony other Baroun,
 And Knights of full great Renoun,
 Came with their men full stalwardly.
 When they assembled were hailly,
 Offeghting men, I trow, they were?
 Threttie thousand, and somedeill mair,
 Withoutten carriage, and purall:
 That carried harnesse and bittall.
 Quier all the Daff yed the King,
 And beheld to their conténing:
 And saw that of full faire affere,
 And hardy countenance they were,
 By lyklynesse the maist Cotwart
 Seemed to doe full well his part.
 The King hes sene all their hauing,
 That knew them well into sik thing:
 And saw them all commonly,
 Of sikker countenance, and hardy:
 Without affray, or abasing,
 In his heart had he great lyking.
 And thought that men of sa great will,
 If they wald set their might theretill,
 Shold be full hard to win, per say.
 And as he met them in the way.
 He welcommed them with glad some faire,
 Speaking good words here and there.
 And they that their Lord saw blythly,
 Sa welcome them, and sa hamely,
 Joyfull they were, and thought that thay,
 Aught well to put them in assay

The Booke of King
Of hard seghting, and stalward stour,
For to maintaine well his honour.

The parting of the Scots men,
That in foure battells delt were then.

THE worthy King when he hes seene,
His Dast assembled all bedene:
And saw them wilfull to fulfill
His lyking with good heart, and will:
And to maintaine well his franchises,
He was ioyfull on many wise:
And called all his counsell priue:
And said them: Lords, now may ye see,
That Englishmen with meekle might,
Hes all disponed them to fight:
For they yone Castell wald reskelw.
Therefore is good we ordaine now,
How we may let them of purpose,
And sa fra them the wayes close:
That they passe not but great letting.
We haue here with vs at bidding,
Well thzettie thousand men and ma-
Make we foure battells of all tha,
And ordaine vs on sik manere:
That when our faes comes nere,
We to the new Parke hald our way,
For there behoues them passe, per say.
But gif they will beneth vs ga,
And ouer the Paras passe, and sa
We sall be at a vantage there.
And me thinke that right speedfull were,
To passe on foot to this seghting,
Armed bot in light arming.

For shap we vs on hoise to fight,
 Sen that our faes are mair of might,
 And better hoised than are we,
 We sould into great perill be.
 And gif we fecht on foot, per say,
 We sall be at a vantage ay.
 For in the Parke amang the trees,
 The hoisemen cumbred alwayes trees:
 And the Wyke also there down,
 Sall put them to confusioun.
 And they consented to that Saw:
 And then into a litle thralow,
 Their foure battells ozdained thay.
 And to the Erle Thomas, per say:
 He gaue the Vangarde in leading:
 For in his Noble governing,
 And in his hie Cheualry.
 They had affiance souerainely.
 And for to maintaine his Baner,
 Lords that of great worship were,
 Were assigned with their penyie,
 Within his battell for to be.
 The other battell was ginen to lead,
 To him that doughty was of dede,
 And praised als of Cheualry,
 That was Sir Edward the worthy.
 I trow he sall maintaine him sa,
 That how sa euer the gaming ga,
 His faes to penyie sall matter haue:
 And syne the thirde battell he gaue
 To Walter Stewart for to leade,
 And to Dowglas doughtie of dede:
 They were Cousins in nere degree:
 Therefore to him betought was he,

For he was young, and not for thy
 I trow, he sall sa manfully,
 Doe his deuoure, and worke sa well
 That men sall of his dædes tell.
 The seird battell the Noble King
 Toke in his atone gouerning:
 And had into his company,
 The men of Carrik baillely:
 And of Argyle and of Kintyre,
 And of the Isles, whereof was syze
 Angous of the Isles, and Boot allwa:
 And of the plaine lands he had ma,
 Of armed men a Noble rout.
 His battall stalward was and stout:
 He said, the Ræregard he wald ma,
 And euen befoze him sould ga
 The Vanguard, and on ather hand,
 The other Battells sould be gangand
 Behind on side a litle space.
 And the King that behind them was,
 Sould se where there was maist myster,
 And relieue them with his Baner.

How King ROBERT gart portes make,
 And couer them well, I vndertake.

The King that was baith wight, and wise,
 And right attentine at deuise:
 And hardy als attour all thing.

Ordained his men for the seghting.
 And on the morne on Satterday,
 The King heard his discurreours say:
 That Englishmen with mekle might,
 Had lyen at Edinburgh that night.
 Therefore withoutten mair delay,
 He to the New Parke held his way:

With all that in his leading were,
 And in the Parke them harbored there:
 And in a plaine field by the way,
 Where he thought they behoued haue way
 The Englishmen gif that they wold
 Through the Parke to the Castell hald:
 He gart men mony Pots ma,
 Of a foot-bzade round, and all tha
 Were deepe, vp to a mans knée:
 And sa thicke, that they might likned be,
 To a war kame with Bés made.
 And then the Pots they covered had
 With stiches, and with gerse all gréne,
 Sa that they might not well be sene.
 On Sunday syne in the morning,
 Well sone after the Sun-rising,
 They heard the Masse all reuerently.
 And mony shraue them full deuoutly:
 That thought to die into that melle,
 Or then to make their Countrie frée.
 To GOD for their right prayed thay,
 Where dynd nane of them that day,
 Bot for the Wigile of Sanct Iohn,
 They fasted water, and bread ilkone.
The King when that the Masse was done,
 Went for to see the Pots sone:
 And at his lyking saw them made,
 On ather side the way well bzade.
 It was possed (as I haue tauld)
 Gif that their faes on horse wold hauld,
 Forth on the way, I trow they sall
 Not all escape withoutten fall:
 Thronghout the Dast then gart he cry,
 That all should arme them hastily.

And buske them on their best maner.
 And when that all assembled wer.
 He gart array them so2 to fight,
 And syne ouer all gart cry on hight,
 That wha sa ener he were, that sand
 His heart not sikker so2 to stand,
 To win all, o2 die with honour,
 Fo2 to maintaine that stalward flour:
 That he betime sould take his way:
 And nane sould dwell with him bot thay,
 That wald stand with him to the end,
 And take the grace that GOD wald send.
 Then all answered with ane cry,
 And with ane voyce said generally,
 That nane so2 dout of dead sould faile,
 While discomfist were the haill battaille.

How the King sent fra him all haill,
 His small folke, cariage, and vittail.

When the good King hes heard his men
 Sa hardely answeere him then:
 Saying, that nouthet dead nor dread,
 To sik discomfort sould them lead:
 That they sould eschew the seghting:
 In heart he had great reioycing.
 Fo2 him though men of sik hauing,
 Sa good, sa hardy, and sa syne,
 Sould well in battell beld their right,
 Against men of full mekle might.
 Syne all the small folke, and purail,
 He sent with harnesse, and vittail,
 Into the Parke right far him fra,
 And gart them fra the battell ga.

And as he bade, they went their way,
 Twentie thousand nére were thay.
 They held their way to a balley:
 Out of the sight of the great battell.
 Of men of armes wight and hardy:
 The King left with a cleane Menye:
 That were togidder twentie thousand,
 That I trow salwardly sall stand,
 And doe their denoure as they aw.
 They stand then raynged on a raw,
 Ready for to byde battailie,
 Gif any folke wald them assailie.

How the King bade the Erle MURRAY,
 To keepe beside the Kirke the way.

The King then gart them busked be:
 For he wist into certaintie,
 That Englishmen with mækle might
 Had lyen at the Falkirk that night.
 And syne to him the way all straight
 Held, with their men of mækle might.
 Therefore to his Peny had he
 The Erle of Murray with his Menye,
 Beside the Kirk to keepe the way:
 That nane sould passe that gaitte, per say,
 Without debate to the Castell:
 And he said, that himselte sould well
 Kepe the entrie with his battaile,
 Gif that any wald there assaile:
 And syne his brother Sir Edward,
 And young Walter the good Steward,
 And the Lord Dowglas allwa,
 With their Menye god tent sould sa,

Whilke of them had maist myſter,
 Should helpe with them that with them wer,
 The King then ſent Iames of Dowglas,
 And Sir Robert of Keith, that was
 Marshall of all the Daſt in ſce,
 The Engliſhmens comming ſoꝝ to ſce:
 And they lap on withoutten bade,
 Well hoꝝſed men with them they had:
 And ſone the great Daſt haue they ſcene:
 Where ſhields ſhining were ſa ſhene,
 And Balnets byꝛniſhed ſa bzight:
 That gaue againſt the Sunne ſik light
 They ſaw ſa mony browdꝛed Baners,
 Standerds, and Penſalls vpon ſpeates:
 And ſa feill Knights vpon Steedes,
 All flaꝛming in their ſoly wædes:
 And ſa feill battelts and ſa bzade,
 And toke ſa great rowme as they rade,
 That the maist Daſt and the beſt,
 Of Chꝛiſtendome, and the lykeliſt:
 Should be abated ſoꝝ to ſce,
 Their ſaes into ſik quantitie,
 And ſa arrayed ſoꝝ to fight.
 When their diſcurreours had fight
 Of their ſaes (as I heard ſay)
 Toward the King they toke their way:
 And tauſd him into pꝛinitie,
 The multitude, and the beaufie
 Of their ſaes. that came ſa bzade:
 And of the great might that they had.
 Then the King bade, that they ſould ma
 A countenance as it were ſwa,
 Bot bade them into common ſay,
 That they came in to ill array,

To comfort his men through that wise:
 For oft times of a word may rise
 Discomfort, and tynfall withall:
 And als well through a word may fall,
 Comfort may rise, and hardement,
 To gar men come to their intent:
 And on the same wise did it heare.
 Their comfort and their hardy cheare,
 Comforted them sa gretumly:
 That of their Dast the least hardy,
 By countenance wald formess be,
 For to begin the great melle.

How with a hundreth the Erle MURRAY
 To aught hundreth battell gaue.

Vpon this wise the Noble King,
 Came to his men great comforting:
 Through hardy countenance, and cheare,
 That he made on sa good manere.
 They thought that na mischiese might be
 Sa great, with thy they might him see
 Before them, that sould sa engrene,
 Bot his worchip sould them relieue.
 His worchip them comforted sa,
 And countenance that he did ma.
 That the maist Coward was hardy.
 On other halfe full sturdely,
 The Englishmen in sik array,
 As ye haue heard me sorow say:
 Came with their battells appproching,
 Their Baners to the wind waining.
 And when they commen were sa nere:
 That bot twa myle betwixt them were,
 They chused a ioly company,
 Of wight men armed tolely,

On faire

On faire Coursers armed at right,
 And great Lords of meekle might,
 There was Capitane of that rout:
 The Lord Clyffurd that was sa stout,
 Was of them all soueraigne leader,
 Aught hundzeth armed I trow they wer.
 They were all young men and ioly,
 Parning for to doe Cheualry:
 The best of all the East were thay,
 Of countenance, and of array:
 They were the fairest company,
 That men might find of sa mony.
 To the Castell they thought to fare.
 For gif that they might well come there,
 They thought it sould rescued be:
 Forth on their way held this Denpie,
 And toward Struiling held their way:
 Beneath the Parke eschewed thay,
 For they wist well the King was there,
 And beneath the Parke sa can they fare:
 Under the Kirk into a rout.
 The Erle Thomas that was sa stout,
 When he saw them sa take the Plaine,
 In full great by went them againe,
 With ans hundzeth withouten ma,
 Annoyed in his heart, and wa:
 That they sa far were passed by.
 For the King had him said rudely,
 That a Role of his Chaiplet
 Was fallen: for he was set
 To keepe the way tha men were pass,
 Therefore he hasted him sa fast,
 That comen into short time was he,
 In the plaine field, with his Denpie.

For he thought that he could amend,
 That he trespassed had, or then end.
 And when the Englishmen him saw,
 Come on withouten dread or aw:
 And take so hardely the plaine,
 In by they went then him againe:
 And strake with spurres the stedes sight,
 That bare them euen, and hard, and sight,
 And when the Erle saw that Mervie
 Come so stoutly, to his men said he,
 Be not abashed for their thore,
 Bot set your speares you befoze:
 And backe to backe set all your rout,
 And all your speare points out.
 That gate defend vs best may we,
 Enuiconed with them gif we be.
 And as he bade, so haue they done.
 And the other came on all sone:
 Befoze them all there came pickand,
 A knight hardy of heart, and hand:
 And was a well great Lord at hame,
 Sir William the Hawcourt was his name:
 And preiked at them so hardely,
 And they met him so sturdely,
 That he, and horse were baith borne down,
 And slaine right there without ransoun.
 With Englishmen greatly was he
 Deened that day for his bountie.
 The laue came on full sturdely,
 Bot none of them so hardely
 Rushed among them as old he.
 Bot with far maiestee,
 They assembled all in a rout:
 And enuironde them all about.

And to the enemies in that tyde,
Hauē with speares wounds wyde
To their hōse that came them nēre:
And they that riding on them were,
That were bozne downe, lossed their līnes:
And als speares, darts, and knīues,
And weapons bpon seire maner,
Best among them that seghting were,
They defended them sa worzhely,
That their faes had great ferly:
Foz some wald shot out of their rout.
And of them that assailpyed about,
Sticked stēdes, and bare downe men.
The Englishmen sa rudely then,
Best among them swozds and speares,
That inwith them a mountpynd was
Of weapons that there warped were.
The Erlc and his men thus saught there,
At great mischiefe, as I heard say.
Foz fewer by full far were thay:
Foz their faes them all about,
Were enuironde, where many rout
Were raught them full despitteously.
Their faes demained them straitly.
On ather side they were sa stab,
Foz the great bargane that they had,
Foz seghting, and foz sunnes heate,
That all their flesh with sweate was weat:
And sik a stēw raise ouer them then,
Of bzeathing, baith of hōse and men,
And of powder, that sik myzknes,
Into the aire abone them wes,
That it was wonder foz to see
They were in great perplexitie:

Bot with great trauell not for thy
 They them defended manfully:
 And set baith will, strength and might,
 To rush their faes into that fight,
 That them remained angerly.
 Bot gif GOD helpe them hastely,
 They sall their fill haue of seghting.
 Bot when the Noble renouned King,
 With other Lords that were him by,
 Saw the Erle sa abandounly,
 Toke plaine field, James of Dowglas,
 Came to the King where that he was.
 And said, Sir, ah, Sancta Mary,
 The Erle of Murray openly
 Takes the plaine field with his Menyle:
 He is in perill, bot he be
 Soone helped: for his faes are ma
 Than he, and horsed well alswa.
 And with your leane, I will me speed
 To helpe him, for he hes great need,
 All enuironde with his faes is he.
 The King said, sa our Lord me see,
 Ane sot to him salt thou not ge:
 Gif he well does, let him well sa,
 Whether him happen to win or lose,
 I will not for him breake purpose.
 Certes (said he) I may na wise,
 See that his faes him supplise,
 When that I may set helps theretill.
 With your liene, sickerly I will
 Helpe him, or die into the paine:
 Doe then, and speed the sone againe.
 The King said, and he held his way,
 Gif he may come in time, per say.

I trow that he sall helpe sa well,
That all his saes fall it seale.

How the King slew Sir HENRIE BOWM,
With his handaxe, and strake him down.

NOW Dowglas forth his way tane hes,
And in that same time fell through care:
That the King of England, when he
Was comen with his great Menye,
Pere to the place where I said aie,
Where Scots men assembled were:
He gart arrest all his battell,
And also for to take counsell.
Whether they wald harbrie them that night,
Or then but maie ga to the fight.
The Vanguard then that wist nothing,
Of his arrest, nor his dwelling,
Rade to the Parke all straight their way,
But stinting into good array.
And when the King wist that they were
In haill battell comming sa nere,
His battell gart he well array.
Himselfe rade on a gray Palsray
Proper and ioly, arrayand
His battell, with an axe in hand:
And on his Basnet heght he bare,
An batte with Carbuncle ap where,
And thereupon into takinning
An hie Crowne, that he was King.
And when Glocester and Harefurde were,
In haill battell comming sa ners:
Before them all there came ryband,
With helme on head, and speare in hand,

Sir Henric the Bowme that was worthy,
 That was a Knight and hardy:
 And to the Erle of Harefurde Cousine,
 Armed in armours good and fine:
 Came on a Steede a bowshot néere,
 Before all other that there were:
 And knew the King, for that he saw
 Him sa arraying his men on row:
 And by the Crowne also was set,
 Abone his head on the Basnet:
 And toward him he went in hy.
 And when the King sa apleitly,
 Saw him come forth befoze his Fères:
 In hy to him the Steed he steeres,
 And when Sir Henric saw the King
 Come on withoutten abasing,
 To him he rade in full great hy:
 And thought that he shold well lightly
 Win him, and have him at his will,
 Sen he him saw horsed sa ill:
 They spent togidder in a king.
 Sir Henric missed the Noble King:
 And he that in his stirrops stood,
 With are that was baith hard and good,
 With sa great mane raught him a dynt,
 That neither hat, nor helme might stynt
 The beaue dynt that he him gaue:
 The head right to the harness clau.
 The hand are shalt fashed in twa,
 And he doone to the eird can ga
 All flatlings, for him failed might.
 This was the first stroke of the fight,
 That was performed doughtely:
 And when the Kings men sa stoutly

Saw him euen at the first meeting,
 Withouten dout or abasing,
 Hane slaine a Knight euen at a stroke:
 Slik hardement thereat they take,
 That they come on right hardely.
 And when the Englishmen stoutly
 Them saw come on, had slik abasing,
 Specially for that the King,
 So stoutly that good Knight had slaine,
 Then they withdrew them everilkane.
 They durst not then abide the fight,
 So dzed they for the Kings might.
 And when the Kings men them saw,
 So in haill battell them withdrew,
 A great shout to them can they make,
 And they in by gaue all the backe.
 And they that folloved, then hys slaine
 Some of them that they haue ouertane:
 Bot they were few, the sooth to say,
 Their horse fete had them all away,
 Except some part that died there,
 Rebuted filthily they were,
 They rade their way with well mair shame,
 By far, then when they came fra hame.
When that the King repaired was,
 And gart his men leaue all the chase,
 The Lords of his company,
 Blamed him, as they durst greatly,
 That he put him in auenture,
 To meeete sa Marke a Knight and Cure.
 In slik point as he then was seene:
 For they said, it might haue bene
 Cause of their tynfall everilkane.
 The King answere hys made right nane,

Bot méened his hand, are shaft, that sa
was broken with that stroke in twa.

The Erle Thomas was yet seghtand,
With his faes on ather hand:

And slew of them a quantitie,

Bot weary was his men and he.

The whilk with weapons sturdely

Themselves defended manfully

While the Lord Dowglas came néere,

That sped him on great manére.

And Englishmen that were seghting,

When they the Dowglas saw comming,

Enanishing made an opening,

Sir James Dowglas by their réeling

Knew, that they were discomfist néere:

Then bade he them that with him were,

Stand still, and preasse na farthermare.

For they that ponder seghting are,

He said, that they are of sa great bountie,

That their faes all sone sall be

Discomfist, thzough their awne might,

Though na man helpe them for to fight.

And come we now to the seghting,

When they are at discomfisting,

Men sould say, we them rescued had:

And then sould they that cause had made,

With great travell, and hard seghting,

Lose a great part of their losing.

And it were sinne to lose his prise,

That of ilk soueraigne bountie is,

That he thzough plaine and hard seghting,

Hes here enchainèd unlikly thing:

He sall haue that he winnen hes.

The Erle loith that that seghting was,

When he his faes saw rolling sa,
 In hy upon them can he ga.
 And pceased them sa wonder fast,
 With hard strakes: while at the last,
 They fled, and durst abide na maice:
 Horse and men baith left they there.
 And held their way in full great hy,
 Not altogidder, bot sinderly.
 And they that were ouertane, were slaine:
 The laue fled to their Dast againe,
 Of their tynfall sooy and wa.
 The Erle that had him helped sa,
 And his men als that were weary,
 Hints off their Bafnets in hy,
 To draw their breath: for they were haitt,
 They were all hailling into Swait.
 They seemed men, forsooth, I hight:
 That had sended their faes in sight:
 And sa did they full doughtely.
 They said of all their company,
 That there was bot a some few slane:
 Then loued they GOD, and were full fane,
 And blyth, that they escaped sa:
 Toward the King then can they ga.
 To him well sone they comen are:
 He asked them of their wellfare,
 And glad some cheare to them he made:
 For they sa well them borne had.
 Then all ran into great daintie,
 The Erle of Murray for to see.
 Sa fast they ranne to see him there:
 That nere hand all assembled were.
 And when the good King can them see,
 Befoze him all assembled be,

Wlyth and glad, that their faes were
 rebuted vpon that maner.

A litle whyle he held them still.

Syne on this wise, he said them till.

How that the King comforted his men,
 That twyse their faes rebuted had then.

LOrdings, we ought to loffe, and loue,
 Almighty GOD that lities aboue:
 That send vs la faire beginning.

It is a great discomforting

To our faes, that on this wise,

Ha some hys beene rebuted twise.

For when they of their Dast sall heare,

And knaw the sooth, on what manere:

Their Vanguard that was sa stout,

And syne yone other ioly rout:

That I trow of the best men were,

That they might find among them there,

Were rebuted sa suddenly,

I trow, and knathes it all clearly:

That mony a heart sall wauietig be,

That seemed befoze of great bourtis.

And fra the heart be discomfite,

The body is not worth a mite.

Therefoze, I trow, that god ending,

Shall follow to our beginning:

And yet I say not this you till:

For that ye sould fulfill my will

To fecht: for in yon it sall be.

And gif ye thinke speedfull that we

Fecht, we sall fecht: and gif ye will

We leaue, your lykig to fulfill,

I sall consent in ilk wise
 To doe, right as ye will deuise.
 Therefore say on your will plainely.
 Then with a voyce all can they cry,
 Good King, withoutten mair delay.
 The mozne als sone as ye se day,
 Ordaine you haill for the battaile,
 For dout of deid we sall not faile,
 For na paine sall refused be,
 While we haue maide our countrie free.

When the King heard them sa manly,
 Speake to the thing, and sa haskely:
 Saying, that nouthur life, nor deid,
 To sik discomfort sould them lead:
 That they sould eschew the seghting,
 In heart he had great reioycing:
 And to him great gladship can ta.
 And said, Lordings, sen ye will sa,
 Shape we vs then in the mozning:
 Sa that we by the Sunrissing
 Haue heard Masse, and be busked well,
 Ilke man in his awne battell:
 Without our Panillions arrayed
 Ilk man with his Baner displayed:
 And loke on na wise ye breake array,
 And as ye loue me, I you pray,
 That ilk man for his awne honour,
 Purcay him a good gouernour.
 And when it comes vnto the fight,
 Ilk man set will, heart and might,
 To stynt our faes mækle pride.
 They'llall on horse arrayed ryde,
 And come on vs in full great hye,
 Mæte them with speares sturdely:

And thinke then you on the mækle ill,
 That they and theirs haue done vs till:
 And are in will yet soz to doe,
 Gif they haue might to come thereto.
 And Certes me thinke well that we
 Without abasing ought to be
 Worthye, and of great bassalage,
 For we haue thre faire auantage.
 The first is, that we haue the right,
 And soz the right ay GOD will fight.
 The other is, that they comen are here,
 Through lipning in their great power,
 To seeke vs in our alone land:
 And hes bzought here euen to our hand,
 Riches into sa great plentie,
 That the pzoess of you all sall be
 Baith mightie and rich therewithall,
 Gif that we winne, as well may fall.
 The third is, that we soz our lines,
 And soz our childezen, and our wines,
 And soz our freedome, and our land.
 Are strenpyed in battell soz to stand.
 And they soz their might anerly,
 And soz they set of vs lightly:
 And soz they wald destroy vs all,
 Makes them to feght, bot yet may fall,
 That they sall reu the barganing.
 And Certes, I warne you of aue thing,
 Gif happen them, as GOD soz bid,
 For to preuaile into this lãd,
 Sa that they winne vs all plainely,
 They sall of vs haue na mercy.
 And sen we knaw their felloun will,
 We thinke it could accoꝝd to skill,

To set stoutnesse against felony,
 And that gaite make a leopardy.
 Wherefore I you requyre, and pray:
 That with all might that ever ye may,
 But Cowardise or abasing,
 Ye please you at the beginning,
 To méete them that fall first assemble:
 So stoutly, that the hindmost tremble.
 And thinke vpon your great manhode,
 Your worship and your doughtie dede:
 And on the top that we abide,
 Gif that vs fall, as well may tide,
 Hap for to vanquish the great battailie.
 Into our hands withoutten failie,
 We beare honour, praise, and riches,
 Freedome, and welth, and all blythnesse,
 Gif ye contéene you manfully.
 And in the contrare, all haitlely
 Shall falle, gif ye let Cowardise,
 Or wickednesse your heart supprise.
 Ye might haue liued into thraldome:
 Bot for ye yarned to haue freedome:
 Ye are assembled here with me,
 Therefore its needfull that we be
 Worthy, and wight but abasing.
 And I warne you well of aue thing,
 That maike mischief may fall vs nane.
 Nor in their hands to be tane.
 For they shuld sla vs (I wote well)
 Euen as they did my brother Neill.
 Bot when I thinke on your stoutnesse,
 And on the many great prowesse:
 That ye haue done so worthely,
 I traist, and troves it sikkertly,

To haue plaine victorie into this fight.
 For though your faes be mekle of might,
 They haue the wzang and succowdye,
 And couets wzangous benycesye,
 And the strength of this place ye see,
 Shall let vs environed for to be.
 And I pray you all specialy,
 Baith mair and lesse commonly:
 That nane of you for gredinesse,
 Haue eye to take of their riches:
 For yet Prisoners to sa,
 While ye see them arraped sa:
 And that the field ours plainely be.
 Then at our lykynge sa may we
 Take all the riches that there is.
 If ye will worke vpon this wise:
 Ye shall haue victorie sikerly.
 I wate not what mair say shall I:
 Bot ye wate all what honour is:
 Contene you, that on ilk a wise,
 That your honour ay saued be.
 And I heght here in my latotie,
 If ony dies in the battailie,
 His land frely but Take or Tallye,
 On the first day his aires shall wele,
 Though he be neuer sa young of esle.
 Now make you ready for the fight:
 GOD helpe vs, that is maist of might.
 I reede, armed all night we be,
 Puruayed in battell, sa that we
 To meete our faes all be boun.
 Then answered they all with one soun:
 As ye deuise all shall be done.
 Then to their Innys went they sone,

And ordainde them for the seghting.
 Synne assembled in the Euening:
 And that gaite all the night they lay,
 While on the morne that it was day.

When the Clyffurde, as I heard aire,
 And all his rout rebated were:
 And the great Mangard alswa,
 Were disrenpyed the backe to fa.
 And they had tauld their rebuting,
 They of the Mangard, how the King
 Slew at ane Strake sa apertly,
 A Knight that wight was, and hardy.
 And how the Kings battl battaile
 Shupe them sa stoutly to assaile,
 And Sir Edward the Bruce alswa,
 When they all hail the backe can fa:
 And how they left had of their men.
 And Clyffurd als had tauld him then,
 How Thomas Randell toke the Plaine,
 With a few folke how he bes flaine
 Sir William Haward the worthy,
 And how the Erle saught manfully,
 That asa Hurcheoun all his rout
 Cart set out speares them about.
 And how that they were put againe,
 And ane part of their god-men flaine.
 The Englisshmen sik abasing
 Toke, and sik dzead of that tything,
 That in fise hundzeth places and ma,
 Together wald they rowning ga,
 And said, our Lords for their might,
 Will all gaites seght against the right:
 Bot wha makes wores wanganously,
 They offend GOD all too greatly,

And they

And they may happen to misfaile,
 And sa may happen here, we fall.
 And when their Lords had percetuing
 Of that discomfozt, and that rowning,
 That they yed togidder twa and twa.
 Throughtout the Daft then can they ga.
 To gar Heraulds some make a cry,
 That nane discomfozted sould be:
 For in ieopardies is oft happenynne,
 Whyles to win, and whyles to tyne.
 And that into the great battailie,
 That vpon na maner may failie:
 Bot gif the Scots see their way,
 Shall all amended be, per say,
 Therefore they monisht them to be
 Of great woztchip, and great bountie:
 And stoutly in the battell stand,
 And take a mends at their owne hand.
 They may well monish as they will,
 And they may heght als to fulfill,
 With stalward heart their bidding all:
 Bot not for thy, I trow they sall
 Into their hearts breeding be.
 The King with his counsell pryncle,
 Hes tane to read that he wald noght
 Feght while the mozne, bot he were saugh.
 Therefore they harbzed them that night,
 Downe in the Kerse, and gart all dight,
 And make ready all their apparell
 Against the morne for the battell.
 For in the Kerse: Duilles were.
 Houses, and thacke, they bzake, and bare
 To make bziggess where they might passe.
 And some men sayes, the folke that was

In the Castell, when night can fall,
 When that they knew their mischiefe all:
 They went forth all that ever there were,
 And doores and windowes with them bare:
 So that they had before the day,
 Bigged the Poles: so that they
 Were passed ouer them euersikane,
 And the hard field on horse bes tanc.
 All readie for to gine battell,
 Arrayed into their apparell.

The Scottish men when that it was day,
 Their Masse deuoutly heard haue thay.
 Syne toke a sop, and made them paret:
 And when that they assembled were,
 And in their battells all puruayed,
 And their brade Baners all displayed,
 They made Knights, as it affores,
 To men that bles tha mystreres.
 The King made Walter Stewart Knight
 And James Dowglas that was wight,
 And others als of great bountie,
 He made ilkane in their degree.
 When this was done, as I pon say,
 Then went they forth in good array,
 And toke the plaine field aperly.
 Many wight man, good and hardy,
 They were fulfilled of great bountie,
 Men might into that rout there see.
 The Englishmen on other party,
 That right as Angells shine brightly,
 Were not arrayed on ilk maner,
 For all their battells togither wer
 In a shiltum: bot whidder it was,
 Throug great straitnes of the place,

That they were in, to byde seghting:
 O, then it was for abasing,
 I wate not, bot in a schiltrum,
 It seemed they were all and some,
 Except the Vanguard alanerly,
 That with a right great company,
 By themselves arrayed were.
 What had bene by, might haue scene there
 What folke ouertake a meikle field
 On breadth, where many a shining shield,
 And many a bynnyght bright armour,
 And many man of great valour,
 And many a Banner bright and shene.
 Might in that great schiltrum be scene.
 And when the King of England,
 Saw Scottisshmen sa take on hand,
 To take the plaine field sa openly,
 Upon foot, he thought ferly:
 And said, what? will yon Scottisshmen fight?
 Yea stikkerly, Sir, said a Knight,
 Sir Ingrame the Vnfrayle heght he:
 And said, forsooth, Sir, now I see,
 Bot dread the maist marueilous sight
 That euer I saw: wherene for to fight.
 The Scottissh men sa few hes tane on hand,
 Against the haill might of England,
 On plaine hard field to giue battell:
 Bot gif ye will trow my counsell,
 Ye sall discomfite them lightly.
 Ye sall withdraw you hyne suddenly,
 With battells, Banners and Pennons,
 While that we passe our Pavillions:
 And ye sall see allone that thay,
 Agre their Lord, sall breake array.

And skail then our harnesse to ta.
 And when we skailled see them sa,
 Pickle we on them then hardely:
 And we sall haue them well lightly.
 For then sall nane be knit to fight,
 That may withstand our meekle might.
 I will not (said the King) persay
 Doe sa: for there sall na man say,
 That I should eschew the battell,
 For withdraw me for sik hangall.

The meeting of the great battailie,
 Where Scots defend, and English failie.

When this was said, that heare say I,
 The Scottishmen right reuerently
 Kneeled all downe, to GOD to pray:
 And a short prayer then made they
 To GOD, to helpe them in their fight.
 And when the English King had sight
 Of them kneeling, he said, in hy
 Yone folke kneeles to aske mercy.
 Sir Ingrame said ye say soth now,
 They aske mercy, bot not at you:
 For their trespassse to GOD they cry.
 I tell you ene thing sickerly.
 That yone men will win all, or die:
 For dout of dead they will not lie.
 Now be it sa, then said the King:
 And then but langer delaving,
 They gart come to the assembleie.
 On ather side then men might see,
 Mony a worthy man and hardy,
 Ready to doe great Cheualry.

Thus were they boun on ather side:
 And Englishmen with mekle pride,
 That were into the Vanguard,
 To the battell that Sir Edward
 Governed and led, held straight their way,
 The horse with spurres hardned they,
 And pricked on them hardely.
 And they met them right hardely:
 So that at their assembling there,
 Sik a frushing of speares were:
 That far away men might it heare.
 At that meeting withouten wære,
 Where stedes kicked mony ane:
 And mony Knight bozne downe, and slain:
 And mony a hardy met doughtely,
 Where they escaped full hardly.
 They dang on other with weapons seire.
 Some of the horse that kicked were,
 Rushed and reilled right rudely:
 Bot the remnand not for thy.
 That might come to the assembling,
 For all that made na stinting:
 Bot assembled right hardely.
 And they met them right hardely,
 With speares that were sharpe to there,
 And axes that well grounden were,
 Therewith raught was mony a rout:
 The fight was there sa fell and stout,
 That mony a worthie man and twicht,
 Through force was felled in that fight,
 That had na might to rise againe.
 The Scottisshmen fast can them paine,
 Their saes mekle might to frush:
 I trow, they sall na paine refuse,

For perills, while their faces be,
Set in well hard perplexitie.

The Erle of MURRAY with his battailie,
Came on stoutly but ony failie.

And when the Erle of Murray sa
Their Vanguard saw sa stoutly ta
The way, to Sir Edward all straight,
That met them with full meekle might.
He held his way with his Baner,
To the great rout, where togidder were
The nine battells that were sa brade.
Sa feill Baners with them they had,
And of men sa great quantitie:
That it was wonder for to see.
The good Erle hidder toke the way,
With his battell in good array:
And assembled sa hardily,
That men might heare that had bene by,
A great frush of the speares that brast:
For their faces assailied fast,
That on the Steedes with meekle pride,
Came picking, as they wald oner ride
The Erle, and all his company:
Bot they met them sa sturdely,
That mony of them to cird thir bare,
And mony a Steed was stiked there:
And feill good men felled vnder feet,
That had na power to rise yet.
There men might see an hard battaille,
And some defend, and some assaille:
And mony a rumble great and red,
Be caught there on ather side,

While thzough the byznicht breast the blood,
That on the eird in streames rood.
The Erle of Murray and his men,
Sa stoutly them conténced then:
That they wan place ay maire and maire,
On their faes, the whilkis were,
Ay ten for ane, or ma, per say.
Sa that it séemed well that they
Where tynt amang sa fell Henrye,
As they were plunged in the sea,
And when the Englishmen hes séene
The Erle. and all his men bedéene,
Feght sa stoutly but affraying,
Right as they had nane abasing.
They pzeassed them fast with all their might:
And they with speaces and swords bzight,
And ares that right sharply share,
In middes the visage met them there:
Where men might sée a stalward flour,
And mony men of great balour,
With speaces, pallas, and with knives,
And other weapons wisell lues:
Sa that mony fell dothane all dead.
The gerste wort of the blood all red.
The Erle that wight was and woorthy,
And his men saught sa manfully:
That wha sa had them séene that day,
I troto forsooth, that he could say,
That they their deuoure did full well:
Sa that their faes could it séle.

HOW WALTER STEWART & DOWGLAS,
Came with their battell that worthy was.

When that thir tua battells were,
Assembled, as I said you airc:
The Stewart Walter that then was,
And good Sir James of Dowglas,
In a battell when they saw,
The Erle withoutten dread or aw,
Assembled with his company,
On all tha folke sa sturdely,
For to helpe him they held their way,
With their battell in good array:
And assembled sa hardely,
Beside the Erle a little by:
That their saes felt their comring well.
For with weapons stalward of stele,
They dang on them with all their might,
Their saes receined them well I hight,
With swords, speares, and with Mas.
The battell there sa felloun was,
And als sa great spilling of blood:
While on the erd the streames yode.
The Scottisshmen sa well them bare,
And sa great slaughter made they there:
And fra sa feill their liues they rest,
That all the field was bloodie left:
That time that the thre battells were.
All side for side, seghting well nere:
Then might men heare mony a dint,
And weapons upon armours tint.
And sa ouer tumbled knights and stades,
And mony ane rich in Royall weedes,

Defouled foully vnder fete:
 Some held on loſt, ſome lynt the ſwaet.
 A lang time thus they faught, and were
 That men na noyle, noz cry might heare:
 There was nocht els bot graines and dints,
 They ſtrooke the ſire as men on flints:
 They faught ilkane ſa egerly,
 That they made nouthir noyle noz cry:
 Bot dang on other with their might,
 With weapons that were byrneiſt bzight:
 The arrowes als ſa thicke they ſlaw,
 That men might ſay well that them ſaw,
 That they an hiddeous ſhout can ma.
 For where they ſell, I vnderſta,
 They leſt eſter them takinning,
 That needed (as I trow) læching.
 The Engliſh Archers ſhot ſa faſt,
 That gif their ſhot might haue had laſt,
 It had bene hard to Scottiſhmen.
 Bot King Robert that can well ken,
 That their Archers were perilous:
 And their ſhot hard and grieuous,
 Ordained befoze the aſſemblye,
 His Marſhall, with a great Penye-
 Five hundred armed into ſtele:
 That on light hoſe were hoſed well,
 To pricke among the Archers,
 And ſa aſſailie them with ſpeares:
 That they na leaſure had to ſhote.
 His Marſhall that I hereof mute:
 That Sir Robert of Keith was calde,
 (As I befoze haue to you tauld)
 When he ſaw the battells ſa
 Aſſembled, and togidder ga,

And saw the Archers shoot stoutly,
 Then with them of his company,
 In hy among them can he ryde,
 And overtooke them at a side,
 And rushed among them sa rudely,
 Striking them sa despitteously:
 And in sik fusioun dushing them down,
 And slaying them without ransoun:
 That they them skailed everilkane.
 And fra that time forth there were nane,
 That assembled thicke shot to ma:
 When Scottis Archers saw it was sa,
 They were rebuted, they wort hardy,
 And with all their might shot egerly,
 Among the horsemen that there rade,
 And wounds wyde to them they made:
 And slew of them a well great deill,
 And bure them hardely and well:
 For fra their faes Archers were,
 Skailed, as I said to you aire,
 That ma than they were by great thing.
 So that they dyed not their shooting,
 They wort sa hardy, that they thought,
 They sould set all their faes at nought.

The Marshall and his company
 Was yet (as to you aire said I)
 Among the Archers, where they made
 With speares rowme, where euer they rade,
 And slew all that they might overta:
 For they right lightly might doe sa:
 For they had not ane strake to dynt,
 Nor for to hald againe a dynt,
 Against armed men into the fight,
 May naked men haue litle might,

They skailled them on sik maner,
 That some to their great battell wer
 Withdrawen then, in full great hy:
 And some were fled alluterly.
 Bot the folke that behind them was,
 That for their owne folke had na place,
 Yet then to come to the seghting,
 Againe right smertly can them ding.
 The Archers that they met fléxing,
 That then was made right recreéing:
 That their hearts were tynt cleanly,
 Itrow, they sall not skaith greatly
 The Scottish men with shot that day:
 And the god King Robert that ay
 Was filled full of great bountie,
 Saw how that his battells thre
 Sa hardely assembled were,
 And in the fight sa well them bare,
 And sa fast on their faes can ding:
 That him thought nane had abasing.
 And how the Archers were skailled then,
 He was all blyth: and to his men
 He said, Lordings, now loke that ye
 Worthle, and of god comfort be,
 At this assemble, and hardy.
 And assemble you sa hardely,
 That nathing may befoze you stand:
 Our men sa fiercely are seghtand,
 That they their faes hes cumbred sa:
 That be they preassed, I underta
 A little faster, ye sall sé
 That they discomfist some sall be.
 Now ga we on them sa hardely,
 And ding on them sa daughtely:

That they may seele at our comming,
That we them hate in mekle thing:
For great cause they haue vs made,
That occupied our lands bzade,
And put all to subiection:
Your goods made all theirs common:
Our kyn and friends for their awne,
Despitteously hanged and drawne:
And wald destroy vs gif they might,
Bot I trow, GOD thzough his foresight,
This day hes granted vs his grace,
To wreke vs on them in this place.
When this was said, they held their way,
And on ane side assembled they
So stontly, that at their meeting,
Their faes were rushed a great thing:
Their men might see them fiercely fight:
And they that worthie were and wight,
Doe mony a worthie bassalage.
They fought as they were in a rage:
For when the Scots archery
Saw their faes so sturdely,
Stand in the battell them againe,
With all their might, and all their maine,
They laid on as men out of wit:
And where they with full strake might hit,
There might na armour synt their strake,
They frushed all they might ouertake:
And with axes sik dushes gaue,:
That they heades and helmes clane.
And their faes right hardely
Met them, and dang on doggedly,
With weapons that were syth of steele.
There was a battell right cruell.

sa great dinging there was of dynts,
As weapons vpon armours stynts:
And of speares ilk bristling,
And ilk thzang, and ilk thzisting:
Sik graining, girning, that was sa great,
And nople: that they can other beat:
Crying Ensenyics on ilk side,
Giuing and taking wounds wide,
That it was hiddeous for to heare:
All the four battells with that were
Feghting in a front haily,
O mightie GOD, how doughtely,
Sir Edward the Bruce and his men,
Amang their faes contened them then?
Feghting into sa good conuynne:
sa woorthy, hardy, and sa syne,
That their Wangard rushed was,
And magre theirs, left all the place.
And to their great rout into warrand
They went, that then had vpon hand
sa great nople, that they were affrayed
For Scottissh men that them hard assayed:
That they were in a shiltrum all.
Wha hapned in that pzeasse to fall,
I trow, agatne he sall not rise.
Their men might se on mony wise,
Hardements encheued doughtely:
And men that twicht were and woorthy,
Downe vnder fot, lying all dead:
Where all the feld with blood was red:
Armours and coates that they bare,
Were sa with blood defouled there:
That they might not described be,
And wha had then bene by to se,

The Steward Walter, and all his rout,
 And the Lord Dowglas that was stout,
 Feghting into that stalwart flour,
 They could say, that of all honour,
 They were worthie, that in that fight,
 So fast pressed their faes might:
 And rushed them where euer they yeed.
 Men might see then sa many stede
 Fleing on Gray, that Lord had nane.
 O GOD, wha then god tent had tane
 To the good Erle of Murray,
 And his, that sa great dynts gaue:
 And sa fast fought in that hattell,
 Wholling sik paine, and sik trauell:
 That they, and theirs made sik debate,
 What where they came, they made them gait,
 Where men might heare Consenples cry:
 And Scottisshmen cryed hardely:
 On them, on them, on them they sailie:
 With that sa hard they can assailie,
 And slew all that they might ouerta.
 And the Scots Archers allwa,
 Shot amang them right sturdely,
 Engrœning them sa gretumly:
 That what for them, that with them saught,
 And sa great routs to them raught,
 And pressed them full egerly:
 And what for arrowes, that fellounly,
 Many great wounds can them ma:
 And slew fast of their horse allwa:
 That they recoled a little wile,
 They dyed sa greatly for to die:
 That their conuene worst worse than eir.
 For they that feghting with them were,

bet hardement, and strength, and will,
 And heart, and courage to fulfill:
 With all their mane, and all their might,
 To put them fully to the flight.

How Scottish Swaynes of sheetes made,
 Them Baners, and in battellrade.

At this time that I tell of here,
 That thir battells on this manere,
 Were stricken, where on ather side,
 Were many men of meekle pride:
 Fighting they were full earnestly:
 They might haue sene who had bene by,
 Peomen, and Swaynes, and Pedail,
 That in the Parke to kepe bittaile,
 Were left, when they wist but lasing:
 That their Lords with hard seghting,
 On their faes assembled were:
 One of themselves that was there,
 Capitane ouer them all they made,
 And sheetes, that were somedeill bzade
 They made in stead of Baners,
 And fastned on lang trees and speares:
 And said, that they wald see the fight,
 And helpe their Lords at their might:
 When hereto all assented were,
 In a rout they assembled are.
 Fiftene thousand they were, and ma.
 And then in great by can they ga,
 With their Baners all in a rout,
 As they had bene men stith and stout.
 They came with all their assemble,
 While that they might the battells see.

Then

The Steward Walter, and all his rout,
 And the Lord Dowglas that was stout,
 Feghting into that stalwart flour,
 They could say, that of all honour,
 They were worthie, that in that fight,
 As fast pressed their faes might:
 And rushed them where ever they yed.
 Men might see then sa many stede
 Fleing on Gray, that Lord had nane.
 O GOD, wha then good tent had tane
 To the good Erle of Murray,
 And his, that sa great dynts gaue:
 And sa fast fought in that battell,
 Wholling sik paine, and sik travell:
 That they, and theirs made sik debate,
 That where they came, they made them gaitte,
 Where men might heare Censenyies cry:
 And Scottisshmen cryed hardely:
 On them, on them, on them they saillye:
 With that sa hard they can assaillye,
 And slew all that they might ouerta.
 And the Scots Archers allwa,
 Shot amang them right sturdely,
 Engrœuing them sa greumly:
 That what for them, that with them laught,
 And sa great routs to them raught,
 And pressed them full egerly:
 And what for arrowes, that fellounly,
 Mony great wounds can them ma:
 And slew fast of their horse allwa:
 That they recoled a litle wile,
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 And then in great by can they ga,
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 As they had bene men stith and stout.
 They came with all their assemble,
 While that they might the battells see.

Then

Then all at anes they gaue a cry:
Hla, hla, bpon them hardely:
And therewithall comming were they,
Bot they were yet well far away.
And Englishmen that frushed were
Through force of fight, as I said aire,
When the saw men with sik a cry
Comming with sik a company,
That they well nære als mony were,
As they were seghting with them pater:
And they befoze had not them sene:
Then wit ye well withoutten wene,
They were abased sa gretumly:
That the best and the maist hardy,
That was into that Dast that day,
Wald with his Denk haue bene away.
The King Robert by their reilling,
Saw them well nære discomfiting,
Then his Ensenvie he can fast cry:
And with them of his company.
His faes he preassed sa fast, that they
Then were into sa great affray:
That they left place av mair and mair.
For all the Scottishmen that were there:
When they saw them eschew the fight,
Dang on them sa with all their might:
That they skailled in trowples feire,
And till discomfiting dzeu nære.
And some of them fled all plainely:
Bot they that wight were and hardy,
That shame letted to take the flight
With great mischiese maintained the fight,
And stoutly in the stoure can stand.
And when the King of England,

Saw his men flee in sundrie place,
 And saw his faes rout, that was
 Worthen sa twicht, and sa worthye:
 That all his folke were haillely
 So astoneyed, that they had na might,
 To stint their faes in that fight:
 He was abased sa gretumly,
 That he, and in his company,
 Fiftene hundreth armed men at right,
 Into that frush toke all the fight:
 And to the Castell toke their way.
 And I haue heard yet some men say,
 That of Vallance Sir Aymere,
 When he the field saw vanquishd nere:
 By the renyle led away the King,
 Against his will fra the seghting.
 And when Sir Geiles de Argentic,
 Saw the King with his Menyle,
 Shape them to flee sa speedily,
 He speid them to the King in by:
 And said (Sir) sen that ye will sa
 That ye thus gaite your way will ga:
 Haue good day: for againe will I.
 Yet fled I neuer skkerly.
 And I chose rather to bide, and die,
 Than for to live, and shamefully flee.
 His bridle then but matre abide:
 He turned, and againe he rade.
 As deead of na kin thing had he:
 And pricked crying, Argentic
 Right on Sir Edward Bruces rout,
 That was sa stalward and sa stout:
 And they right skurdely him met,
 And sa feill swares on him set,

That he

That he, and horse were charged sa:
 And baith downe to the eird can ga,
 And in that place there slaine was he,
 And of his death was great pitte.
 He was the thirde best knight, persay,
 That men wist living in his day:
 And did full mony faire iourney:
 On Saracens thre derenyis made:
 And into ilk derenyie of tha,
 He quickly banquishit Saracens twa.
 His great worship toke their ending:
 And fra Sir Aymer, with the King,
 Was fled, there durst not ane abide,
 Bot fleeing skailled on ilk side.
 And their faes preassed them right fast,
 To say the sooth they were agast,
 And fled sa done affrayedly:
 That of them a great company.
 Fled in the Water of Forth, and there,
 The maist part of them drowned were:
 And Banockburne within the bres,
 Of men and horse sa charged was:
 That upon drowned horse, and men,
 Folke might passe dry out over it then:
 And Laddes, Swaynes, they Rangall,
 When they saw banquishit the battell,
 Ran among them, and sa can sa
 Tha folke, that na defence might ma:
 That it was pitie for to see,
 I neuer heard into na Countrie,
 Folkes at sa great mischiese were slad,
 On ane side thep their faes had:
 That slew them downe without mercy,
 And they had on the other party,

Bannockburne, that saummer some was,
For slepe and dæpenesse for to passe:
That there might nane out ower it ryde,
Bot there behoued them to abyde:
Sa that some flaine, some drowned were:
Nicht nane escape, that euer came there:
Bot yet full mony gote away:
That elsewhere fled, as I heard say.
The King with them he with him had,
In a rout to the Castell rade:
And wald haue bene therein, for they
Wist not what gate to get away.
Bot Sir Philip Mowbray said him till:
The Castell Sir, is at your will:
Bot come ye in it, ye sall see,
That ye sall sone assieged be:
And there is nane in all England,
To make rescourse dare take on hand:
And but rescourse may na Castell
Be halden lang, this wate ye well,
Therefore comfort you, and rely
Your men about your right straitly:
And hald about the Warke your way,
Als sadly knit, as euer ye may,
For I trow that nane sall haue might,
That choseth with sa feill to fight.
And as he counselde, sa haue they done:
And beneth the Castell went they sone,
Right by the round Table their way:
And the new Warke environde they,
Ann toward Linlithgow held in hy:
Bot I trow, they sall hastely
Be conuoked, with sik folke, that they
I trow, might suffer well away.

For Sir James Lord of Dowglas,
 Came to the King, and asked the cause:
 And gaue to him lieue but abade.
 Bot all too few of horse he had:
 He had not in his rout sextie.
 Bot yet he sped him hastily:
 The way efter the King to fa.
 Now let him on his wayes ga:
 And efter this we sall well tell.
 What to him in the chase befell.

How the Erle of *Harefurd* in *Bothwell* was,
 Tancouer the walles, fled fra the chase.

When the great battell on this wise,
 Was discomfist, as I deuise.
 Where threttie thousand well were dead,
 And drowned, and slaine into that dead.
 And some were into hands tane:
 And other some their gaites are gane.
 The Erle of *Hersford* for that melle,
 Departed with a great menyie:
 And straight to *Bothwell* held their way,
 That then was in Englishmens say:
 Was halden as a place of wære.
 Sir *Walter Gilbertson* was their
 Capitane, and it had in ward.
 The Erle of *Hersford* hidder rade,
 And was tane in ouer the wall,
 And fiftie of his men withall:
 And set in houses sinderly,
 So that they had there na mastery.
 The laue went toward England,
 Bot of that rout, I take on hand,

The thrid part were slaine, or tane:
 The laue with great paine hame are gane.
 Sir Morisc also the Barelai,
 Fra the great Dast held his way,
 With a great rout of Wales men,
 Where euer they rade, men might them ken:
 For they well nere all naked were,
 Of linnen claithes had but make.
 They held their way in full great hy:
 But mony of their company,
 Ere they in England came were tane:
 And mony of them als were slaine.
 They fled als other wayes seire:
 Bot to the Castell that was nere,
 Of Scriuiling, fled ilk a Denyie,
 That it was wonder for to see:
 For all the Craigges sa heilled were
 About the Castell here and there:
 Of them that for strength of that fled,
 Hiddertward to warrand fled.
 And for they were sa feill, that there
 Fled vnder the Castell were.
 The King Robert that was wittie,
 Held ay his god men nere him by:
 For dread that rise againe sould they,
 This was the cause, forsooth, to say,
 Wherethzough the King of England,
 Escaped hame into his land,

When that the field sa cleane was made
 Of Englishmen, that name abade:
 The Scottisshmen toke some in hand,
 Sa great riches there they fand.
 Siluer and gold, claithes and arming,
 And vessell, and all other thing,

That euer they might lay on their hand,
Sa great a riches there they fand :
That mony men were rich made,
Of the riches that they there had.
When this was done, that here say I,
The King sent a great company,
Up to the Craigges them to assaile,
That were fled from the great battaile:
And they them yald without debate,
And them in hand they toke full haite:
Syne to the King all brought were they,
And they dispended hailly that day
In riches, and in sprait taking :
Fra end was made of the seghting.
And when they naked spoyled were,
That were slaine in the battell there :
It was forsooth a great ferly,
To see sa mony there dead to ly:
Twa hundzeth paire of spurres red,
Were tane of Knights that were dead.
The Erle of Glocester dead was there,
That men called, Sir Gilbert of Clare:
And Geiles de Argentic allwa,
And Payn Typont, and other ma :
That there names not tell can I.
And vpon Scottishmens party,
There was aine worthy Knights twa,
William Wepont was aine of tha:
And Sir Walter of Rosse another,
That Sir Edward the Kings brother
Loued, and held in sik daintie,
That as himselfe him loued he.
And when he wist that he was dead,
He was sa wa, and will of read,

That he said, making full eill cheare.
That him had rather the iourney were
Undone, ere he sa dead had bene.
Outtaken him, men hes not sene,
When he for ony man made mæning.
And the cause was of his louing,
That he his sister in Paramours
Loued, and held at great retoures,
His awne wife Dame Isobell;
And therfore sa great distance fell,
Betwixt him, and the Erle Daui
Of Atholl, bzother to this Lady:
That the Erle on Sanct Iohns night,
When both the Kings were boun to fight
In Cambuskynne the Kings bittail
Toke, and hardly can assaile
Sir William of Airth, and him slew,
And with him men ma than enew.
Therfore syne into England
He was banisht, and all his land
Was seized, as forseite to the King,
That did thereof all his lyking.

AND when the fielde, as I tauld aire,
Was dyspoled, and made all bare.
The King and all his company,
Glade, and ioyfull was, and mery
Of the grace that them fallen was:
Toward their Innies the wayes taes,
To rest them: for they wearie were.
Bot for the Erle Gilbert of Clare,
That flaine was in the battell place,
The King somedeill annoyed was:
For to him nere sibbe was he,
Then to a Kirk he gart him be

Brought, and walked all that night.
And on the morne when day was light,
The King raise as his vse was:
And to an English Knight through care
Hapned, that he yelde water and;
So that na man laid on him hand;
And in a buske he hid his arming,
And waited while he saw the King,
In the morning come forth earely:
Then is he went to him in hy,
Sir Marmaduk the Twemane he hight:
He raike to the King full right,
And hailed him vpon his knee.
Welcome Sir Marmaduk (said hee)
To what man art thou prisoner?
To nane (he said) but to you here,
I yelde me at your will to be.
And I receiue thee, Sir, said he.
Then gart he treat him courteously.
He dwelt lang in his company:
And syne in England him sent he,
Arayed well but ransome free:
And gaue him great gifts thereto:
A worthy man that sa could do,
Might make him greatly for to prise.
When Marmaduk vpon this wise
Was yolden, as I to you say.
Then came Sir Philip the Mowbray:
And to the King yald the Castell,
His commandes he halden well.
Then with him treated sa the King,
That he beleff of his dwelling,
And held him lelely his say,
To the last end of his life day.

How JAMES DOWGLAS conuoyd the King
Of ENGLAND hame but Soiourning.

Now speake we of the Lord Dowglas,
And tell how he followed the chase:
He had whē he in his company,
Bot he sped him in full great by.
And as he througħ the Torwood fore,
He saw come ryding ouer the more,
Sir Laurence of Abirnethie,
That with sextie in companie,
Came for to helpe the Englishmen,
For he was Englishman yet then.
And when he heard how that it was,
He left the Englishmens peace,
And to the Lord Dowglas there,
For to be leele and trew he sware:
And then they baith followed the chase:
And ere the King of England was
Passed Linlithgow, they came sa nēre,
With all the folke that with them were,
That well amang them shot they might:
Bot they thought them too few to fight.
For five hundzeth armed they were,
In the great rout that they had there,
Logidder full surely rade they,
And held them vpon bryble ay.
They were gouerned full wittely:
For it sēmed they were ay ready,
For to defend them at their might,
Gif they assailed were in fight.
And the Lord Dowglas and his men
Thought it was not good purpose then,

To feght with them all openly,
 He conuoyed them sa narrowly:
 That of the hindmost ay toke he,
 Might nane behind his fellows be,
 A penniestane-cast, bot he in by
 Was tane, or flaine delquerly.
 They na rescourse wald to him ma,
 Although he followed neuer sa.

In this maner conuoyed them he,
 While that the King and his Menye,
 To Wincheburgh all commen are.
 Then lighted they all that there were,
 To baite their horse that were weary:
 And Dowglas and his company,
 Bated also beside them nere.
 They were sa feill withoutten ware,
 And in armes sa cleanly dight:
 And sa arrayed for to fight,
 And he sa whene, and bot gaddering,
 That he wald not in plaine seghting
 Assaile them, bot rade them by,
 Waiting his time ay ithandly.
 A litle while they baited there,
 And syne lapon, and forth they fare.
 And he was alwayes by them nere,
 And lete them not haue sik leiser.
 As anes water for to ma.
 And gif that ony stad were sa,
 And behind left was ony space:
 Seized in hand als sone he was.
 They conuoyed them vpon this wise,
 While that the King, and his rout is
 Comde to the Castell of Dumber.
 Where he, and of his men some were

Received right well: for yet than,
 The Erle Patrick was Englishman:
 That gart with meat and drink all wa,
 Refresh them well, and syne can sa
 A baite, and send the King by sea,
 To Bamburgh in his awne Countrie.
 Their horse there left they all on stray,
 Bot lased als sone in hand were they.
 The laue that liued were without,
 Addressed them into a rout:
 And held to Baruick straight their way:
 In a rout, and I the soth sall say:
 They leaved of their men partly
 Ere they came there, bot not for the
 They came to Baruicke sone, and there
 Into the towne receiued were:
 Else at great mischief had they bene.
 And when the Lord Dowglas hes sene,
 That he had lased there his patne,
 Toward the King he went againe.
 The King escaped on this wise,
 (Lo what falding to Forstoun lyes)
 That whyles vpon a man will smile,
 And picke him syne another whyle:
 In na time stable can he stand.
 This mightie King of England,
 He had set on her wheele at hight,
 When with sa ferlyfull a might.
 Of men, of armes, and Archers,
 And of foot men and Hobillers,
 He came ryding out of his land,
 As I befoze haue bozne on hand,
 And in a night syne and a day,
 He set him into sa hard assay,

That he

To feght with them all openly,
 He conuoyed them sa narrowly:
 That of the hindomest ay toke he,
 Might nane behind his fellows be,
 A penniestane cast, bot he in by
 Was tane, or slaine delquerly.

They na rescourse wald to him ma,
 Although he followed neuer sa.

In this maner conuoyed them he.

While that the King and his Menyle,
 To Wincheburgh all commen are,

Then lighted they all that there were,
 To baite their horse that were weary:

And Dowglas and his company,
 Bated also beside them nêere.

They were sa feill withoutten wære,
 And in armes sa cleanly dight:

And sa arrayed for to fight,

And he sa whêene, and bot gaddering,
 That he wald not in plaine feghting.

Assailie them, bot rade them by,

Waiting his time ay ithandly.

A litle while they baited there,

And syne lap on, and forth they fare.

And he was alwayes by them nêere,

And lête them not haue sik leiser,

As anes water for to ma.

And gif that ony stad were sa,

And behind left was ony space:

Seized in hand als sone he was.

They conuoyed them bpon this wise,

While that the King, and his rout is

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 Their horse there left they all on stray,
 Bot lased als sone in hand were they.
 The laue that liued were without,
 Addressed them into a rout:
 And held to Baruick straight their way:
 In a rout, and I the south sail say:
 They leamed of their men partly
 Ere they came there, bot not for the
 They came to Baruicke sone, and there
 Into the towne receided were:
 Else at great mischief had they bene.
 And when the Lord Dowglas her sawe,
 That he had lased there his patne,
 Toward the King he went againe.
The King escaped on this wise,
 (Lo what falding to Fortoun lyes)
 That whyles vpon a man will smile,
 And pricke him syne another whyte:
 In na time stable can he stand.
 This mightie King of England,
 He had set on her wheele at hight,
 When with sa ferlyfull a might.
 Of men, of armes, and Archers,
 And of foot men and Hobillers,
 He came ryding out of his land,
 As I befoze haue bozne on hand,
 And in a night syne and a day,
 He set him into sa hard a day,

That he

That he with few men in a baite,
 Faine was for to hald hame his gaite:
 Bot of this ilk whele turning,
 King Robert could make na mourning:
 For his side of the whele on hight
 Raile, when the other downe can light.
 For twa contraries ye may wit well,
 Set against other in a whele,
 When one is hie, another is law,
 And gif it fall that Forstoun thraw
 The whele about, it that on hight
 Was eir, on force it mon downe light:
 And it that laigh was vnder aire,
 Mon leape on hight in the contraire.
 So for it of thir Kings twa.

For when King Robert dead was se,
 That in his great mischiese was he:
 The other was in his Pailetie.
 And when the King Edwards might
 Mort lesse, than Roberts raile on hight:
 And now ilk Forstoun came him till,
 That he was hied, and had his will.

A Scruiling was he yet lyand,
 And the great Lords that he fand
 Dead in the field, he gart bury
 In haly places honourably.
 And the laue syne that dead were there,
 Into great Pittes buried were.
 The Castell, and the Towres syne:
 Euen to the ground downe gart he myne,
 And syne to Bothwell sent he,
 Sir Edward with a great Penple:
 For they therein send to him word,
 That the rich Erie of Herford,

And other

And other mightie als were there.
 He treated he with Sir Walter,
 That Erle, and Castell, and all the laus,
 Into Sir Edwards hand he gaue.
 Then to the King the Erle sent he,
 That gart him right well képed be.
 While at the last they treated sa:
 That he to England hame sould ga,
 Without paying of ransome, frée:
 And that for him sould changed be,
 Bishop Robert that blind was made,
 And the Quéene that they taken had
 In prison, as befoze said I.
 And her Daughter Dame Mariory.
 The Erle was changed for thir thre:
 And when they comen were hame all frée,
 The Kings daughter that was faire,
 And was als his appearand aire,
 With Walter Stewart can her wed:
 And they well sone gat of their bed
 A man-childe thzough Gods grace,
 That efter his god auld father was
 Called Robert, and syne was King.
 And had the land in governing,
 Etter his worthy sonne Dauny:
 That reigned nyne yéeres and thzettie,
 And in the time of the compyling
 Of this booke this last Robert was King:
 And off his kinrik passed was
 Fine yéeres, and was the yére of grace,
 A thousand thre hndzeth and senentie
 And five: and of his eild sextie.
 And that was efter the god King,
 Robert was brought to his ending,

Her and fourtie Winter but maire.
 GOD grant, that they that comen are
 Of his offspring, maintaine the land,
 And hald the folke well to warrand :
 And maintaine right, and eke lawtie,
 Als well as in his time did he,

How King ROBERT rade in ENGLAND,
 And brunt vp all NORTHUMBERLAND.

King Robert now was well at light,
 And ilk day then grew maire his might :
 His men wort rich, and his Countrie
 Abounded well of coze and fee:
 And of all kinde of other riches.
 And myeth, solace, and all blythnes
 Was in the baill land commonly:
 For ilk man blyth was, and ioly.
 The King after this great tourney,
 Through reede and counsell of his priue,
 In sundrie towne gart cry on hight,
 That wha sa clamed to haue right,
 To hald in Scotland land and fee,
 That within twelue moneths sould he
 Come and clame it : and then to do
 To the King, as pertained thereto.
 And gif they come not in that yere,
 Then sould they wit withoutten waere
 That hard thereafter nane sould be.
 The King that was of great bountie,
 Had busines when this was done,
 Ane Daist gart summons after sone,
 And went then into England,
 And ouer rade all Northumberland,

And burnt townes, and tooke their pray,
 And syne went hame vpon their way.
 3 let it shortly passe far by:
 for there was na great Cheualry
 p'oued, that is to speake of here.
 The King went oft in this manere
 In England, for to rich his men,
 That in riches abounded then.

How Sir EDWARD tooke on hand,
 For to make weere into IRELAND.

The Erle of Carrick Sir EDWARD,
 That stonter was than a Leopard,
 And had na will to liue at peace,
 Thought that Scotland too litle wes,
 To his brother, and him allwa:
 Therefore to purpose can he sa,
 That he of Ireland wald be King:
 Therefore he sent, and had treating,
 With the Archy of Ireland,
 That in their lawtie toke on hand,
 Of all Ireland to make him King:
 With thy, that he with hard seghting,
 Might overcome the Englishmen,
 That in that land were winning then,
 And they sould helpe with all their might:
 And he that heard them make sik heght,
 Into his heart he had great l'king.
 And with the consent of the King,
 Gathered him men of great bountie:
 And syne at Air shipped he.
 Into the nelft moneth of May,
 To Ireland held he straight his way,

And had

And had there in his company,
 The Erle Thomas that was worthy
 And good Sir Philip the Mowbray,
 That liker was in hard assay:
 Sir John Sowles that was wight,
 And Sir John Stewart a good knight:
 The Ramfay als of Oughterhous,
 That was right wise and Chenalrous:
 And Sir Fergus of Ardrossane,
 And other knights many ane.
 In Wolyngs Firth arrived they
 Sailly, but bargane o2 assay:
 And sent their shippes hame againe.
 A great thing haue they vnderthane,
 That with sa whene as they were,
 That was seven thousand men but mair,
 Shoue for to weirray all Ireland,
 Where they sall see many thousand,
 Come armed on them for to fight:
 Bot though they whene were, they were wight,
 And without dzead o2 affray.
 In twa battells they toke their way,
 Toward Craigfergus, it to see.
 Bot the Lords of that Countrie.
 Maundewile, Bisset, and Logane,
 Their men they sembled everilkane.
 The Saunages als was with them there:
 And when they all assembled were,
 They were well nere twentie thousand.
 When that they wist, that in their land,
 Sik a Menyte arrived were,
 With all the folke that they had there,
 They went toward them in hy.
 And when Sir Edward wist surely,

That is

That to him néere comming were they
 His men right well he gart array.
 The Vanguard had the Erle Thomas,
 In the Rereward Sir Edward was.

The first battell that Sir EDWARD,
 Wan in IRELAND, with seghting hard.

Their faes approached to the seghting,
 And they met them but abasing:
 There men might see a full great melle.
 The Erle Thomas and his Menie,
 Dang on their faes sa doughtely,
 That in short time men might see ly,
 An hundzeth that all blodie were.
 For hobynges that were stiked there.
 Keilled and slang, and great rōme made,
 And kest them that vpon them rade.
 Sir Edward and his company,
 Assembled then sa hardely:
 That they their faes there rushed all.
 Wha hapned in that seght to fall,
 It was great perill of his rising.
 The Scottisshmen in that seghting,
 Sa apertly, and well them bare:
 That all their faes rushed were,
 And they haillv the flight hes tane,
 In the battell were taken and slaine.
 All-haill the floure of Wollistar,
 The Erle of Murray great prisie had there
 For his right worthy Chencalry,
 Comforted all his company.
 This was a well faire beginning,
 For newlings at their arriuing,

In plaine fecht they discomfist there,
 Tha folke, that ay soure for ane were.
 Syne to Craigfergus are they gane,
 And in the towne hes Innes tane.
 The Castell new was stuffed then,
 Right well with bittail and with men:
 Thereto they set a Siege in hy.
 And mony is he full apertly
 Made was, while the Siege there lay:
 While truce at the last toke thay.
 When that the folke of Wollistar,
 To his peace hailly comen were.
 Then Sir EDWARD wald take on hand,
 To ryde farthermare in the land.

The withletting of the passe of *Endnellane*.

AD of the Kings of that Countrie:
 There came to him, and made felotie,
 Well ten or twelue, as I heard say:
 Bot they held him thort whyle, per say.
 For twa of them, ane MAKGOVLCHANE,
 And another heght MACARTHANE,
 Umbelet him into his way,
 Where him behoued of need to ga:
 With twa thousand men with speares,
 And als mony of their Archers:
 And all the castell of the land,
 Were driuen bidder to warrand.
 Men called that place Endnellane,
 In all Ireland stratter is nane:
 For thy Sir Edward there kept thay,
 And thought he sould not passe that way.
 Bot he his voyage straight hes tane,
 And euen toward the place is gane.

The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
 That first put him to all assayes,
 He lighted on foot with his Menpie,
 And apertly the place tooke he.
 The Irish King, I spake of aire,
 That in the place embushed were,
 Met him full stoutly: Bot he
 Assailed sa with his Menpie,
 That magre theirs he wan the place,
 Slaine of their faes full mony was.
 Throughtout the wood then chased they,
 And seized in sik abundance the pray:
 That all the folke of their Dast were
 Refreshed well an Dulk, oz mair.
 At Kylsagart Sir Edward lay,
 And there well sone he hes heard say,
 That at Dondalk was an assemblee,
 Made of the Lords of that Countrie,
 In Dast they were assembled there.
 There was first Richard of Clare,
 That in all Ireland Lienetenand
 Was to the King of England.
 The Erle of Denmound als was there,
 And the Erle also of Kildar:
 The Bryanc eke, and the Wardane,
 That were Lords of great Renoun.
 The Butler also there was,
 And Sir Morise le fitz Thomas,
 That with their men were commen there.
 Bright great Dast, forsoth, they were.
 And when Sir Edward wist surely,
 That there was sik a Cheualry:
 In by his Dast he gart array.
 And hiddertward he tooke his way,

And néere the toun toke his harbzie,
 Bot, for he wist right perfitelie,
 That in the toun were mony men,
 His battells he arrayed then:
 And stood arrayed in battaile,
 To kepe them, gif they wald assaile.

The battell of DONDALK in IRELAND.
 That Sir EDWARD tooke with his hand.

AND when that Sir Richard of Clare,
 And other Lords that were there:
 With that the Scottisshmen sa néere,
 With their battells comming were,
 They toke to counsell at that night:
 For it was late, they wald not fight:
 Bot on the mozne in the morning,
 Well soone efter the Sun-rising,
 They soule ishe forth all that there were:
 Wherefore that night they did na maire,
 Bot harbzed them on ather party.
 That night the Scots company,
 Were watched right well at all their might.
 And on the mozne, when day was light,
 In twa battells they them arrayed,
 And stood with Baners in hand displayed,
 For the battell all ready bonn.
 And they that were within the toun,
 When the Sunne was risen shining cleare,
 Send forth of them that with them were,
 Fiftie, to see the contæning
 Of Scottisshmen, and their comming.
 And they rade forth, and saw them soone,
 Syne came againe withoutten bone.

And when

And when that they all lighted were,
 Then tauld they to their Lords there,
 That Scottisshmen seemed to be
 Worthy, and of right great bountie,
 Bot they are not withoutten wære:
 Halse deill a Denner to vs are here.
 The Lords had of that tidings
 Great ioy, and great recomforting:
 And gart men through the Citty cry,
 That all sould arme them hastily.
 When they were armed, and puruayed,
 And for the seght all haill arrayed,
 Then went they forth in god array:
 Hyne with their saes assembled they,
 That kepted them right hardely.
 The flour began then cruelly.
 For ather party set all their might,
 To rush their saes into that fight:
 And with all paine on other dang.
 That stalward flour lasted well lang:
 That men might not perceiue, nor see
 Wha maist there at abone sould be:
 For fra soone efter the Sun-rising,
 Till efter mid none the seghting
 Lasted, into sik a dout:
 Bot then Sir Edward that was stout,
 With all them of his company,
 Shot vpon them sa sturdely:
 That they might thole na mair the fight.
 All in a frush they toke the flight.
 And they followed full egerly,
 Into the town all commonly,
 They entred baith Intermelle:
 There men might selloun slaughter see.

For the right noble Erle Thomas,
 That with his rout followed the chase,
 Made sik slaughter into the town,
 And sa felloun Decisioun:
 That all the Kewes bloodie were,
 Of slaine men, that were lying there.
 The Lords were gotten all away.
 And when the town (as I heard say)
 Was thzough great force of feighting fane,
 And all their saes fled, oz slaine:
 They harbzed them wltthin the town,
 Where, of vittaille was sik fusioun,
 And sa great aboundance of wine:
 That the good Erle had dout therein,
 That of their men sould dzunken be,
 And make in dzunkenesse some melle.
 Therefore he made of wine, Lewerie
 To ilke man, that he payed sould be.
 And they had all aneigh persay.
 That night right well at ease were thay,
 And right blith of the great honour,
 That them befell for their valour.

The third battell in IRELAND,

That good Sir EDWARD tooke on hand.

Efter this feght they sotrournde there,
 Into Dondalk thze daves oz maire:
 Then toke they Southerward their way,
 Erle Thomas rade before them ay,
 And as they rade thzough the Countrie,
 They might vpon the hilles see,
 Sa mony men it was serly.
 And when the Erle wald sturdely

Dresse him to them with his Baner:
 They wald flæ all that euer they were:
 Sa that in fight not ane wald hyde.
 And they south on their wayes did ryde,
 While to a great Forrest came they,
 Kylros it heght, as I heard say,
 And they toke all their harbzie there.
 In all this time, Richard of Clare,
 That was the Kings Lieutenand,
 Of all the barnage of Ireland,
 A great Dast there assembled had,
 That was five battells great and byade:
 And Sir Edward, and his men,
 Well nêre him were they commen then.
 He gotte sone witting, that they were
 In haill battell comming nêre,
 His men addressed he them againe,
 And gart them stoutly take the Plaine:
 And sone the Erle came them to see:
 And Sir Philip de Mowbray sent he,
 And Sir Iohn Stewart went allwa,
 For to discover the way they ta:
 And sawe the Dast nêre come at hand,
 That were to geffe fiftie thousand.
 Hame to Sir Edward rade they then,
 And said, that they were mony men.
 He said againe: the ma they be,
 The mair honour all out haue we,
 Gif that we beare vs manfully:
 We are here set in ieopardie,
 To win honour, or for to die,
 We are too far fra hame to flæ:
 Therefore let ilk man worthie be,
 None are but gaddered of this Countrie,
 And they

And they sall flæ, I trow, lightly,
Gif we assaile them manfully.
All they said then, they could well do.
With that, they approached nere them to,
Their battells reary for to fight,
And they met them with mekle might.
They were ten thousand worthy men,
The Scottisshmen all on foot were then,
And they on Steedes trapped well:
Some heilled all in Wyne and Steele.
Bot Scottisshmen at their meeting,
With speares pierced their arming:
And stiked horse, and men doone bare,
A felloun slaughter was then there:
I cannot tell their strakes all,
Nor wha in fecht gart others fall:
Bot in short time I vndersta,
They of Ireland were cumbred sa:
That they durst them abide na maire,
Bot fled skailled all here and there.
And leaved in the battell dead,
Well mony of their good men dead.
Of weapons, arming, and dead men,
The field was hailly ouerstrowed then:
That great Mast rudely rushed was:
Bot Sir Edward leete na man chase,
Bot with prisoners that they had tane,
Toward the Wood againe is gaine:
Where that their harnesse leaved were,
That night they made them merie chears,
And loued GOD fast of his grace.
The good Knight that sa worthy was,
To Iudas Macchabeus might
Be likened well, that into fight,

Forsooke na multitude of men,
While he had ane against ten.

How an Irish King false and froward,
Leete out a Loch vpon Sir EDWARD.

Thus as I said, Richard of Clare,
And his great Mast rebuted were:
Bot he about him nought for thy,
Was gaddering men ay ithandly,
For he thought yet to recouer his cast,
It angered him even felloun fast:
That twise into battell was he
Discomfist with a few Menpie:
And Scottisshmen that to the Forrest
Were ryding for to take their rest:
All tha twa nights there they lay,
And made them mirth, solace and play,
Toward Endrossy syne they rade,
An Irish King that aith had made
To Sir Edward of his felwtie:
For befoze that time him prayed he
To los his land, and his bittaille,
For not that they might helpe, sould faile.
Sir Edward trowed into his hight,
And with his rout rade hidder right.
A greater River he gart him passe:
And in a right saire place, that was
Laigh by a Burne, he gart them ta
Their harbery, and said, he wald ga,
To gar men bittaille to them bzing.
He held his way but mair dwelling,
For to betraise was all his thought.
In ilk a place he hes them brought,

Wherofra twa tourneyes well and maire,
 All the Cattell wth drawen were:
 So that they in that land might get
 Nothing, that worth was for to eat.
 With hunger he thought them to scablish,
 So he bzing on them their enemies,
 This false Traitors men had made,
 A litle South, where he harbored had,
 Sir Edward with the Scottisshmen:
 The Isle of a loch to dem,
 And let it out within the night.
 The water then with sik a might,
 On Sir Edward, and his men came downe:
 That they in perill were to downe:
 For ere they wist, on flote were they,
 With mekle paine they got away:
 And held their liues, as GOD gaue grace,
 Bot of their harnesse tynt there was.
 He made them na good feast, persey,
 And not for thy aneugh had they:
 For though they wanted of the meat,
 I warne you well, they were well wet:
 In great distresse there were they staid,
 For great default of meat they had.
 And they betwixt great Riuers twa
 Were set, and might passe nane of tha.
 The Ban, that is an arme of the sea,
 That with horse may not passed be,
 Was betwixt them, and Wlister.
 They had bene in great perill there,
 Were not a scummer of the sea,
 Thomas of Dun called was he:
 Heard that the Dast sa straitly than
 Was staid, he sailed by the Ban:

While that he came nêre where they lay,
 They knew him well, and blyth wêre they.
 Then with foure ships that he had tane.
 He set them oîer the Ban ilkane.
 And when they came in bigged land,
 Vittaille, and meat aneugh they fand.
 And in a Wood them harbzed thay.
 Pane of the land with where they lay.
 They resset them, and made good cheare.
 Into that time beside them wêre,
 With a great Dast Richard of Clare,
 And other great of Ireland, wêre
 Harbzed into a Forrest side:
 And ilk day they gart men ride,
 To bring vittailles in seir maners
 To them, fra the towne of Cogners,
 That well nêre ten mile was them fra.
 Ilk day as they wald come and ga:
 They came the Scottisshmens Dast sa nêre,
 That bot twa mile betwixt them wêre.

How Sir THOMAS OF RANDELL,
 Wan fra the Irishmen their vittell,

AND when Erle Thomas perceiding
 Had, of their come, and their ganging,
 He gat him a good company,
 Threë hundzeth on horse wight and hardy
 There was Sir Philip the Mowbray,
 And Sir Iohn Stewart als pefsay,
 And Sir Allane Stewart allwa,
 Sir Robert Boyd, and other ma,
 They rade so met the blitallers,
 That with their vittaille fra Cogners,

Come

Came, halding to their Dast the way,
 Sa suddenly on them set they:

That they were sa abased all,
 That all tha lēt their weapons fall:
 And mercy piteously can cry.

And they toke them in their mercy,
 And hes them bp sa clēnely tane:
 That of them all escaped nane.

The Erle thzough them gat twittering:
 That of their Dast in the Euening,
 Some wald come out of the Wood-sloe,
 And for to mēte their bittaile ryde.

He thought then on a leopardy,
 And gart his men all haillely,
 Dight them in Prisoners array.

Their Prisoners als with them toke they:
 And while the night was nēre, they bade,
 And syne toward the Dast they rade.

Some of their mēkle Dast hes sēne
 Them come, and weind well they had bēne
 Their bittailers, theresoze they rade
 Against them safely: for they had
 Na dredd, that they their faes were.

And als they hungred very saice,
 Theresoze they came abandonly.

And when they nēre were, in great hy
 The Erle, and all that with him were,
 Rushed on them with weapons bare:
 And their Consenye hiely can cry.

And they that saw sa suddenly,
 Their faes ding on them, were rad,
 That they na heart to helpe them had,
 Bot to their Wood their way they sa:
 And they chased, and sa seill can sa,

That all the fields oversflowed were.
 More than a thousand dead were there:
 Right to their Dast they can them chase,
 And syne againe their wayes gaes.

O On this wise was the bittaille tane,
 And of the Irish men mony slane:
 The Erle syne with his company,
 Prisoners, and bittaille hattlep,
 They brought all to Sir Edward Stowth:
 And he was of their comming blyth.
 That night they made them merie cheare:
 For they even at their ease now were:
 They were all watched ay sickerly.
 Their faes upon the other party,
 When they heard how their men were slane,
 And how their bittaille als was tane:
 They toke their counsell, that they wald
 Their wayes toward Cogneres hald,
 And harbry in the Citie sa.
 And in great hy they haue done sa,
 And rade by night to the Citie,
 They fand there bittaille great plentie,
 And made them merie and good cheare:
 For in the town all traist they were.
 Upon the mozne they sent to spy,
 Where Scottisshmen had tane harbry,
 Bot they were met with, and all tane:
 And brought vnto the Dast ilkane.
 The Erle of Murray right meekely,
 Spæred at ane of their company,
 Where their Dast lay, and what they thought
 To doe, and said, gif that he mought
 Find, that the soth to him said he,
 He should gang hame but ransome fræ,

He said

He said, forsooth, I shall you say,
 They thinke the morne when it is day,
 To seeke you with all their Denyie.
 If they may get wit where ye be:
 They haue gart thzough the Citie cry,
 On paine of life full fellounly,
 That all the men of this Countrie,
 The morne into the Citie be,
 And truely they shall be so seill,
 That ye shall na wise with them deale.

HOW THOMAS RANDELL chased hame,
 The Scurreours, that fra *Cogners* came.

DE Pardew (said he) it may well be,
 To Sir Edward with that yees he,
 And tauld him vtterly this tale,
 Then haue they tane for counsell haill,
 That they will ryde to the Citie,
 That same night, so that they may be,
 Betwixt the toun with all their rout:
 And they that were the toun without,
 As they deuised. so haue they done,
 Before the toun they came all sone,
 And but halfe deill a mile of way
 Fra the toun, arest toke they.
 And when the day was dawning light,
 Fiftie on Hobines that were wight,
 Came to a litle hill that was
 Fra the toun a litle space:
 And saw Sir Edwards harbyr,
 And of that sight had great ferly:
 That so whéene vpon ony wise,
 Durst undertake so hie emprise,

As for to come sa hardily,
 Upon all the great Cheualry,
 Of Ireland, to bide battaile:
 And sa it was withoutten faile.
 For against them were gaddered there,
 With the Wardane, Richard of Clare,
 The Butlers, and the Ecclestwa,
 Of Delmound, and Kyldar allwa:
 Brunhame, Wedoun, and Sir Waryne,
 And Sir Plastayne, a Florentyne,
 That was a Knight of Lombardie,
 And was of full great Cheualrie.
 And Maundewell was there allwa,
 Bissarris, Loganes, and other ma.
 The Hauages als. and yet was ane,
 That heght Sir Michell of Kylcalane,
 And with thir Lords sa feill was then,
 That against ane of the Scottisshmen,
 I wate well they were fine or ma.
 When their Discurreours hes sene sa
 The Scottissh Host, they went in by.
 And tauld their Lords openly:
 How they to them were comming nêere:
 To sêke them far was na mystere.
 And when the Erle Thomas had sene:
 That tha men at the hill had beene,
 He toke with him a great Menpie,
 On horse an hundzeth they might be:
 And to the hill they toke their way,
 And in a Slak enbushid they.
 And in short time fra the Citie,
 They saw come ryding a Menpie,
 For to discover to the hill.
 They were blyth, and held them still,

While they were comen to them neres
 Then in a rush all that they were,
 They set vpon them hardely:
 And they that saw sa suddenly
 Tha folke come on them, abased were.
 Yet notthelesse, some of them there
 Abade stoutly to make debate:
 And other some are fled their gaite,
 And in short time were all tha,
 That made arest disrayed sa:
 That they fled hastely their gaite,
 And they them chaled to the pait:
 And ane part of them hes flaine,
 And syne went to their Dast againe.

The feird battell made in IRELAND,
 That Sir EDWARD wan with strang hand.

When they within hes scene sa flaine
 Their men, and chaled hame againe:
 They were all wa, and in great hy,
 To armes, highly can they cry.
 They armed them all that they were,
 And for the battell mad them pare,
 And ished out all well arrayed:
 In haill battell with Baner displayed,
 Boun on their waves for to assaile
 Their saes, into fell battaile.
 And when Sir Philip the Mowbray,
 Saw them ishe in sa good array,
 To Sir Edward the Bruce went he.
 And said, Sir, it is good that we
 Shape for some flight that may auaile,
 To helpe vs in this great battaile.

Our men

Our men are good, but they haue will
 To doe more than they may fulfill.
 Therefore I reede, our Carriage
 Withoutten ony man or page,
 By themselves arrayed be,
 And they shall seme far more than we.
 Set we before them our Baners,
 None folke that cometh out of Cogners,
 When that our Baners they shall see,
 Shall know traisly that they are we,
 And hidder in great hy shall ride.
 Come we then on them at a side:
 And we shall be at a vantage.
 For fra they in our Carriage
 Be entered, they shall cumbred be:
 And then with all our might may we,
 Lay on, and doe all that we may,
 And as he ordainde, done haue they.
 And they that came out of Cogners,
 Addressed them to the Baners:
 And stroke the horse with spurres in hy,
 And rushed among them suddenly.
 The barrell ferrars that were there,
 Cumbred them fast that ryding were:
 And then the Erle and his battaile
 Came on, and sadly can assaile.
 And Sir Edward a litle by
 Assembled with his company.
 That many a fely fell vnder fate.
 The field with blood. wort sone all wate,
 With sa great fellony there they fought,
 And sa great routes to other raught:
 That it was hiddeous for to see,
 How they maintained that great melle.

Sa keenely they fought on ather side,
 Gining, and taking routes red,
 That pyrme was past, or men might see,
 What part soonest abone could be.
 Bot soone efter that Pyrme was past,
 The Scottishmen dang on la fast:
 They set vpon them at abandonn,
 As ilk man were a Scorpioun:
 That all their faes toke the flight,
 Was nane of them that was sa wight,
 That euer durst abide his seere,
 Bot ilk man fled his wayes seere,
 To the toun fled the maist party.
 And the Erle Thomas saegerly,
 And his men chased with swords bare,
 That amang them they mingled were,
 And all togidder came in the toun.
 Then was the slaughter sa felloun,
 That all the reines ran of the blood.
 Whome euer they gote, to death he yode:
 Sa that there were als feill dead
 Well nere, as in the battell fled.
 The Swaryne was taken there,
 And sa feared was Richard of Clare:
 That he held to the South Countrie.
 All that Moneth I trow that he
 Shall haue na great will for to fight.
 Sir Iohn Steward a Noble Knight
 Was wounded through the body there,
 With a speare that right sharply thare.
 Bot to Mount Peller went he syne,
 And lay there lang into Larchine:
 Bot at the last healed was he.
 Sir Edward then with his Menpie,

Toke in the town their harboure,
 That night they blyth were and ioly,
 For the victorie that they had there.
 And on the morne withouten mair,
 Sir Edward gart men gang and se,
 All the vittaille of that Citie:
 And they fand six fustoun therein
 Of corne, and flour, and wax and wine:
 That they of it had great ferly.
 And Sir Edward gart haillely
 To Craigfergus it caried be,
 Synne hidder he went with his Menye,
 And held the Siege full stalwartly,
 While Palmesunday was passed by.
 Then to the Tuesday in Pasche Dulk,
 On ather side they trewes toke:
 So that they might that haly tide,
 In pennance, and in prayer bide,
 Bot upon Pasch-Euen right,
 To the Castell into the night,
 Fra D. villing came shippes fiftene,
 Charged with armour, and men bedene
 Thre thousand troth I well they were,
 That entred in the Castell there.
 The Maundwell allwa, and Sir Thomas
 Capitane of that Menye was:
 In the Castell full pryncly
 They entred: for they gart spy.
 That many of Sir Edwards men,
 Were skailled in the Countrie then.
 Therefore they thought in the morning,
 To the but langer delaying,
 And to surprise them suddenly.
 For they thought they soule traitlyly,

For the trewelle that taken were:
 Bot I trow falsset euer mair
 Shall haue mischiese, and euill enting.
 Sir Edward wist of this nathing:
 For of treason had he na thought:
 Bot for the trewes he letted nought
 To set Watches to the Castell.
 ilk night he gart wake it full well:
 And Neill Fleming woke that night.
 And sextie worthy men and wight,
 And assoone as the day was cleare,
 They that within the Castell were,
 Had armed them, and made them boun:
 And syne the drawbrig they let down:
 They ished then in great plentie.
 And when Neill Fleming can them see,
 He sent ane to the King in hy:
 Syne said to them, that was him by:
 Now sall men see, I vnder take,
 What dare for his Lords sake,
 Now beare you well: for sikkerly,
 With all yone Henrie seght will I:
 Into bargane them hald sall we,
 While that our Maister armed be.
 And with that word assembled thay.
 They were all out tosew, per say:
 With sik a great rout for to fight:
 And not for thy with all their might,
 They dang on them sa hardely,
 That all their sacs had great ferly:
 That they were all of sik manhard:
 That they na dreadd had of their dead:
 Bot their feill faes sa can assaile,
 That there might na worship auale.

Bot they

Bot they were slaine by euerilkane,
 Sa clæne, that there escaped nane.
 And the man that went to the King,
 For to warne him of their ishing,
 Warned him in full great hy.
 Sir Edward was then commonly,
 Called the King of all Ireland.
 And when he had sik haste on hand,
 In full great haste he gat his geare:
 Twelue with him in his Chamber were:
 That armed them in full great hy
 Wyne with his Baner hardely,
 The mids of the towne he taks.
 With that neere comming were his faes,
 That had delt all their men in thre.
 The Maundwile with a great Penye,
 Hight thzough the towne the way held dowe.
 The lane on other side the towne,
 Held to mæste them that flæing were:
 They thought that all that they fand there.
 Should die but ransome euerilkane:
 Bot otherwise the gyse is gane.
 For Sir Edward with his Banere,
 And his twelue that I tauld of eir,
 On all the rout sa hardely
 Assembled, that it was ferly.
 For Gib Harper before him yed,
 That was the doughtiest of ded,
 That might be found of his estate:
 And with an Are made him sik gaite,
 That he the first felled to the ground.
 And syne into a litle stound,
 The Mandewile by his arming
 He knew, and raught him sik a stwing,
 That he

That he to cird past haffely,
Sir Edward that was nere him by,
Reuerfed him, and with a knife,
Right in that place he rest his life.
With that of Ardrossane Sir Fergus,
That was a wight knight and courageous
Assembled with sextie men and ma:
They preassed then their faes sa :
That they that saw their Lord slaine,
Tint heart, and wald haue bene againe,
And ay as Scottisshmen might be
Armed, they came to the melle:
And dang byon their faes sa,
That they baillie the backe can sa.
And tha men chaled to the pait,
There was great fight, and hard debaite.
There slew Sir Edward with his hand
A knight, that of all Ireland,
Was called best, and of maist bountie,
To surname Maundewile heght he,
His proper name I cannot say,
Bot his folke to sa hard assay
Was set, that they of the Dungeoun,
Durst open na pait, noz brig let down.
Sir Edward sa then sought per say,
That ished forth on him that day,
That there escaped neuer ane,
Bot they were either slaine or tane.
For to the fecht Manakill then
Came, with twa hundzeth of speare-men,
And they slew all they might to win.
This ilk Manakill with a gin,
Man of their shippes foure or fve,
And bailly rest the men their life.

When end was made of that feghting,
 Yet then was life in Neill Fleming,
 Sir Edward went him for to see,
 About him slaine lay his Dengle,
 All in a lump, on ather hand,
 And he to die readie thrawand.
 Sir Edward of him had great pitie,
 And him full greatly mœned he:
 And regrated his great manhood,
 His worshop and his doughtie dæde,
 Slik mane he made they had serly:
 For he was not customably
 Mont. for to mene ony thing,
 For wald not heare men make mœning.
 He stodd there by while he was dead:
 And syne had him to hallowed stæd:
 And syne with worshop gart him be
 Cirded, with great solemnitie.

How King ROBERT wan the Iles to hand,
 And gart his shippes saile on dry land.

In this wise ished Mandewile,
 Bot wit ye well that fraud and guile,
 Shall alwayes haue an evill ending.
 As well was sœne by this ishing,
 In time of trewes ished they,
 And in sik time as on Pasch day,
 When Christ raise to saue mans kin,
 Fra wome of auld Adames sin.
 Therefore sa great mischance them fell,
 That ilk ane (as ye heard me tell)
 Was slaine bp, or els taken there.
 And they that in the Castell were,

Were set in sik a fray that hour,
 That they could see na where succour
 Should come to relieue them, that day:
 That shortly then treitted they,
 To yeld the Castell to him free
 To saue their liues, and certes he
 Held them full well all his cunnand.
 The Castell toke he in his hand,
 And bittailde it well, and in it set
 A good Wardane, it for to get,
 And there a while rested he.

Of him na mair now speake will we.

Bot to King Robert will we gang,
 That we haue left vnspoken of lang:
 When he had conuoyed to the sea,
 His brother Edward with his Menye,
 With his shippes he made him yare,
 Into the Flis for to fare.

Walter Stewart with him toke he,
 His Maich, and with him great Menye,
 And other men of great Poblai,
 To the Tarbarts they toke their way
 In Gallayes ordainde for their fare:
 Bot them wortned their ships draw there,
 And a mile was betwixt the seas,
 And that is lored all with trees:
 The King his shippes there gart draw,
 And for the wind can stoutly blaw,
 Upon their backe, as they can ga,
 He gart men Mastis, and rapes ma,
 And set them in the shippes hie,
 And Sailes to the toppes tie.
 And gart men gang there by drawing,
 The wind them helped that was blawing:

So that into a litle space,
Their flete all there ouer drauen was,
And when they that in the Isles were,
Heard tell, how that the good King there,
Gart his shippes with sailles ga,
Dot ouer betwixt the Tabarts twa:
They were abased aliterly:
For they wist throughe auld Prophecy,
That he that could gar shippes sa,
Betwixt the seas with sailles ga,
Should win the Isles sa to hand:
That nane with strength could him withstand
Therefore they came all to the King,
Durst nane gainstand his bidding:
Outtaken Iohn of Lorne allane:
Bot well soon efter he was tane,
And presented right to the King,
And they that were of his leading,
That to the King had broken fey,
Were all destroyed and dead away.
This Iohn of Lorne the King hes tane,
And sent him south to Dumbartane,
A while in prison for to be:
Synne to Lochleuen sent was he,
Where he was lang time in fastning.
I trow he made therein ending,
The King when all the Isles were,
Brought to his lyking lesse, and maire,
All that season there dwelt he,
At hunting, and at game, and glé.

Lord Dowglas with battell plaine,
Reskewed the Pray, and brought againe.

When the King upon this maner,
Had daunted the Isles, as I tell here:
The good Sir James Dowglas
Into the Forrest dwelling was,
Defending doughtely the land.
That time in Baruike was winnand,
Edmund of Calhow a Gascoun,
He was a Knight of great Renoun:
And into Gasconyie his Countrie,
Lord of great Senpcoz was he:
And had then Baruike in keeping.
He made a pryncie gadding,
And gotte him a great company,
Of wight men armed iolety.
All the nether end of Teuidaill,
He preyed into him all hail:
And of the Mers a great party:
Synne toward Baruike went in by.
Sir Adam of Gordoun, that than
Was becommen Scottisshman,
Saw them dyne sa away his fee:
And weind they where were, for that he
Saw, bot the flæing skatill persay,
And them that seized in the Pray.
Then to Sir James of Dowglas,
In full great by the way he taes:
And tauld how Englishmen their Pray
Had tane, and synne were went away:
Toward Baruike with all their fee.
And said they where were: and gif he

Wald spéd him, he sould well lightly,
Win them, and rescue all the ky.
Sir James Conne gaue his assent
To follow them, and south is went:
And followed them in full great hy,
And came well nêre them hastely.
For ere they might fully see,
They came well nêre with their penyie,
Bot then baith forray and the scail,
Were knit into a sep all baill:
Bot knaues and swaines that had na might,
For to stand into field to fight,
Befoze them gart they dȳne the ky,
They were a right saire company,
And all togidder in a scail.
The Dowglas saw their lump all baill,
And saw them of sa good conyng,
And that they were sa mony syne,
That they for ane of his, were twa.
Lordingis (he said) sen it is sa:
That we haue chaiff on ilk manêre,
That we are now comen sa nêre,
That we may not escheu the fight.
Bot gif we souly take the flight,
Let ilk man of his life then mène,
And how we mony tyme haue bêne
In great thȳng, and comen well away.
Thinke we to doe right sa this day:
And take we of this Fȳrd here by,
Our auantage: for in great hy
They sall come on vs for to fight.
Get we then will, and strength, and might,
For to mæte them right hardely.
And with that word still hastely,

He hes displayed his Banere,
 For his faes were comming nere.
 And when they saw they were sa whene,
 They thought all was their awne bedene:
 And assembled full hardely.
 Their men might see them seght felly,
 And a right cruell melle make,
 And mony strakes giue, and take.
 The Dowglas there right hard was staid,
 Bot the great hardement that he had,
 Comforted them on sik a wise,
 That na man thought on Cowardise,
 Bot saught sa fast with all their maine,
 That they feill of their faes haue laine:
 And though they were full mony ma
 Than they: yet them they demained sa:
 That Edmund de Ca'lok was dead,
 Throug Dowglas right in that ilke stead:
 And all the laues fra this was done,
 Where all haill discomfitt sone.
 And they that chased some hes laine,
 And turned the Prayes haill againe.
 The hardest seghting this was,
 That ener the god Lord Dowglas
 Was in, and of sa few Menye.
 For had not bene his great bountie,
 That slew their Chiftane in the fight,
 His men to death had bene all dight.
 Bot he had into custome ay,
 When ener he came to hard assay,
 He preassed the Chiftane for to slay:
 And heresoe hope I, that he did sa,
 That gart him haue victorie feill syse,
 When Sir Edmund vpon this wise

Was dead, the god Lord Dowglas,
 To the Forrest his way he takes:
 His faes greatly can him dread,
 The word sprang far of his manhead.
 Sa that in England nêre there by,
 Men spake of it right commonly.

How JAMES of DOWGLAS slew NEWEL,
 That vowed to meete him in battell.

Sir Robert Newell at that tide
 Swinned in Baruike there beside,
 The Marches where the Lord Dowglas
 In the Forrest repairing was,
 And had him in full great enuy,
 And soz he saw him sa manfully,
 Make his bounds ay mair and mair:
 He heard the folke that with him were,
 Speake of the Lord Dowglas might,
 And how he forcie was in fight:
 And how him oft fell faire foztoun,
 He wraithed him thereat full sone:
 And said, what wéene ye, is there nane
 That euer is worth, bot he allane:
 Ye set him as he were but Dére,
 Bot I abow befoze you hère,
 Gif euer he come into this land,
 He sall find me nêre at his hand.
 And gif I euer his Banêre
 May see displayed upon wêre,
 I sall assemble it but doot,
 Although ye hald him nener sa stout.
 Of this abow sone Bodword was
 Brought, to Sir James of Dowglas,

That

That said, gif he will hald his heght,
 I sall doe sa, he sall haue seght
 Of me, and of my company.
 Yet oz oght lang, well néere him by.
 His retinue then gaddered he,
 That were good men of great bountie:
 And to the March in good array,
 Upon a night he toke the way,
 Sa that in the morning earely,
 He was with all his company
 Befoze Baruike, and there he made
 Men to display his Baner bzade,
 And of his Menye some sent he,
 For to burne towne's twa, oz thre:
 And bade them soone againe them spéd,
 Sa that at hand gif there come néed,
 They might befoze the seght be ready
 The Newell that with verily,
 That Dowglas commen was sa néere,
 And saw all bzade stand his Banere:
 Then with tha folke that he had there,
 That with him a great Menye were:
 For all the good of that Countrie,
 Into that time with him had he:
 Sa that he with him there had then,
 Well ma than were the Scottisshmen.
 He held his way by to an hill,
 And said, Lordings, it were my will,
 To make end of the great deray,
 That Dowglas does to vs ilk day.
 Bot me thinke it spédfull that we
 Abide fill that his Menye be
 Skilled all, to take our Pray:
 Then sterclly set on them we may:

And we sall haue them at our will.
Then they gaue all assent theretill,
And on the hill abade houand.
The men fast gaddered of the land,
And drew to him in full great hy:
And Dowglas then that was worthy,
Thought it was soly mair to byde,
Toward the hill then can he ryde.
And when the Newell saw, that they
Wald not passe forth to the Foray:
Bot preassed to them with all his might,
He wist well then that he wald fight:
And to his Menpie can he say:
Lordings, now hald we forth our way:
Here is the floure of this Countrie,
And ma than they also are we.
Assemble we then hardely,
For Dowglas with yone Demanry,
Shall haue na might to vs, persey.
Then in a frush assembled they,
That men might heare the speares brast,
And ilkane dang on other fast,
And blood brast out of wounds wide.
They saught fast vpon ather side:
For ather party can them paine,
To put their faes on back againe.
The Lord the Newell, and Dowglas,
When that the fechtng fellst was,
They saught felly with all their maught.
Great routes ather to other raught.
Bot Dowglas sharke was 3 hight,
And mair bled als in the fight,
And set heart and will allwa:
For to deliuer him of his fa:

While at the last through mekle maine
 Of force, the Newell hes he slaine.
 Then his Ensenye can he cry,
 And on the lane sa hardely
 He rushed with all his Penye,
 That in short time men might see
 Their faes take on them the flight:
 And they them chaist with all thoir might,
 Sir Ralph the Newell in that place,
 And the Baroun of Hiltoun was
 Taken, and other of mekle might.
 There was feill slaine into that fight,
 That woorthy in their time had bene.
 And when the field was cleanged cleene:
 Sa that their faes enerilkane,
 Were slaine, or chaist away, or tane,
 Then gart he forray all the land,
 And seled all that ever he fand:
 And burnt the townes in their way.
 Synne baill and feere hame comen are they.
 The Pray among his Penye,
 Efter their merites dealt hes he:
 And held nathing to his behoue,
 Sike dedes ought to gar men loue
 Their Lord, and sa they did, per say.
 He treated them sa wisely ay,
 And with sa mekle lone alwa,
 And countenance, that he wold na,
 Of their ded, that the maist Coward,
 He made stoutter than a Leopard.
 With cherishing this gait made he
 His men wiabt and of great bountie.
 When Newell thus was brought to ground,
 And of Calhow Sir Edmound,

The dread of the good Lord Dowglas,
 And his Renoun sa skailled was,
 Throughtout the Marches of England,
 That all that were therein dwelland,
 Dred him as the selfe Devill of hell,
 And yet I haue heard oft sylse tell,
 That he sa greatly dred was than:
 That when wiues wald their Childzen ban,
 They wald euen with an angrie face,
 Betake them to the blacke Dowglas,
 Through his great-worship, and bountie,
 Sa with his face dred was he,
 That they growled to heare his name,
 He may at ease now dwell at hame
 A whyle, for I trow he sall nocht,
 With face mony dayes be soght.
 Now let him in the Forrest be,
 And of him speake na mair will we:
 Bot of Sir Edward the worthie,
 That with all his Cheualry,
 Was at Craigfergus yet lyand,
 To speake mair we will take on hand.

Here past in IRELAND the Noble King,
 To his brother with great gaddering,

When Sir Edward, as I said air,
 Had discomfist Richard of Clare,
 And of Ireland all the Barnage,
 Thise through his worthie Massalage.
 And syne with all his men of maine,
 To Craigfergus was comde againe.
 The good Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
 Toke liene in Scotland for to passe:

And be

And he him left without grudging,
 And syne him charged to the King,
 To pray him specially, that he,
 Wald come in Ireland him to see.
 For were they baith into that land,
 They could finde nane sould them withstand.
 The Erle then forth his way hes tane,
 And to his shippes is he gane.
 He sailed well out ouer the sea,
 In Scotland sone arrined he.
 Syne to the King he went in hye,
 And he receiued him ioyfully.
 And spæred of his brothers fare,
 And of iourneyes that they had there.
 And he him tauld all but lesing:
 And when the King left had his speaking,
 His charge to the King tauld he.
 And he said, he wald blythly see
 His brother, and also the affaire
 Of the Countrie, and what it were.
 A great Menpie then gaddered he:
 And twa Lords of great bountie,
 The ane Walter Stewart was,
 The other Iames of Dowglas,
 Mardanes in his absence made he,
 For to maine?aine well the Countrie:
 Syne to the sea he toke the way,
 And at Lochreane in Galloway,
 He shipped with all his Menpie.
 To Craigfergus sone commen is he.
 Sir Edward of his come was blyth,
 And went downe for to meete him thyth:
 And welcommed him with glad some cheare.
 So did he all that with him were.

And specially the Erie Thomas
 Of Murray, that his Penion was,
 Wyne to the Castell went he there,
 And made them meale feast and care:
 They solournde thereth wayes thre,
 In mirth, solace, and royalltie.

King Robert now upon this wile,
 Into Ireland arrived is,
 And when into Craigfergas had he
 With his men solournde wayes thre;
 He toke to counsell that they wald,
 With all their folke their wayes bald,
 Throughe all Ireland fra end to other.
 Sic Edward then the Kings brother,
 Befoze into the Wangard rade.
 The King himselfe the Kæregard had,
 That had into his company,
 The Erie Thomas that was worthy.
 Their wayes forword haue they tane,
 And sone are passed euertilkane.

Here faught King ROBERT in IRELAND,
 With 5. thousand, against 40. thousand.

This was in mids the myrths of May,
 When birds sing on ilk spray:
 Making their notes with lowely sound:
 For softnesse of the sweet season:
 And Leades of the branches spreds,
 And blomtes bright about them bredes,
 And fields strowed are with floures,
 Well sandouring of seir colours:
 And all thing worthed blyth and gay:
 When that the god King toke his way

To ryde Southward, as I said aye.
 The Wardane then Richard of Clare,
 Whil the King was arrived sa:
 And wist he shupe him soz to ta
 His way, toward the South Countrie.
 Of all Ireland then gaddered he:
 Baith Burgesles and Chencalry,
 And Hobilers, and Penmanry,
 Till he had néere fourtie thousand:
 Bot he wald not yet take on hand,
 With all his saes in field to fight:
 Bot vmbethought him of a flight,
 That he with all that great Menpie,
 Wald in a Wood enbushid be,
 All prinily beside the way:
 Where their saes behoued to ga.
 And let the Wangard passe far by,
 And assemble syne hardely:
 On the Kéeregard with all his men.
 They did as he deuised then:
 In a wood they enbushid were.
 The Scottisshmen rade by them néere:
 Bot they na shawing to them made.
 Sir Edward well sozth befoze rade,
 With them that were of his Menpie:
 To the Kéeregard na tent toke he:
 And Sir Richard of Clare in by,
 When Sir Edward was passed by,
 Send light Yemen that well counth shot,
 To bikker the Kéeregarde vpon fot.
 Then twa of them that sent sozth were
 At the Wood-side them bikkered there:
 And shot amang the Scottisshmen.
 The King that with him there had then,

Well nére five thousand twicht, and hardy,
 Saw them twa sa aboundantly
 Shot amang them, and come sa nére,
 He wist right well withoutten wére:
 That they well nére some power had.
 Therefoze a bidding hes he made,
 That na man could be sa hardy.
 To bzek at them, bot sowerly,
 Kpde ready ay into battaille,
 To defend gif men wald assaile:
 For we sall sone, I vndersta,
 He said, haue soz to doe with ma.
 Bot Sir Coline Campbell that nére
 Was by, where tha twa Wemen were,
 Shoting amang them hardely,
 Striked on them in full great by:
 And sone the ane he hes ouertane,
 And with a speare him syne hes slaine.
 The other turned, and shot againe:
 And at that shot his horse hes slaine.
 With that, the King came bassely,
 And into his Melancholy,
 With a Troughoun into his nése,
 To Sir Coline sik duth did giue:
 That he sell dowe on his Arloun.
 Then bade he smertly sit him down.
 Bot other Lords that was him by,
 Hes meased the King in some patty:
 Bot he said, bzeking of bidding,
 Might be cause of discomfiting.
 Méne ye yone Ribald durst assaile
 Us, sa here in our atone battaille:
 Bot gif they had supplé right nére,
 I wate, right well withoutten wére,
 I 2

That we sall haue to doe in by:
 Therefore looke ilk man be ready,
 With that well nere threttie and ma
 Of bow-men came, and bickered sa:
 That they hurt of the Kings men.
 The King has sent his Archers then
 To shoot, for to put them againe.
 With that they entred in the plaine,
 And saw arrayed against them stand,
 In foure battells, fourtie thousand.
 The King said, Lordings, now let see,
 Wha worthe in this fecht sall be,
 On them withoutten maire abate,
 So stoutly with that on them they rade,
 And assembled so hardely:
 That of their saes a great party
 Were laid at eird, at their meeting.
 There was of speares lik a beisting,
 As ather vpon ether rade:
 That it a full great frush he's made,
 Horse came there rushing head for head:
 So that fell on the ground lay dead.
 Mony a wight, and worthy man,
 As ather vpon ether ran,
 Were dushed dead downe to the ground.
 That blood ran out at mony wound,
 In sik effusion, that euen than,
 Of very blood the streames ran:
 With weapons that were bryght and bare,
 That mony a good man died there.
 And they that worthy were, and wight,
 And stoutly with their saes can fight,
 Preassed them so mell for to be.
 There men might cruel battell see,

And hard

And hard bargaine I take on hand.
 In all the weere of Ireland,
 Sa great a seghting was not sene.
 And when of great victozies ninetene,
 Sir Edward had withoutten weere,
 and that in lesse than in thre yere,
 And into sunozie battells of tha,
 He banquishit twentie thousand and ma,
 With trapped hoyle enen to the fete,
 Bot in all that time he was yet,
 Ay ane for five, when least was he:
 Bot the good king into this melle,
 Had alwayes aught of his sa men,
 For ane, bot he sa bare him then:
 That his good deed, and his bountie,
 Comforted sa all his Denpie:
 That the maist Coward hardy was.
 For where he saw the thickest preasse,
 Sa hardely he on them rade.
 And sa great roome about him made,
 That he slew all he might ouertake,
 And rudely ridde them aback,
 The Erie Thomas that was worthy,
 Was in all times nere him by,
 And saught as he were in a rage.
 Sa that thzough their great Massalage:
 Their men sik hardement did take,
 That they na perill did forlake:
 Bot them abandouned sa stoutly,
 And dang on them sa hardely,
 Till all their faes affrayed were.
 And they that saw well by there far,
 That they eschewed somedell the fight,
 They dang on them with all their might,

And pressed binging on them sa fast:
 That they the backe game at the last.
 And they that saw them take the flight,
 They dang on them with all their might:
 And in their flaying seill can flay.
 The Kings men hes chased sa:
 That they discomfitt them ilkane.
 Richard of Clare the way hes tane
 To Deuilling, in full great by:
 With other Lords that fled him by,
 And garnisht baith Castell and townes,
 That were in their Possessions.
 They were sa fellounly sleied there:
 That as I trow, Richard of Clare,
 Shall haue na will to find his might,
 In battell, nor in field to fight,
 While King Robert, and his Penye,
 Is dwelling into that Countrie.
 They stufed strengths on this wise,
 And the King that was sa to prise,
 Saw in the field right mony slaine.
 And one of them that there was tane,
 That was arrayed full worthely,
 He saw him wepe right dalefully.
 He asked him why he made sik cheare:
 He said, Sir, withoutten weare,
 It is na wonder that I gréie,
 I see sa mony slaine at my seie,
 The floure of all North Ireland,
 That hardiest was of heart, and hand:
 And maist douted in hard assay.
 Then said the King to him, persey:
 Thou hast maice cause myrthes to me,
 That thou the deid escaped sa.

Richard of Clare on this manner,
 And all his saes discomfort were,
 With few folkes as I haue to you tauld;
 And when Edward Bruce the sa bauld
 Wist that the King had foughten sat
 With sa mony, and he therefra,
 Might na man see a wzaither man.
 Bot the god King said to him than:
 That it was in his awne soly:
 For he rade sa unwittingly,
 Sa far befoze, making na ward,
 To them that were in the Ræregard:
 For he said, wha on were wald ryde,
 In the Mangard, he sould na tide.
 Passe fra his Ræregard far fra sight:
 For great perill sa fall their might.
 Of this fight will I speake na matre:
 Bot the King, and all that were there,
 Rade sozward in a better array,
 And nere togidder than euer held they.
 Through all the land they plainly rade:
 They fand nane that them obstacle made.
 They rade euen befoze Drochynda,
 And befoze Deuilling allwa:
 Bot to giue battell nane they fand.
 Syne went they Southward in the land,
 And right to Lynrike held their way,
 That is the Southmest toun, perfar,
 That in all Ireland may souden be.
 There lay he dayes twa or thre,
 And busked syne againe to fare.
 And when that they all ready were,
 The King hes heard a woman cry.
 He asked, what was that in by:

The Booke of King

It is a Lauender, Sir, said one,
That her child euill here has taned;
And mon, leaue now behind you here:
Wherefoze sho makes yonc euill cheare.
The King said, Certes, it were pitie,
That sho in that time left shold be.
For I trow Certes, there is na man,
Bot he will reioy of women than.
His Daft then all arrested he,
And gart a Tent some tented he,
And gart her gang in hastely,
And other women be her by:
While sho deliuered was, he bade,
And syne forth on his wayes rade:
And how sho forth shold caried be,
Ere euer he sure ordained be.
This was a right great courtesie,
To sik a King, and so mightie,
That gart his men dwell on sik maner,
Only for a pore Lauender.
Againe Northward they toke their way,
Throughe all Ireland then passed they,
Throughe all Connock, to Deylinc,
Throughe all Mich and Irrelle syne,
Throughe Monaster, and Lawester,
And syne bailly throughe all Vligier:
To Craigfergus without battaille:
For there was none durst him assaile,
The Kings of the Irishye,
Came to Sir Edward baillely,
And all manrent con to him ma;
Bot gif that it were one o' thwa,
To Craigfergus they came againe,
Into that way was na bargaine:

Bot gif it ony whirnish were,
 That is not for to speake of here.
 The Irish King's everilkane,
 Then hame to their repaice are gane:
 And undertoke in all kin thing,
 For to obey to the bidding:
 Of Sir Edward, that their King called they.
 He was well set now in god way,
 To conqueste the land battely:
 For he had now on his party,
 The Irish, and all Viller:
 And he was sa south on his there,
 That he he's past throug all Ireland,
 Fra end to end throug strength of hand,
 Could he haue conquered him with skill,
 And followed not so fast his will,
 Bot with measure hane led his deid:
 It was well like withoutten deid:
 That he might haue conquested well,
 The land of Ireland everilk deil.
 Bot his outrageous succud,
 And will that maire was than hard,
 Of purpose letted him perfar,
 As hereafter I sall you say.

How Douglas flew Richmond, lyne at meat
 In battell their harbours served in feat.

Now leane we here the Noble King,
 All at ease, and his lyking:
 And speake we of the Lord Douglas,
 That left to keepe the Marches was.
 He gart get all rights that were his,
 And in the batogh of Lyncalle,

He gart them make a faire maner,
 And when the houses bigged were,
 He gart puruay him right well there:
 For he thought to make an Infare,
 And to make good cheare to his men.
 In Richemond there was winning then,
 An Erle that called was Sir Thomas,
 He had enuy at the Dowglas:
 And said, gif that he his Baner,
 Might see displayed vpon weere,
 That soone on it assemble shoulde be.
 He heard how Dowglas thought to be,
 At Lyntalle a feast to ma.
 And he gat witting well alwa,
 That the King, and a great people,
 Were passed then off the Countrie:
 And the Erle of Murray Thomas,
 Therefore he thought the Countrie was
 Feeble of men, for to withstand
 Men that them sought with stalward hand:
 And of the Marches then had he
 The Gouvernance and the poultie,
 He gaddered folke about him then,
 While he was well ten thousand men:
 And Wood Ares gart with him take,
 For he thought he and his men wold make,
 To betw betwene Iedburgh Forrest clene,
 That na tree shoulde therein be seene.
 They held them forth vpon their way:
 And the good Lord Dowglas, that ay
 Had spyes out on euerylike syde,
 Gat god witting, that they wold ryde,
 And come vpon them suddenly.
 Then gaddered he right hastily,

Them that he might of his penyie,
I trow, that then with him had he,
Fiftie, that worthy were and might,
And at all point armed and dight
And of Archers a great penyie,
Assembled als with him had he.
A place then was there in the way:
Where he wist well that passe wold they,
That had wood upon ather side.
The entrie was well large and wide
And as a shield it narrowed ay,
Whyle that into a place, the way
Was not a penniesane-cast of bread.
The good Lord Douglas bidden yad.
When he wist they were nere command,
In to a Clengh on the aine hand,
All his Archers embusched he:
And bade they sould hold them pryncie,
As whyle they heard them raise the cry:
And then sould they shot hardely
Among their faes, and calle them saire:
Whyle that he throug them passed were:
And then with him halo swyth sould they.
Then byzkes on ather side the way,
That young and thicke were growing nere,
They knit together on sik manere:
That men might not well throug them ryde.
When this was done, he can abide,
Upon the other side of the way:
And Richemond in good array,
Came ryding in the first Cwell.
The Lord Douglas bes sene him well:
And gart his men all hold them still,
Whyle at their hand they came them till.

And entred in the narrow way.
 Then with a shout on them set they:
 And cried on high, Dowglas, Dowglas.
 And Richemond that right worthy was,
 When he had heard sa rise the cry,
 And Dowglas Baner saw plainly:
 He dressed him backward in by.
 And they came on sa hardely,
 That throught them haue they made their way,
 All that they met to eird bang they.
 The Richemond bozne bolone there was,
 And sone arested him Dowglas,
 And him reuered with a knife,
 And in that place he left his life,
 An Hat vpon his Helme he bare,
 And that toke Dowglas with him there,
 In takinning that it forced was.
 And syne in by his wayes taes,
 While in the Wood they entred were.
 The Archers well bes tane them there:
 For well and hardely shot they.
 The Englishmen in great affray
 Were set: for Dowglas suddenly
 With all them of his company,
 Ere euer they wist was in their rout:
 And thirled them well nere throughout.
 And had almost done his dead,
 Ere they to helpe them could take hede,
 And when they saw their Lord was slaine,
 They toke him vp, and turned againe,
 To draw them fra the shot away,
 Then in a Plaine assembled they:
 And for their Lord that then was dead,
 They shoupe them in that ilk dead,

For to take harby all that night,
And then the Dowglas that was wight,
That wit that a Clerke Eleis,
With well thre hundreth enemies,
All straight to Lyntalle were gane,
And harby for their Dast had tane:
Then bidder is he went in by,
With all them of his company,
And fand Clerke Eleis at the meat,
And all his rout about him set:
And they came on them stoutly there,
And with swords that sharply were,
They serued them full egerly.
They were slaine doune sa haillely,
That well nere there escaped nane.
They serued them in full great wane,
With sheering swords, and with knives,
That well nere all leied their liues.
They had a selloun Intermais,
For that subcharge to charging was.
They that escaped there throug cace,
To their great Dast the wayes taes.
And tauld, how that their men were slaine
sa cleene, that there escaped nane.
And when they of the Dast had heard,
How that Dowglas with them sarde:
That had their herbyours all slaine,
and themselves rushed all againe:
And slew their Lord in mids their rout,
There was hane of them all sa stout:
That maire will had them to assaile,
Therefore they hane tane to counsaile,
That time, and to purpose hes tane,
Toward hameward, and hame are gane

And sped

And sped them sa bpon their way.
 That to England some comen are they.
 The Forrest left they standing still:
 To betw it then they had na will,
 And specially while the Dowglas,
 Wa nere hand by their Neighbour was:
 And he that saw them turne againe,
 Perceined well their Lord was slaine:
 And by the hat that he had tane,
 He wist right well also for aue.
 That taken was said him surely,
 That Richemond ay commonly,
 Was wont that furred hat to weare.
 Then Dowglas blyth that was than ere:
 For he wist well that Richemond,
 His fellow sa was bzought to ground.
Sir James Dowglas on this wise
 Thzough his worship, and his empire.
 Defended worthely the land.
 This point of weare, I take on hand,
 Were undertane right apertly,
 And encheued right hardely.
 For he attoneyed withoutten weare,
 Tha folke, that well ten thousand were,
 With fiftie armed men but ma.
 I can als tell you other twa
 Points: that well encheued were,
 With fiftie men: and but all weare,
 They were all done sa hardely:
 That they were praised Souerainely,
 Attour all other points of weare:
 That in their time encheued were.
 This was the first: that with fiftie,
 Was bzought to end, and sa stoutly,

In Galloway the other fell,
 When as ye heard me befoze tell:
 How Sir Edward the Bruce with fifty,
 Vanquish't of Sanct Iohn Sir Aymery,
 And fiftene hundred men by taile.
 The thirde fell into Eskdaile,
 When that Sir Iohn of Sowles, was
 The Gouvernour of all that place,
 And to Sir Andro Hardeclay,
 With fiftie men beset the way:
 That had nere in his company,
 Thre hundreden horsen lolely.
 This Sir Iohn into plaine Delle,
 Throgh Soueraigne hardement, and bountie,
 Vanquish't them sturdely ilkane,
 And Sir Andro in hands hes tane.
 I will not rehearse now the maner,
 For wha sa lyketh they may heare.
 Young women, when they will play,
 Sing it amang them everilk day:
 Thir were the worthy points thre,
 That I trow evermaire sall be
 Praised, while men may on them mene,
 It is well worth withoutten wene:
 That their names for evermaire:
 That in their time sa worthie were,
 That men to heare hes yet daintie:
 That their worship, and their bountie,
 Be alway lessing into louing.
 Where he that is Almighty King,
 Bring them hie up to heuens blis,
 Where alwayes lasting louing is.

How the Bishop of Dvnrkeldyn syne,
Scomfist the shipme beside Dumfermling.

In this time that the Richemounth,
Was on this maner brought to ground.
Men of the coastes of England,
That dwelt in Humber, or nere hand,
Gaddered them a great Penge,
And went in shippes to the sea,
And toward Scotland went in by,
And to the Fyrdh came hasterly.
They went to have had all their lyking:
For they wist well that the King,
Was then far out of the Countrie,
And with him myny of great bannite.
Therefore into the Fyrdh came they,
And endlang it held by their way.
While they bessege Inverkerthing,
On the West halfe toward Dumfermling,
Tooke land, and fast begouth to rest.
The Erle of Fife, and the Shireffe,
Saw to the Coast shippes approachand;
They gaddered to defend the land.
And they forgaue the shippes ay,
As they sailled, they toke their way,
And thought to let them land to take.
And when the shipmen saw them make,
Sik countenance, and sik array.
They said among them, that they
Wald not for them let land to sa.
Then to the land they lped them sa:
That they came there in full great by,
And arrived full hardely.

The Scottisshmen saw their comming,
 And had thereof sike abasing:
 That they all haill did ryde them fra,
 And the land but stop let them ta:
 They durst not seght with them, for thy
 They withdrew them all haillely:
 And yet they were fure handzeth nêre.
 When they away thus ryding were,
 And na defence begouth to hope,
 Of Dunkeldin the good Bishop,
 That William was called of Sincler,
 Came with a rout on good maner,
 I trow, on horse they were sertie:
 Himselfe was armed soley.
 He rade upon a stalward Steed,
 A Chimner for to heill his wêd,
 Abone his armour had he then.
 And armed also were his men.
 The Erle, and the Shireffe met he,
 Ryding away with their Menpie:
 He asked them well sone, what hy
 Made them to turne sa haffely:
 They said, their saes with stalward hand,
 Into sike fassion had taken land:
 That they thought them all out to feill,
 And they were set with them to deale.
 When the Bishop heard it was sa,
 He said, the King ought well to ma
 Of you, that takes sa well on hand,
 In his absence to wêre his land.
 Certes, gif he gart serue you well,
 The gilt spurres right by the heill,
 He sould in hy gar betw you fra.
 Right wald, with Cowards men did sa:

How the Bishop of DUNKELDIN syne,
Scomfist the shipme beside *Dumfermling*.

In this time that the Richemond,
Was on this maner brought to ground.
Men of the coastes of England,
That dwelt in Humber, of nere hand,
Gaddered them a great people,
And went in shippes to the sea,
And toward Scotland went in by,
And to the Fyrdh came haskely.
They went to have had all their lyking:
For they wist well that the King,
Was then far out of the Countrie,
And with him many of great bannie.
Therefore into the Fyrdh came they,
And endlang it held vp their way,
While they beside Innerkething,
On the West halle toward Dumfermling,
Tooke land, and fast begouth to rest,
The Erle of Fife, and the Shireffe,
Saw to the Coast shippes approchand:
They gaddered to defend the land,
And they forgane the shippes ay,
As they sailles, they toke their way,
And thought to let them land to take.
And when the shipmen saw them make,
Sik countenance, and sik array,
They said among them, that they
Wald not for them let land to sa.
Then to the land they lped them sa:
That they came there in full great by,
And arrived full hardely.

The Scottisshmen saw their comming,
 And had thereof sik abasing:
 That they all haill did ryde them fra,
 And the land but stop lēt them sa:
 They durst not seght with them, for thy
 They withdrew them all haillly:
 And yet they were fine handzeth nēre.
 When they away thus ryding were,
 And na defence begouth to hape,
 Of Dunkeldin the good Bishop,
 That William was called of Sincler,
 Came with a rout on good maner,
 I trow, on horse they were sertie:
 Himselfe was armed iolely.
 He rade vpon a stalward Stēd,
 A Chimner for to heill his wēd,
 Abone his armour had he then.
 And armed also were his men.
 The Erle, and the Shireffe met he,
 Ryding away with their Menzie:
 He asked them well sone, what hy
 Made them to turne sa haffely:
 They said, their saes with stalward hand,
 Into sik fussion had taken land:
 That they thought them all out to feill,
 And they were fetw with them to deale.
 When the Bishop heard it was sa,
 He said, the King ought well to ma
 Of you, that takes sa well on hand,
 In his absence to wēre his land.
 Certes, gif he gart serue you well,
 The gilt spurres right by the heill,
 He sould in hy gar betw you fra.
 Right wald, with Cowards men did sa:

Wha loues his Lord, and his Countrie,
 Turne smertly now againe with me.
 With that he kest off his Chimmere,
 And hint in hand a stalward speare:
 And rade toward their faces in by,
 All turned with him haillely:
 For he had them reproued sa:
 That of them all nane went him fra.
 He rade before them sturdely:
 And they followed full manfully.
 While that they were nere approachand,
 Unto their faes that had tane land.
 And sone were knit in godd array:
 Then some were went to the Forray.
 The godd Bishop when he them saw:
 He said, Lordings, but dread o' aw,
 Preike we vpon them hardely,
 And we sall haue them well hastely.
 Gif they see vs come but abasing,
 Sa that we here make na mair flinting.
 They sall right sone discomfitt be,
 Now doe ye well, for men sall see:
 Wha loues the Kings Pensk this day.
 Then all togidder in godd array,
 They preiked vpon them sturdely.
 The Bishop that was right hardy,
 And meikle and Marke, rade fordward ay.
 Then in a frush assembled they:
 And they that at their first meeting,
 Felt of their speares sa saire sowing,
 Vanisht, and wald haue bene away,
 Toward their shippes in by held they:
 And they them chased sellounly,
 And slew them full despiteously,

That all

That all the fields ouerfrowed were,
 Of Englishmen that slaine were there:
 And they that yet held brislaime,
 Dressed them to the sea againe:
 And Scottisshmen that chased sa:
 Slew all that euer they might overta:
 Bot they that fled, yet not for thy
 Sa to their shippes can them by:
 That in some baittes sa seill can ga:
 For that their faes them chased sa:
 That they ouertumbled: and the men
 That were therein, were drowned then.
 There did an Englishman that day,
 A well great strength, as I heard say:
 For when he chased was to the bait,
 A Scottisshman that him handled bait:
 He hint by by the armes twa,
 And were he well, or were he wa:
 He euen vpon his backe him slang,
 And with him in the bait can gang:
 And kest him in euen magre his:
 This was a well great strength, I wis.
 The Englishmen that went away,
 Toward their shippes in by went they,
 And sailed hame angry and wa,
 That they had bene rebuted sa.

The hame-come of King ROBERT,
 Out of IRELAND fra Sir EDWARD.

When the Shipmen on this wise,
 Was discomfitt, as I deuise:

The Bishop that sa well him bare,
And had comforted all that were there,
Was yet into the fighting stead,
Where néere twa hundreth well were dead,
Withoutten them that drowned were.
And when the field was spoyled baire:
They went all hame to their repaire.
To the Bishop is it fallen faire:
That thzough his praise and his bountie,
Encheued sik a great iourney,
The King therefore ay fra that day,
Him loued, and praised, and honoured ay:
And had him into sik dayntie:
That his awne Bishop him called he.
Thus they defended the Countrie,
On baith halves of the Scots sea,
While that the King out of the land
Was then, as I haue bozne on hand.
Thzough all Ireland his course hes made,
And againe to Craigfergus rade.
And when his bzother as he were King,
Had all the Irishy at bidding:
And haillely Vlister als wa,
He busked hame his way to ga:
And of his men that were maist hardy,
And praised als of Chenuaky,
With his bzother great part left he:
And syne is went bnto the sea,
When they their lienes on ather party
Had tane, they went to ship in by.
The Erle Thomas with him he had,
And raised Saile but mair abade:
And in the land of Galloway,
Without petill arrined they.

The Lords of the land were fane,
 When they wist he was come againe,
 And to him went in full great hy,
 And he receined them tenderly,
 And made them Feast and gladsome cheare:
 And then sa wonder blyth they were
 Of his comming, as man might say,
 Great Feast to him for the made they,
 Where euer he rade, all the Countrie
 Gaddered in daintie him for to see.
 Great gladnesse was there in the land:
 All was then win vnto his hand:
 Fra the red Swyre vnto Orknay,
 Was nane of Scotland fra his say:
 Excepting Baruike it alane:
 That time therein winned ane,
 That Captane then was of the toun,
 All Scottisshmen into suspicioun
 He had, and treated them right ill:
 He had ay to them right ill will,
 And held them all at vnder ay:
 Till that it fell vpon a day:
 That a Burgesse, Sym of Spalding,
 Thought that it was right heauie thing,
 On sik sort to rebuted be.
 Therefore into his heart thought he,
 That he wald help make conuynne,
 With the Marshall, whose Cousyn
 He had wedded to his wife:
 And as he thought, he did helpe:
 Letter to him he sent in hy,
 With a traill man full pryncely:
 And set him time to come, ane night
 With ladders, and god men, and wight,

To the Kow yet right priuily:
And bade him halde his tress truely:
And he sould mete them at the wall:
For on that night his watch sould fall,
When the letters the Marshall saw,
He embethought him a litle thraw:
For he wist by himselfe, that he
Might nouthur of might nor power be:
For to encheue sa great a thing.
And gif he toke to his helping
One, another sould waithed be.
Therefore right to the King yed he,
And shawed him betwixt them twa:
The letter, and the charge allwa.
When the King heard that this traine
Was spoken into sik certaine:
What him thought therein na fantise:
He said him, certes, thou hes wrought wise,
What hes discovered it first to me.
For gif thou had discovered the,
To my frend the Erle Thomas,
Thou sould displease the Lord Dowglas,
And him also in the contrare,
Bot I sall wirke on sik maner:
What thou at thine intent sall be,
And hare of them na magre.
Thou sall take keepe well to thy day,
And with them that thou purchase may,
At Euen sall thou embushed be,
In Duncie Parke. bot by priuie:
And I sall gar the Erle Thomas,
And the Lord also of Dowglas,
Alber with a certaine of men
Be there, to doe as thou sall ken.

The Marshall then but maire delay,
Toke leaue, and held forth on his way:
And held his speech priuie and still,
Till the day that was set him till.

The winning of BARVIKE & the feghting,
That was in the toun at the winning.

Then of the best of Lowthiane,
He with him to his tryst hes tane:
For Shireffe then thereof was he.
To Dunc Parke with his Menyle,
He came at Euen full priuily,
And syne with a good company,
Sone efter came the Erle Thomas,
That was met with the Lord Dowglas,
A right faire company there were,
When they were met togidder there.
And when the Marshall the conynge,
To baith the Lords, syne by lyne
Had tauld, they went forth on their way,
Far fra the toun their horse lest they.
To make it short, sa wrought they than,
That but seing of ony man.
(Duffane Sym of Spalding allane,
That gart that thing be vnderstane)
They set their ladders to the wall,
And but perceiuing came in all:
And held them in a nuke priuie,
While that the night sould passed be.
And ordainde that the main party,
Of their men sould gang sickerly
With their Lords and bald a stail,
And the remnand sould all haill,

Skailled thzough the towne, and take and sla,
 All the men that they might ouerta:
 Bot sone his ordynance bzake they:
 For als sone as it dauen was day,
 The twa part of their men, and ma,
 All skailled thzough the towne can ga,
 Sa grædy for to get the god,
 That they ran enen as they were wod:
 And sieged houses, and slew men:
 And they that saw their faes then,
 Come vpon them sa suddenly,
 Thzoughout the towne they raisoe the cry,
 And shot fogidder here and there.
 And ay as they assembled were,
 They wald abide and make debate:
 Had they bene warred, well I wate.
 They sould haue sauld their lynes deare,
 For they were god men: and als they were
 Far ma, than they were that them sought:
 Bot they were skailled sa that they mought
 On na maner assembled be.
 There was great melles twa or thre:
 Bot Scottisshmen sa well them bare:
 That their faes all rushed were:
 And disrayed at the last were sa:
 That they all haill the flight can sa,
 Some gat the Castell, bot not all:
 And some were slidden ouer the wall,
 And some were into hands fane:
 And some were in the bargaine slaine.
 On this wise them confæned they,
 Till it was nèere none of the day.
 Then they that in the Castell were:
 And other that fled were to them there.

That were

That were a right great company,
When they the Baners sa simpilly
Saw stand, and stuffed with sa whéene,
Their pails haue they opened sone,
And ished on them hardely.
The Erle Thomas that was worthy,
And the good Lord als of Dowglas,
With all the folke that with them was,
Met them stoutly with weapons seir,
Then men might see wha had bene nére,
Men abandon them hardely:
And Englishmen saught cruelly:
And with all mights can them paine,
To rush the Scottis men againe.
I trow, they had done sa, per say,
For they were sewer far than they,
Had it not bene a new made knight,
That to his name Sir William hight
Of Keith, and of the Gallistoun,
He heght thzough difference of Surnoun:
That bare him right well that day,
And put him in sa hard assay:
That he sik dints about him dang,
That where he saw the thickest thzang,
He pzeassed with sa mækle might:
And sa enforcebly can fight,
That he made to their Penyle way:
And they that nére were to him ay,
Dang on their faes sa hardely:
That they haue tane the backe in hy.
And to the Castell held their way:
With great mischiese there entred they:
For they were pzeassed there sa fast:
That they left mony of the last.

Bot they

Bot they that entred not for thy,
 Closed the paites right hastely.
 And in hy to the walles ran:
 For they were not all sicker than.

Here sent they word to the King,
 That came to the Castell yeelding,

The toun was tane vpon this wise,
 Thzough great worship and great empyre:
 And all the god that they there fand,
 Was seised haily in their hand.
 Wittaille they fand in great fusioan,
 And all that serued to stusse a toun,
 That keped they fra destroying.
 And syne hes sent word to the King,
 And he was of that tythings blyth.
 And sped him hidderward full stowth.
 And as he thzough the Countrte rade,
 Men gaddered to him while he had
 A meekle rout of worthy men:
 And the folke that were winning then,
 In the Mers and Teuidaile:
 And in the Forrest als all hail,
 And the East end of Lowthiane:
 Besoze that the King came, are gane
 To Baruike with a stalward hand:
 That name that was that time winnand,
 On yond side Tweede durst well appeare:
 And they that in the Castell were:
 When that their faes in sik plentie,
 Saw besoze them assembled be,
 And had na hope of reskelwing,
 They were abased in great thing.

Bot they

Bot they the Castell not for thy,
 Held five dayes right hardely:
 And paid it on the sext day.
 Wyne to their Countre hame went they.

Here WALTER STEWART took of the King,
 Baith Towne, and Castell in keeping.

THUS was the Castell, and the Town.
 To Scottisshmens possession
 Brought, and some efter the King
 Came ryding with all his gaddering
 To Barvike: and in the Castell,
 He was harbzed baith fair, and well:
 And his great Lords all him by.
 The remnand all commonly,
 To harbzy in the town are gane.
 The King hes then to counsell tane,
 That he wald not bzeake downe the wall,
 Bot Castell and the town withall:
 Stuffed well with men, and with bittaille,
 And all kin other apparaile,
 That might availe, or yet misser:
 To hald Castell, or town of wære.
 And Walter Stewart of Scotland,
 That then was young and bailyeand,
 And sonne in law to the good King.
 Had ay sik will, and sik yarning,
 Péere hand the Marches for to be,
 That Barvike in keeping then toke he,
 And receiued of the King the town,
 And the Castell, and Dungeoun.
 The King gart men of great Nobillay.
 Ride in England for to take Pray.

And brought

And brought out great plentie of sé:
 And with some Countries trewes toke he,
 For bittaille that in great fustoun,
 He gart bring smertly to the toun:
 So that baith Toun and Castell were
 Stuffed well for any yere or maire.

¶ The god Stewart of Scotland then,
 Sent for his friends and his men,
 Till he had with him but Archers,
 And but Bargesles, and Aulisters,
 Fine hundzeth men wight and hardy,
 That bare armes of Ancestry.
 Iohn Crab a Fleming als had he,
 That was of sa great subtelte,
 To ordaine, and to make apparaile,
 For to defend and to assaile,
 Castell of wære, or then Citle:
 That na fear might founden be.
 He gart Engines, and Traines ma,
 And puruayed great fires allwa,
 Fire-galdes, and shot on seir maners,
 That to defend Castell effères:
 He puruayed into full great wane.
 Bot gunnes for crakes had they name:
 For yet in Scotland then but twéne
 The vse of them had not bene sene.
 And when the towne upon this wise,
 Was stuffed (as I here deuise)
 The Noble King his way hes tane,
 And ridden toward Louthiane:
 And Walter Stewart that was stout,
 He left in Baruike with a rout:
 And ordained fast for apparaile,
 To defend, gif men wald assaile.

The King of ENGLAND his power,
Gaddered to siege BARVIKE but wecre.

When to the King of England,
Was tauld, how that with stalwart hand
Baruik was fane, and stuffed syne,
With men, and armour, and bittaille syne:
He was annoyed gretumly.
And gart be sumound haffely
His counsell, and hes tane to red,¹
That he his Dast wald hidder lead:
And with all might that he might get,
Into the toune a Siege set:
And gart dyke them sa stalwartly:
That while they liked there to ly,
They sould far out the sorer be,
And gif the men of the Countrie,
With strength of folke wald them assaile,
At their dykes in plaine battaile:
They sould auantage haue greatly.
Although forsooth it great folz
Were: for to assaillie into seghting,
At their dykes sa starke a King.
When his counsell on this maner
Was tane, he gart men far and ner,
His men hailly assembled be.
A great Dast with him then had he,
Of Longcastell the Erle Thomas,
That syne was Sand, as some men sayes,
Into his company was there.
And all the Erles als that were
In England worthy for to fight,
And Barouns als of meikle might,

With him to that assiege had he:
 And gart the shippes by the sea,
 Bring shot, and other apparrell,
 And great Garnisoun als of bittell,
 To Baruike then with his Pengie,
 And with his battels arriued came he.
 And to the Lords ilkane findy,
 Ordainde a field for their harby.
 Then men might see their Pauillions,
 Be stented on findye sassiouns,
 So seill, that they a Toun made there,
 Faire than baith Toun and Castell were.
 On ather halfe syne, on the sea,
 Their shippes came in sik plentie,
 With bittaile, arming, and with men,
 That all the hauen was stopped then.
 And when they that were in the toun,
 Saw their faes in sik fusioun,
 By sea, and land come hardely:
 Then they as wight men, and hardy,
 Shupe them sone to defend their Sted,
 That they in auentour of their dead,
 Shold put them, or then rush againe
 Their faes: for their Capitane
 Treated them sa louingly:
 And therewith als the maist party
 Of them, that armed with him were,
 Were of his blood, or Sib-men nere:
 Or els they were of his alky.
 Of sik comfort men might them see,
 And als sa fair in their conténing:
 That none of them had abasing.
 Upon the day well armed were they,
 And in the night well watched ay.

Well seir dayes they sa abade.
That they na full great bargaine had.

How Englishmen dyked them about,
And syne went to the Siege but dout.

I Pto this time, as I tell here,
That they withoutten bargaine were,
The Englishmen sa closed had
Their Dast, with dykes that they made,
That they were strengthened gretumly.
Syne with all hands busily,
They shupe them with their apparrell,
Them of the Toun for to assaile:
And on our Ladies Euen, Mary,
That bore the birth that all can by,
That men calls her Nativite:
Sone in the morning men might see
The English Dast arme them in by,
And display Baners sturdely,
And assemble to their Baners,
With Instruments on seir maners:
As Scaffolds, Ladders, and Coverings,
Pikkes, Howes, and eke staffe slings,
To ilk Lord, and his battaile,
Was ordained where they sould assaile,
And they within, when that they saw,
Tha men sa rayng them on a raw,
To their Mairdes they went in by,
That were stufed sa stalwardly,
With stanes, and shot, and other thing,
That nadded to their defending.
And into sik maner abade
Their saes, that to them sailyle made.

When

When they without were all ready,
They trumped to the assault in hy:
And ilke man with his apparail,
Where he sould be went to assaile.
To ilk kynell that there were,
Archers to shoot assigned are.
And when on this wise they were bound,
They went in hy toward the town,
And filled the dykes right hastely,
Spne to the walles right hardely:
They went with ladders that they had,
Bot they sa great defence hes made,
That were abone vpon the wall:
That baith ladders, and men withall.
They gart fall flatlings to the ground.
Then men might see in litle sound,
Men assailing right hardely,
Pzeassing vp ladders doughtely:
And them abone defending well,
Tumbling them downe to their vnseill.
With great annoy defended thay
Their town: for gif we the sooth sall say,
The walles of the town they were
Sa law: that a man with a speare,
Might stryke another vp in the face,
And the shot als sa thicke it was:
That it were wonder for to see.
And Walter Stewart with a penyie
Made ay about for to see where
That for to helpe maist misser were.
And where men pzeassed maist he made
Succours, to them that misser had.
The mony folke that were without
Had entrained the town about:

So that na part of it was scé.
Their men might the assaillyeurs sé,
Abandonn them right hardely:
And the defenders doughtely,
With all their mights can them paine,
To put their saes foze againe.
On this wise them conténed they,
While Noone was passed of the day:
Then they that in the ships were,
Ordained a ship with full great sare,
To come with all their apparaile,
Right to the wall for to assaile.
To the mid Wall their baite they dretw,
With armed men therein anetw:
A brig they had for to let fall,
Right fra the bait vpon the wall:
With Barges by they can her tow.
They pressed her right fast to row,
Beside the Wyghouse to the wall:
On that intent they set them all:
They brought her while she came well neri,
Then men might sé on seir maner,
Some men defend, and some assaile,
Full busily, with hard battaile.
They of the town sa well them bare:
That the shipmen sa handled were:
That they the ship on na maner,
Nicht gar come to the wall sa nére:
That their Fall-brig might réke therestill.
So lang abade they seghting still:
While that she ebbd on the ground,
Their men might in a litle stound,
Sé them by farre of war conynge,
Than they were euer that was therein.

And when the sea was ebbéd sa:
That men all day might to her ga,
Out of the town ished in hy
To her a well great company:
And fire in her bes kindled sone.
Into short time sa haue they done,
That into fire they gart her birne,
And many slaine, that was therein:
And some were fled, and away gane.
An Ingynour there haue they tane,
That was sleek of that mystere,
That men wist outhér far, or nére
Into the town syne entred they.
It fell them happily that day:
That they gat in sa hastely:
For there came a great company,
In full great by by the sea,
When they the ship saw burning hie,
Bot ere they came, the other was past,
The port they barred, and closed fast:
The folke assailied fast that day,
And they within defended ay:
On sik a wise, that they that were
With sik a force assailyeing there,
Might doe their will on na manere.
And when the Euenlang time was nére,
The folke without that were weary,
And some wounded full cruelly,
Saw them within defend them sa:
And saw it was not eith to sa
The town, while sik defence were made,
By them, that within the stéering had.
The Mast saw that their ship was bynt,
And of their men in by were tynt,

And their folke wounded and weary,
 They gart blaw the retreat in hy.
 Fra the shipmen rebuted were,
 They let the other assaile na maire:
 For thzough the shipmen they weind ilkané,
 That they the toun sould well haue tane,
 And men sayes, that ma ships then sa,
 Pleasid that time the toun to sa:
 Bot for that there was burnt, bot ane,
 And the Ingynour therein was tane:
 Here therefore mention made I,
 Bot of ane ship alanerly.

When they blawen had the retreat,
 Tha folke that tholed paines great:
 Withdrew them hailly fra the wall,
 The assault haue they left withall,
 And they within that weary were,
 And mony of them wounded saire,
 Were blyth and glad when they them saw,
 Sa in haill battell them withdrew:
 And fra they will surely, that they
 Held to their Banillions the way:
 They set god Matches to their wall,
 Hyne to their Innes went they all:
 And eased them that wearie were:
 And als them that were wounded saire,
 Had god leeches, forsooth I hight:
 That helped them with all their might,
 On ather side wearis were they:
 That night they did na maire persey.
 Five dayes efter they were still,
 That nane so othir did great ill.

Here sent King ROBERT in ENGLAND,
DOWGLAS & MURRAY with stalward hand.

Now leaue we thir folke here lyand,
All stilly (as I haue bozne on hand)
And turne the course of our carping,
To Sir Robert the doughtie King:
That assembled baith far and néere,
An Oast, and when he wist but were,
That the King sa of England,
Had assieged with stalward hand,
Baruike, where Walter Stewart was:
To purpose with his men he saes,
That he wald not sa sone assaile,
The King of England with battaile,
And at his dykes especially:
For it might well turne to foly.
Therefore he ordainde Lords twa,
The Erle of Murray was aue of tha:
The other was the Lord Dowglas,
And fiftene hundreth men, to passe
In England, for to burne and sla:
And sa great ryote there to ma,
That they that lay sieging the toun,
When they beare the destruction,
That they sould into England ma:
Sould be sa dræding, and sa wa:
For their Children, and for their Wiues,
That they sould dræd to losse their liues,
And their goods also, that they
Sould dræde they sould be had away,
And they sould leaue the Siege in hy,
And wend to reskew hassely

Their goods, their freinds, and their land:
Therefore (as I haue bozne on hand)
Thir Lords sent he south in by.
And they their wayes held hastely,
In England gart baith burne and sla:
And wrought therein sa mækle wa:
As as they sare throughe the Countrie,
That it was pitie for to see.
To them that wald it ony good:
For they destroyed all as they wode.
Sa lang they rade destroying sa:
That they trauesed oft to and fra:
Sa that they comen are to Repoun,
And destroyed haillely that Toun.
At Borrow bigg their harbery
They toke, and at Midtoun there by.
And when the men of that Countrie,
Their men saw sa destroyed be:
They gaddered into full great by,
Archers, Burgeses, and Pemanry,
Priests, Clarkes, Abbots, Freres,
Husbands, and men of all misters,
While they togidder assembled were,
Well twentie thousand men, and mair:
Right good armour aneugh they had.
The Archbishop of Yorke they made
Their Capitane, and to counsaile
Hes tane, that they in plaine battaile,
Wald assaile the Scottisshmen,
That far fewer than they were then.
Then he displayed his Baner,
And other Bishops that were there,
Gart display their Baner alswa.
And in a rout south can they ga,

Toward Midtoun the ready way.
 And when the Scottisshmen heard say,
 That they were to them comming nére:
 They busked them on their best manére:
 And dealt them into battells twa,
 Dowglas the Vanguard can ma,
 And the Ræregard made Erle Thomas,
 (For Capitaine of the Dast he was)
 And sa ordained in good array,
 Toward their faes they held the way.
 When that they had of other sight,
 They pleased on baith the halves to fight.
 The Englishmen came right sably,
 With good countenance, and hardy,
 Right in a frount with their Baner,
 While that their faes came sa ner:
 That they their vilage well might see.
 Thre speare length, trow I it might be
 Betwixt them, then sik abaisling
 Toke them, that but aslonpeing,
 They toke the backe, and all to ga.
 When Scottisshmen hes sene them sa
 Effrayedly flee all their way,
 In great hy upon them set they,
 And slew, and toke a great party:
 That the laue fled full effrayedly,
 As they best mought, to seeke watrand.
 They were chaled sa nére at hand,
 That well a thousand died there.
 And of tha yet thre hundzeth were
 Priests, that died in that place.
 Therefore that bargaine called was,
 The Chapter of Midtoun: for there
 Slaine sa mony Priests were.

The other assault of BARVIKE,
That was right sharpe to Scots kinrike.

When that thir folke discomfist was,
And Scottisshmen had lest the chase:
They went then sozward in the land,
Slaying, destroying, and burnand.
Then they that at the siege lay,
Ere it was past the fift day,
Had made them sundrie apparaile,
To gang estones to assaile.
Of great Scissers a Sow they made,
That skaldward heilling outwith had:
With armed men anew therein,
And Instruments soz to myne.
Sundrie Scaffolds they made withall,
That were far hier then the wall.
And ordainde als that by the sea,
The toun shuld right well sailpied be:
And they within that saw them sa,
So great apparell to them ma,
Through Crabbes counsell that was se,
A Crane they haue gart dzelle by hie,
Kinning on wheeles, that they might bring
It where that need were of helping:
And Picke and Tar als haue they tane,
And Lynt, and Harde, and Brintstane,
And ozy træs, that wald well birne,
And melled ather other in:
And great Faggots thereof they made,
Girthed with Irne bands brade.
The Faggots well might measured be,
To a great Tunnys quantitle.

The Fagots burning in a baill,
 With their Cran thought they should auaille:
 And gif the Bow come to the wall,
 To let it burning on her fall:
 And with a starke Chenpie hald it there:
 While all were byunt by that there were,
 Engines also for to cast
 They ordained, and made ready fast:
 And set like man to his ward,
 And Sir Walter the good Steward
 With armed men should ride about,
 And see where that there was maist dout,
 And succour there with his Penpie.
 And when they into sik degré,
 Had made them for their assaileying,
 On the Rood Cuen in the dawing,
 The English Dast blew to assaile.
 There might men see with seir appaile,
 That great Dast come full sturdely.
 The town environed they in by:
 And assayled with full great will:
 For all their might they set theretill.
 Fast they them pressed to the town:
 Bot they that can them abandon
 To dead, or then to wounds sair:
 So well hes them defended there:
 That Ladders to the ground they hang,
 And with stanes sa fast they dang
 Their faes, that fell they left lying:
 Some dead, some hurt, and some swooning,
 Bot they that held on foot, in by,
 DREW them away deliuerly:
 And sojournde there for na kin thing,
 Bot went stoutly to assaileying.

And they abone defended ay,
 And set them to sa hard assay:
 While that feill of them wounded were,
 And they sa great defence made there,
 That they stinted their saes might,
 Upon ilk maner can they fight:
 While it was nere þone of the day.
 Then they without in great array,
 Preasted their Sow toward the wall.
 And they within right sone gart call,
 The Ingynner that taken was,
 And great mannance to him maes:
 And swoze that he souls die, bot he
 Þreued on the Sow ilk subtelte,
 That he souls frash her ilk deill:
 And he that hes perceined well,
 That the dead was nere him till:
 Bot gif he might fulfill their will,
 Thought, that he all his might wald do.
 Bended in great by then was tho,
 And to the Sow was then euen set.
 In hy he gart drake the Cleiket:
 And smertly swapped out a stane:
 That euen out ouer the Sow is gane.
 And behind her a litle wie
 It fell: and then they cried hie:
 That were in her forth to the wall,
 For dreddlesse it is ours all.
 The Ingynour then delinerly,
 Gart bend the gyn full hassely,
 That kest the stane right smertly out,
 It flew ouer whiddering in a rout,
 And fell right euen befoze the Sow,
 Their hearts then begouth to grow.

Bot they

Bot gif they with their mights all,
Pleased the Sow toward the wall,
And hes her set thereto cunningly.
The Ingynour then gart bend in hy
The gyn, and swakked out a stane,
That euen toward the Lyft is gane,
And with great weight dushed down,
Right by the wall in a randoun:
And hit the Sow in sik a maner,
That it that was the maist sower:
And starkest soz to stynt a straike,
In sunder with that dush he brake.
The men ran swyth in full great hy,
And on the walles they can cry:
That their Sow ferried was there.
John Crab that had his geare all there,
In the Faggots hes set a fire,
And ouer the walles syne can it wyre,
And bzunt the Sow in bzandes bare.
With this all fast assailyeing were
The folke without with felloun fight:
And they within with meekle might,
Defended manfully that Stead,
Into great auenture of their dead.
The shipmen with great appaile,
Came with their ships to assaile:
With Topcastells garnisht well,
And with men armed into stele.
Their baittes by in middes their Pass,
Drawne well hie, and fastned fast,
And pleased with their great auenture,
Toward the wall: bot the Ingynour
Hit an Alpine with a stane,
That the men that were therein skane,

Came dowlone dushing on the land.
Fra hinesworth durst nane take on hand,
With shippes to please them to the wall,
Bot the laus were assaileing all.
On euerilke side sa egerly:
That Certes, it was great ferly,
That tha folke sik defence hes made.
For the great mischiese they then had:
For their walles sa law they were,
That a man right with a speare,
Might strike another dy in the face:
As here befoze tauld to you was.
And feill of them were wounded saire:
And the laue sa fast trauellling were:
That nane had laiser rest to sa,
Their aduersaries them assaileyed sa:
They were therein sa straitly stad,
That their Wardane with him had,
An hundzeth men in company,
Armed, that wight were and hardy,
And rade about, for to see where,
That his folke hardestt pleased were:
Bot he of his haill company,
Behoued to leane a great party.
Sa that by he a course had made
About, of all his men he had,
There was left with him only ane:
For he had them left euerilkane,
To relieue where he saw misser:
And the folke that assaileing were,
At Mary past, they betwen had
The Barres, and a fire had made
At the Dyat-bryg, and byunt it down:
And were thyinging in great fustoun,

Right to the pait a fire to ma.
 And they within gart smertly ga,
 Right to the Wardane for to say,
 How they were set in hard assay.
 And when Sir Walter Stewart heard,
 How that his men sa straitly farde,
 He gart come fra the Castell then,
 All that were there of armed men:
 For there that day assailied nane.
 And with that rout in by is gane,
 To Mary pait, and to the wall
 He went, and saw the perill all.
 And vmbethought him suddenly,
 Bot gif great helpe were sent in by
 Thereto, they could burne bp the pait,
 With the fire that he fand thereat.
 Therefore vpon great hardement,
 He suddenly set his intent:
 And gart all wide set bp the pait,
 And the fire that he fand thereat,
 With strength of men he put away,
 He set him in full great assay:
 For they that were assailieing there,
 Preasted on him with weapons bare:
 And he defended with all his might.
 There men might see a felloun fight,
 With sticking, stopping, and straking:
 There made they curdy defending,
 Magre their saes, while the night:
 Gart them on baith halves leaue the fight.
They of the Dast, when night can fall,
 Fra the assault withdrew them all:
 Wounded, and wearie, and sorbest,
 With faintnesse there the Dault they left.

And to their Innies they went in hy,
And set their Matches hastely.
The latie them eased, as they might best:
For they had great misther of rest.
That night they spake all commonly,
Of them within, and had ferly,
That they sa stout defence had made,
Against the great assault they had:
And they within on other party,
When they their faes sa haillely
Saw them withdraw, they were all blyth,
And their Matches hes ordainde slopyth:
And syne are to their Innies gane.
There was bot few of them then slaine,
Bot feill were wounded cruelly.
The lane out of measure were weary.
It was an hard assault, per say:
For certainly I heard men say,
That na few men mair defence had made:
That sa right sharpe assaillyeing had.
And of ane thing that there befell,
I haue ferly, that I of tell:
That is, that into all that day,
When all the maist assaillied they:
And the shot thickest was with all,
Women with bairnes, and childzen small.
In armes full gaddered by, and bare,
To them that on the walles were,
Arrowes, and not ane slaine was there,
Nor yet wounded, and that was mair.
To a miracle of GOD almighty,
And to nought els it set can I.
On ather side, that night they were
All still, while on the mozne but mair,

There came tythings out of England,
 To the Dast that was mislykand :
 How that at Borrowbrig by Midtoun,
 Their men were slaine, and doungeen downe:
 And that the Scottishmen throughe the land,
 Made yet burning, and slayand.
 And when the King hes heard this tale,
 His counsell he assembled hale:
 To see, whidder better were him till,
 Abide about the toun all still:
 And assaile while it winnen were:
 Or then in England for to fare:
 And reskew his land, and men.
 His counsell fast discorde then:
 For the South men wold that he made
 Arrest there, while he winnen had
 The Toun, and the Castell allswa.
 Bot North men wold nathing swa:
 They dzed their friends for to tyne,
 And maist part of their goods synz,
 Throughe Scottishmens crueltye.
 They wold he let the Stege be,
 And ride for to reskew the land.
 Of Longcastell, I take on hand:
 The Erle Thomas was aue of tha,
 That counselde the King hame for to ga:
 And for that, maire enclined he,
 To the folke of the North Countrie:
 Then to the Southeroun mens will,
 He toke it to sa mekle ill,
 That he gart tarse his geare in hy,
 And with his battell haillely:
 That of the Dast nere third part was,
 To England hame his wayes taes.

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But lieue he hame hes tane his gait :
Therefore sell efter sik debaite,
Betwixt him, and the King, that ay
Lestred, and Andro Hardecley,
That throughe the King was on him set,
Toke him syne, and into Pumfret,
Into the hill beside the town,
Strake off his head but ransom.
Therefore syne hanged, and drazen was he,
And with him a great Menyle.
Men syne said efter that this Thomas,
That on this wise martyzed was,
Was syne a Sanct, and miracles did :
Bot enuy then gart them be hid.
Bot whidder he haly was, or nane,
At Pumfret thus gait was he slaine.
And syne the King of England,
When that he saw him take on hand:
To passe his way sa openly,
He thought that perill it was to ly.
His harnesse therefore tursed he:
And with the laue of his Menyle,
To England hame can he fare.
The Scottisshmen that destroying were
Througheout England full cruelly,
Burning and wasting right rigorously,
When that they haue heard tythings tell
Of this great Siege that was sa fell :
That they all skailed were and gane,
Unto England hame againe:
Sa that their folks relieved were,
And set now free from all danger:
Then did they take Westward the way,
And by Carlile returned are they,

With prise, and with prisoners,
 And other goods on seir maners,
 The Lords to the King are gane.
 The King (I wish) was wonder fane:
 That they returned haill and sare,
 And that they sped on that manere,
 That they their faes discomfist had.
 And but tynfall of men had made
 Recourse to them, that in Baruike
 Were assieged right faire and thicke.
 That into fullgreat danger wes,
 Through strength of them that sieged hes.
 And when the King had spèred tythand,
 How they had sarne into England,
 And of their iourney what progresse,
 That they hane had, and what successe:
 And they haue tauld him all their sare,
 How Englishmen discomfist were,
 Right blyth into his heart was he,
 And made them Feast with game and glè.

BAruike was on this maner
 Reskewed, and they that therein were,
 He was wortheie a Prince to be,
 Through manhæde, and subtiltie,
 That could with wit sa hie a thing,
 But tynsell bring to good ending.
 To Baruike syne the King gaes,
 And when he heard syne how it was
 Defended sa done manfully,
 He loued them that were there greatly.
 Walter Stewarts great bountie,
 Attour the laue commended he,
 For the right great defence he made
 At the pait, where men bzant had

The brig, as ye heard me deuisse.
 And Certes, he was mækle to praise:
 That sa stoutly with plaine seghting,
 At open yait made sik defending.
 Might he had lined, while he had bene,
 Of perfit eild, withouthen wene,
 His Renoun shold haue streiked fer.
 Bot death that watches euer ner,
 Into the flour of his yonthéde,
 Made end of all his doughtie déde,
 As I sall tell farthermare.
 When the King had a while bene there,
 He sent for Malouns far, and nére,
 That flæst was of that mystère:
 And gart well ten foot hie the wall,
 About Baruike the town ouer all,
 And syne toward Louthiane,
 With his Penye his gait bes lane,
 And syne he gart ordaine in hy,
 Baith armed men, and Pemanry,
 Into Ireland in hy to fare,
 To helpe his brother that was there.
 Bot he that rest annoyed ay,
 And wald in trauell be alway,
 Ane day befoze the arryuing,
 Of them, were sent him fra the King.
 He toke his way Southward to fare,
 Magre them all that with him were,
 For he had not then in that land,
 Of all men (I trow) twa thousand,
 Creipt the Kings of the Irishy,
 That in great routes rade him by.
 Toward Dondalk he toke the way:
 And when Richard of Clare heard say,

That he came with a few Menyle:
 All that he might assembled he:
 Of all Ireland of armed men.
 So that he had there with him then,
 Of trapped horses twentie thousand,
 By them that were on foot gangand:
 And held forth Northward on his way.
 And when Sir Edward heard men say,
 That commen nere to him was he,
 He sent Discourteours him to see,
 The Sowles and the Stewart were they,
 And als Sir Philip the Mowbray,
 And when they sene had their comming,
 They went againe to tell tything:
 And said, they were well many men.
 In by Sir Edward answered then:
 And said, that he sould feght that day,
 Though fve, or sex times ma were they.
 Sir Iohn Stewart said sickerly,
 I reede ye feght not in fsk by:
 Men sayes your bzother is cummand,
 With fiftene hondzeth men at hand.
 And were they knit with you, ye might
 Abide stalwardly the fight.
 Sir Edward looked right angerly,
 And to the Sowles said in by:
 What sayes thou? Sir, he said, per say,
 As my fellozw said, Sir, I say.
 Then to Sir Philip the Mowbray said he.
 Sir (said he) sa our Lord me see,
 We thinke it folv for to bide
 None men, that speedes them to ride:
 For we are few, our faes are feill:
 GOD may right well our Meirds deill,

Bot it

Bot it were wonder that our might
 Should ouercome sa feill in fight.
 Then with great ire (alace) said he,
 I weind neuer to haue heard that of thée:
 Now helpe wha will, for sickerly
 This day but maire bade seght will I,
 Hall na man say, while that I die.
 That strength of men sall gar me flée.
 GOD shield that ony sould vs blame,
 That we defile our Noble fame.
 Now be it swagait then (said they)
 We sall take that GOD will purway,
 And when the Kings of Irishy,
 Heard say, and wist it sickerly,
 That their King with sa wheene wald fight,
 Against sa many of meekle might:
 They came to him in full great hy,
 And counselde him full tenderly,
 For to abide his men, and they
 Should hald their faes all that day
 Doing, and on the mozne allwa,
 With their assaults that they sould ma.
 Bot there might na counsell auaille,
 He wald all gaites to the battell.
 And when they saw he was sa thza,
 To seght, they said, ye may well ga:
 Bot we will quite vs btterly,
 To seght with yane great company.
 For nane of vs will stand to fight:
 Trust not theresoze into our might:
 For our maner is in this land,
 To follow, and to seght fléand:
 And not to stand in plaine felle,
 While the ane part discomfist be.

He said, sen that your custome is,
 I aske na mair of you, bot this,
 That is, that ye and your Menpie,
 Shald all togidder arrayed be,
 And stand on farre but departing,
 And see our seght, and our ending.
 They said, well, that they could doe sa:
 And syne toward their faes can ga.
 They were well thzettie thousand nêre,
 Edward, and they that with him were,
 They were not fully twa thousand,
 Arrayed then stalwardly to stand,
 Against thzettie thousand and ma.
 Sir Edward that day shuld not fa
 His Coat-armour, Sir Sib Harper
 That men held as a witten père,
 Of his estate, had on that day,
 All haill Sir Edwards array.
 The seght abade they on this wise,
 And in great hy their enemies,
 Came to assemble all ready.
 And they met them right hardely.
 They were sa few the soth to say,
 That rushed with their faes were they:
 And they that maist pzealed to stand,
 Were slaine downe, and the remanand
 Fled to the Irishy for succour,
 Sir Edward that had lik valour,
 Was dead, and Sir Iohn Stewart als wa,
 And Sir Iohn Sowles als with tha.
 And other of their company:
 They banquishit were sa suddenly,
 That few into the plaine were slaine,
 For the laue hes their wayes tane:

To the Irish Kings that were there,
That in haill battell howing were.
Iohn Thomson that was leader,
Of them of Carrike that were there.
When he saw the discomfiting,
Withdrew him to an Irish King,
That of his acquaintance had he:
And he received him in daintie.
And when Iohn commen was to the King,
He saw men lead fra the seghting,
Sir Philip Mowbray the wight,
That had bene discomfist in the fight:
And by the armes led was he,
With twa men vpon the Causseway,
That was betwixt the towne and the town,
That streiked lang in the Causseway:
Toward the town they held their way,
And when in mids the Causseway were they,
Sir Philip of his businesse
Duercome, and perceined he was
Lane, and swagaites led with twa.
The ans he swakked sone him fra,
And yne the other in great hy.
He drew his sword delinerly,
And to the seght the way he taks,
Endlang the Causseway that there was
Filled into sa great fusioun
Of men, that went then to the town.
And he that met them, can them ma,
Sik payment, where he can them sa,
That well an hundzeth men gart he,
Leaue magre theirs the Causseway.
And Iohn Thomson said surely,
That saw his dedes all haillely,

That toward the battell euen he yeele.
 Iohn Thomson thereto toke good heed,
 And cried to him in full great hy.
 That they were vanquish't all plainely:
 And said, come here : for there is nane
 On life, for they are dead ilkane.
 Then stood he still a while, and saw
 That they were all come out of daw:
 Syne went he toward him sickerly.
 This Iohn wrought syne sa Wittely,
 That all that hidder fled, they were
 Comde to Craigfergus haile and sere,
 Although they left some of their geare.
 And they that at the feghting were,
 Sought Sir Edward to get his head,
 Among the folke that there was dead:
 And fand Gib Harper in his geare:
 And for sa god his armings were,
 They strake his head off. and syne it,
 They haue gart salt into a bit:
 And in a present but hething
 In England sent it to the King.
 They weind Sir Edward it had bene:
 Bot for the arming that was thene,
 They of the head deceined were:
 Although Sir Edward died there.
 On this wise were the poble men,
 Thzough wilfulnesse, all lossed then,
 And that was sin, and great pitie:
 For had their outrageous bountie,
 Bene led with wit, and with measure,
 Bot gif the mair misauenture
 Befell them, it could bene hard thing,
 Should lead them to discomfoting,

Bot great outrageous succour,
Gart them all deare their worship buy:
And they that fled fra the Melle,
Sped them in hy toward the sea:
And to Craigfergus commen are they:
And they that were into the way,
To Sir Edward, sent fra the King,
When they heard the discomfiting,
To Craigfergus they went againe:
And that was not withoutten paine:
For they were mony times that day
Assailied with Irishy: bot they
Held them togidder sickerly,
Defending them sa worsthely:
That they escaped oft throughe might,
And mony times oft by flight.
For oft there to themselves gaue they,
To let them skaithelesse passe away.
And to Craigfergus came they sa:
Then baittes and shipmen they ta,
And sailed to Scotland into hy,
And arriued all there safely.
When they of Scotland had witting,
Of Sir Edwards discomfiting:
They méened him full tenderly,
Ouer all the land full commonly:
And they that with him staine were they,
Full tenderly als méened they were.
Sir Edward Bruce, as is said airc,
Was discomfist on this maner:
And when the field was cleanged cléne,
Sa that na resistance there was séne,
The Wardane then Richard of Clare:
With all the folkes that he had there,

Toward Dondalk hes tane the way,
 Sa that na debate made they:
 At that time with the Irishy,
 Bot to the town they held in hy.
 And syne hes sent to the King,
 That England had in govern'ng,
 Gib Harpers head into a Bit,
 Iohn Mawppas to the King had it:
 Whilk he reteined in great dayntie,
 Right blyth of that Present was he:
 For he was glad, that he was sa
 Deliuered of sik felloun a fa.
 In heart thereof he toke sik pride:
 That in all haste he wald ride,
 With a great Dast into Scotland:
 To reuenge him with skaward hand,
 Of the tray, frauell, and the teene,
 That done to him therein had bene.
 Then a right great Dast gaddered he,
 And gart his shippes by the sea,
 Come with great fusioun of bittaille.
 For at that time he thought all hail,
 For to destroy sa cleene Scotland,
 That nane sould be therein liuand,
 And with his Dast in god array.
 Toward Scotland he toke the way:
 And when King Robert wist that he
 Came on him with sik a Menpie,
 He gaddered men baith far and nêre:
 While sa feill commen to him were,
 And was als for to come him to:
 That him thought he sould well do.
 He gart withdrau all the Castell.
 Of Louthiane euerilk deill:

And into strengths gart them be led,
 And ordainde men to defend that stead:
 And with his Dast all still he lay,
 At Culros: for he wald assay,
 To gar his faes throug fasting,
 Be seble, and throug lang waking.
 And fra he seblisshed had their might,
 Assemble with them he wald to fight.
 He thought to worke vpon this wise:
 And Englishmen throug great distresses,
 Came with their Dast to Louthiane,
 And then to Edinburgh are they gane,
 And there abade dayes thre.
 Their ships that were vpon the sea,
 Had the wind contrare to them ay:
 So that vpon na maner of way,
 Power they had to the Fyrth to bring
 Their vittaille, to relieue their King:
 And they of the Dast that sailpied meat.
 When they saw that they might not get
 Their vittailles to them by the sea,
 They sent then forth a great penyie,
 For to forray all Louthiane.
 Bot Cattell haue they founden nane,
 Except a Bow that was haltand,
 That in Tranent town they fand.
 And when the Erle of Warrane,
 Saw their Forrayours come againe,
 And a Bow anerly come sa:
 He asked gif they fand na ma:
 And they haue said all to him, Nay.
 Then Certes, said he, I dare say,
 This is the dearest beest, that I
 Saw euer yet: for sickerly

It coste a thousand pound, and mair.
 And when the King, and they that were
 Of his counsell, saw they might get
 A Castell to their Dast to eat,
 When they of fasting had great paine.
 To England turned they hame againe,
 At Melros shupe they for to ly,
 And sent befoze a company.
 Thze hundzeth néere of armed men:
 Bot the Lord Dowglas that was then
 Beside. into a Forrest néere,
 Whist of their comming, and what they were.
 And with them of his company,
 Into Melros all priuily,
 He howered into a bushment:
 And a right sturdy Frère he sent,
 Without the wait their comming to see,
 And bade him hald him all priuie:
 While that he saw them comming all,
 Right to the cunpie of the wall:
 And crie on hie, then Dowglas, Dowglas,
 The Frère then forth his wayes takes,
 That was right darfe, stout, and hardy,
 His meekle hode covered haillely,
 The arming that he on him had.
 Upon a stalward horse he rade,
 And in his hand he had a speare:
 And abade vpon that manere,
 While that he saw them comming ner,
 And when the foremost passed were
 The cunpie, he cried, Dowglas, Dowglas,
 Then to them all, a course he maes:
 And bare ane downe deliuerly:
 Then Dowglas with his company,

yshed vpon them with a shoute.
 And when they saw sa great a rout,
 Come vpon them sa suddenly,
 They were abaled gretumly:
 And gaue the backe but maire abade.
 The Scottisshmen among them rade,
 and slew all them they might ouerta,
 And great martyrdome there can ma:
 And they that scaped were vnslaine:
 And to their Dast went hame againe:
 And sauld them what good welcomming,
 Dowglas then made at their comming,
 Conuoying them againe rudely,
 And warned them the plaine harbyr.

Here followed King ROBERT in hight,
 The English King with all his might.

The King of England, and his men,
 That saw their harbyours come then
 Rebuted on that great maner,
 Annoyed in their hearts they were:
 And thought it was a great foly,
 Into the wood to take harbyr.
 Therefore by Dryburgh in a plaine:
 They harbyried them, and syne againe,
 Are went to England but delay.
 And when the King Robert heard say:
 That they were turned hame againe,
 And how their harbyours were slaine,
 In by an Dast assembled he,
 And went forth over the Scots sea:
 Eightie thousand he was, and ma.
 And aught battells he made of tha:

In ilk battell were ten thousand :
 Syne went he south to England,
 And in haill rout he followed fast
 The English King, while at the last,
 He came approaching by Byland,
 When at that time there was lyand,
 The King of England with his men,
 King Robert that had witting then,
 That he lay there with meikle might:
 Tranoynted sa on him ane night:
 That on the mozne by it was day,
 Commen to the plaine field were they.
 Fra Byland a litle space:
 Bot betwixt them, and it there was,
 A craig bza streiked well lang:
 And a great Path by soz to gang.
 Othertwise might they not haue way,
 To passe to Bylands Abbay:
 Bot gif they passed far about.
 And when the meikle English rout,
 Heard that the King Robert was nere,
 The maist part of them that were there,
 Went to the Path to take the bza,
 There thought they their defence to ma:
 Their Baners there they gart display,
 And their battells in bzade array:
 And thought well to defend the place.
 When King Robert perceined hes,
 That they them thought soz to defend,
 Efter his counsell hes he send:
 And asked what was best to do?
 The Lord Dowglas answered him so:
 And said, Sir, I will vndersta,
 That in short time I sall doe sa:

That I sall win yone place plainely:
O; then gar all yone company,
Come downe to you into this plaine:
O; ye sall neuer troto me againe.
The King then said, great GOD theé spæde:
And he on forth his wayes yæde,
And of the East the maist party,
Put then into his company:
And held their way toward the place,
The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
Left his battell, and in great hy,
Bot with few men in company,
Came to the Court of the Lord Dowglas,
And ere he entred into the place,
Befoze them all the place toke he:
For he wald that men sould him sê.
And when the god Lord Dowglas,
Saw, that he sa commen was.
He praised him thereof greatly,
And welcommed him honozably.
And to the place can fogidder ga.
When Englishmen saw them doe sa,
They lighted, and against them yæd,
Twa Knights, that doughtie were indæde,
Thomas of Struthers heght ane to name,
And the other Sir Ralph of Cowbane?
Thir twa Knights of god degre,
Came downe befoze all their Menye:
They were baith of full great bountie,
And met their faes right mansullie.
There might men sê well other assaile,
And men defend with stout battaile:
And arrowes flê in great fusoun,
And they that abone were, tumbled down

Stanes vpon them fra the hight.
 Bot they that set baith will and might,
 To win the Path, and preassed sa:
 That Sir Ralph Cowbane can sa
 The way, right to his Dast in hy,
 And left Sir Thomas manfully
 Defending with great might the place,
 While that he sa surprised was:
 That he was tane thzough hard seghting.
 And therefore syne while his ending,
 He was renouued the best of hand,
 Of ane Knight, was in all England.
 For this ilk Sir Ralph of Cowbane,
 In all England he had the name:
 For the best Knight of that land.
 And for Sir Thomas dwelt still seghtand,
 Where Sir Ralph (as before said we)
 Withdrew him, abone him prised was he.

The discomfiting of Englishmen,
 At BYLANDS Path into the Glen.

THus were they seghting in the place:
 And when King Robert, that was
 Wise in his dedes, and eke worthy,
 Saw his men ay sa doughtely,
 The Beth vpon their faes sa,
 And saw his faes defend them sa:
 Then gart he all the Irishy,
 That were into his company,
 Of Argyle, and Fles alswa,
 Speede them in hy vnto the bze:
 He bade them leave the Beth battlely,
 And climbe vp on the Craiges thereby:

And speede

And speed them fast the hight to sa:
 And in great by they haue done sa:
 And clambe as Gaittes vp to the hight,
 And left not for their faes might.
 Agre their faes they bare them sa:
 That they are gotten abone the bza.
 Then saught they wonder fellounly,
 And rushed their faes right sturdely.
 There was a right perilous bargaine:
 For a knight heght Sir John of Brittain,
 That lighted hes abone the bza,
 With his men great defence can ma.
 Bot the Scottisshmen can sa assaile,
 And gaue to them sa feill battaile:
 That they were set in sike effray,
 That they that fleé might, fled away,
 Sir John of Britaine there was tane,
 And maist part of his Menpie slaine.
 Of France there were tane Knights twa,
 The Lord of Sowllie was ane of tha:
 The other was the Marshall Britane,
 That was a right great Lord at bame.
 The laue some dead were, and some slaine,
 The remnand fled were euerilkane.
 And when the King of England,
 As yet at Byland was lyand:
 Saw his men discomfist plainely,
 He toke his way in full great by:
 And Southward fled in all his might.
 The Scotsmen chased him hard, I hight:
 And in the chace hes mony slaine:
 Bot he quickly away is gane,
 And the maist part of his Menpie,
 Walter Stewart of great bountie,

Set ap vpon his Cheualry,
With fve hundred in company,
To Yorke waits a chase can ma:
And there some of their men can sta:
And abade there while nere the night,
To see gif ony wald is to fight.
And when he saw nane wald is he out,
He turned againe with all his rout:
And to the East they went in by,
That then had tane their harbery:
Into the Abbay of Byland,
And Kelwes that were nere by land.
They dealt among them that was there,
And gaue the King of Englands geare:
That he had left into Byland,
All gripped they into their hand:
And made them glad, and eke mery.
And when the King had tane harbery:
They brought to him their prisoners,
All unarmed, as it efferes:
And when he saw Iohn of Brittain,
He had at him full great disdaine:
For he of him wald speake highly,
At home, and to dispitefully.
He bade haue him away in by,
And loke he kept were straitly:
And said, were it not that he were
A Captiue, as he then was there:
His words he sould full deare aby:
And he full fast can cry, mercy.
They led him forth withoutten maire,
And kept him well while that they were
Commen home to their awne Countrie.
Lang ester syne ransomed was he:

For twentie thousand pound to pay:

As I haue heard mony men say.

When that the King this spech had made,
The French Knights they taken had,

Were brought there befoze the King,

And he made them faire welcomming:

And said, I wate right well that ye

For your great worship and bountie,

Came for to see this seghting here:

For sen ye in the Countrie were,

Your strength, your worship and your might

Wald not thole you escheu the fight,

And sen that cause led you theretill.

And nouthet woth, no; yet ill will,

As friends ye sall receiued be,

And welcome be all time to me.

They kneeled, and thanked him greatly,

And he gart treat them courteously,

A lang whyle with him them held he.

And did them honour and bountie.

And when they yarned to their land,

Unto the King of France in P:elant,

He sent them quite, but ransome free;

And gifts great to them gaue he.

His friends thusgaite courteously,

He could receiue, and right humbly:

And his saer stoutly asoney.

At Byland all that night he lay,

For their victorie all blyth they were.

And on the mozne withoutten mair,

They haue Southwards tane their way:

So far at that time trauelde they,

Burning, slaying, and destroying

Their saes, with all their might noying,

While to the wall commen were they,
 Syne North againe they toke the way,
 And syne hameward in their repaire,
 They destroyed haill the wall of Bewar,
 And syne with prisoners, and Cattell,
 Riches, and mony faire felwell,
 To Scotland toke they hame their way,
 Blyth and topyfull of their Play.
 And ilk man went to his repaire,
 Thanking great GOD of their welfare,
 That they the King of England,
 Thzough worship, & thzough strength of hand,
 And thzough their Kings great bountie,
 Discomfist had in his awne Countrie.

Thus was the land a while at peace:
 Bot Couetise that cannot cease,
 To set men vpon felony,
 To gar men come to Senyeory,
 Great Lords of full great Renoun,
 Made a feill Coniuration,
 Against Robert the doughtie King,
 They thought to bring him to ending:
 And soz to bzoke efter his dead,
 The Kinrike, and Reigne in his stead.

Of the great Treasoun the ordaining,
 To ROBERT the BRUCE the noble King.

The Lord Sowles Sir Williame,
 Of this dead had maist desame:
 For principall thereof was he,
 Baith of assent and crueltie:
 And had gotten with him sundrie,
 Gilbert Malyerd, and Iohn of Logie,

They

They were Knights, I tell of here.
 And Richard Browne als a Squyer;
 And good Sir Dauid the Brechync,
 Was of this dæde arrested syne,
 And I sall tell you farthermare:
 Bot they ilkane discovered were,
 Thzough a Lady (as I heard say)
 Ere to their purpose come might they:
 For she tauld haillly to the King,
 Their purpose, and their ordaining.
 And when that he sould haue bene dead,
 And Sowles King into his stead:
 And tauld him very takinning.
 That this purpose was sothfast thing,
 And when the King thist that it was say,
 So subtle purpose can he ta:
 That he gart take them everilkane.
 And where the Lord Sowles was tane,
 Thre hundzeth, and sextie had he,
 Of Squyers, cled in his Leuerie,
 At that time in his company,
 Outtane Knights that were ioly.
 Into Baruik taken was he,
 Then might men all his Menpie sê,
 Hozy, and wa the soth to say.
 The King læt them all passe away,
 And held them that he taken had.
 The Lord Sowles then efter made
 Plaine granting of that haill purpose.
 A Parliament therfore set was,
 And blider brought that Menpie were.
 The Lord Sowles hes granted there
 The dæde, into plaine Parliament.
 Therfore sone efter he was sent,

To his paines in Dumbartane,
 And died in that toun of Stane.
 Sir Gilbert Malyerd, and Logie,
 And Richard Browne, thir thre plainly,
 Was with assise there ouertane,
 Therefoze they were dzawne ilkane,
 And hanged, and headed als thereto.
 As men them damned had to do.
 And good Sir Dauid the Brechine,
 They gart challenge thereafter syne:
 And he granted, that of that thing
 Was made to him discovering:
 Bot thereto gaue he na consent.
 Bot for he heilled their intent,
 And discovered it not to the King,
 Whome of he held all his halding,
 And had made to him setwite:
 Judged to hing, and dzawne be
 He was, and as they dzew him to hing,
 The people farly fast can thing,
 Him, and his mischiese for to see:
 That to behald was great pitie.
 Sir Ingrame Vmfraile that than
 Was with the King a Scottishman:
 When he that great mischiese did see:
 He said, Lordings, whereto preasse ye,
 To see the mischiese of this knight,
 What was sa worthie and sa twicht?
 For I haue sene ma preasse to see,
 Him for his Soueraigne hauntie:
 Than now does for to see him here.
 And when thir words spoken were,
 With sozie cheare he held him still,
 While men had done on him their will.

And syne

And syne with lieue of the King,
 He bzought him menskfully to sirding:
 And syne to the King said he:
 Ane thing I pray you, Sir, grant to me:
 That is, that ye of all my land,
 That is into Scotland lyand,
 Wold giue me leaue to doe my will.
 The King sone hes said him till,
 I will well grant, that it sa be:
 Bot tell me what annoyces tha?
 He said againe, grant me mercy,
 And I sall tell you it plainely.
 Mine heart giues me na mair to be,
 With you dwelling in this Countrie.
 Therfore that it not you grieue,
 I pray you heartly of your lieue:
 For where sa Noble and woorthy, a Knight,
 And sa Cheualrous and sa wight:
 And sa renouned of worship syne,
 As Sir Dauid the good Brechynes:
 And sa fulfilled of all manhæde,
 Was put to sa villanous a dead:
 Mine heart forsooth may not giue me,
 To dwell for nathing that may be.
 The King said, sen that ye will sa
 When euer you like, ye may ga:
 And you sall haue god leaue thereto.
 Thy lyking of thy land to do:
 And he him thanked gretumly,
 And of his land in full great by,
 As him thought best, disponed he.
 Syne at the King of great beantie,
 Before them all that with him were,
 His lieue he took for enermair.

To his paines in Dumbartane,
 And died in that toun of Stane.
 Sir Gilbert Malyerd, and Logie,
 And Richard Browne, thir thre plainly,
 Was with assise there ouertane,
 Therefore they were drowne ilkane,
 And hanged, and headed als thereto.
 As men them damned had to do.
 And good Sir Dauid the Brechine,
 They gart challenge thereafter syne:
 And he granted, that of that thing
 Was made to him discovering:
 Bot thereto gaue he na consent.
 Bot for he heilled their intent,
 And discovered it not to the King,
 Whome of he held all his halding,
 And had made to him fetwre:
 Judged to hing, and drowne be
 He was, and as they dret him to hing,
 The people farly fast can thing,
 Him, and his mischiefe for to see:
 That to behald was great pitie.
 Sir Ingrame Vmfravile that than
 Was with the King a Scottishman:
 When he that great mischiefe did see:
 He said, Lordings, whereto preasse ye,
 To see the mischiefe of this knight,
 That was sa worthie and sa wight?
 For I haue sene ma preasse to see,
 Him for his Soueraigne hauntie:
 Than now does for to see him here.
 And when thir words spoken were,
 With sorie cheare he held him still,
 While men had done on him their will.

And syne

And syne with lieue of the King,
 He bzought him menskfully to eirding :
 And syne to the King said he:
 Ane thing I pray you, Sir, grant to me :
 That is, that ye of all my land,
 That is into Scotland lyaund,
 Wold giue me leaue to doe my will.
 The King sone hes said him till,
 I will well grant, that it sa be:
 Bot tell me what annoyces thæ?
 He said againe, grant me mercy,
 And I sall tell you it plainely.
 Mine heart giues me na mair to be,
 With you dwelling in this Countrie.
 Therefore that it not you grieue,
 I pray you heartly of your lieue:
 For where sa Noble and woorthy a Knight,
 And sa Cheualrous and sa wight:
 And sa renouned of worship syne,
 As Sir Dauid the good Brechyne:
 And sa fulfilled of all manhæde,
 Was put to sa villanous a dead :
 Mine heart forsoth may not giue me,
 To dwell for nathing that may be.
 The King said, sen that ye will sa
 When euer you like, ye may ga:
 And you sall haue god leaue thereto.
 Thylking of thy land to do:
 And he him thanked gretumly,
 And of his land in full great by,
 As him thought best, dispooned he.
 Syne at the King of great bountie,
 Before them all that with him were,
 His lieue he toke for enormaite.

And went in England to the King,
 And he him tauld all but lésing.
 How that the Knights destroyed were,
 And all as I tauld rau aire;
 And of the Kings Courtesy,
 That leaued him debonerly,
 To doe with his land his lyking.
 In that time were sent fra the King,
 Of Scotland, Messengers to treat
 For peace, gif that they might it get,
 As there offsytle befoze was send,
 Suppose they could not bzing it to end.
 For the good King in his intent,
 Sen GOD ilk grace to him had sent,
 That he had winnen all his land,
 Through strength of armes to his hand,
 That he peace in his land wald ma,
 And all the land establiht sa:
 That his aire efter him sould be
 In peace, gif men held their lawtie.
In this time that the Vmfrauile,
 As I bare on hand aire whyle,
 Came to the King of England,
 The Scots Messengers there he sand,
 Of peace and rest to haue tretise.
 The King with Sir Ingrame was wise,
 And asked his counsell thereto:
 What he wald reede him for to do.
 For he said, he was laith to ma
 Peace with King Robert Bruce his sa,
 While that he venged of him were.
 Sir Ingrame made to him answere,
 And said, he dealt sa courteously,
 With me, that on na wise sould I

Give counsell to his hurting:
 Thou behoues needwise (said the King)
 To this thing say thine advise. I
 Sir (said he) sen your will it is,
 That I say, wit ye sikkerly:
 For all your great Chencalry,
 To deale with them ye haue na might:
 His men sa woꝛthie are and wight:
 For lang blage of seghting,
 That haue bene nourished in sik thing:
 That ilk Weman is sa wight,
 Of his, that he is woꝛth a Knight.
 Bot gif ye thinke your wære to bring,
 To godd purpose at your lyking:
 Lang trefwes with him take ye:
 Then sall the maist part of his Wengle,
 That are bot simple Wemanry,
 Be strengtyed all commonly,
 To win their meat with their trauell:
 And some of them of need mon call
 With Pleugh, and Barrow for to get,
 And other sere Crafts their dayly meat.
 So that their arming sall woꝛth aulo,
 And be roussed, destroyed, and sauld:
 And seill that now of wære are sle,
 Into tha lang trefwes sall die:
 And others in their stead sall rise:
 That sall ken litle of sik maistries:
 And when they thus diffused are,
 Then may ye moue on them the wære,
 To this assented they ilkane,
 And efter sone wære trefwes tane,
 Betwixt the twa Kingis that wære,
 Taken to last for threttene yere.

And on the Marches gart them cry
 The Scottisshmen harped them lelely,
 Bot Englishmen vpon the sea,
 Destroyed throught great crueltie,
 Marchant shippes that sailing were,
 Fra Scotland to Flanders with waire:
 And destroyed the men ilkane,
 And to their ble the gods hes tane.
 The King sent oft to haue redresse:
 Bot nought thereof redressed there was,
 And he abade all time ahand.
 The trewes on his balfe gart he stand,
 Upon the Marches stably,
 And gart men keepe them lelely.

WALTER STEWART here died he,
 At PASLAY cirded syne was he:

In this time that the trewes were,
 Lesting on Marches (as I said aire)
 Walter Stewart that worthy was,
 At Bathcat a great sicknesse tace,
 His euill wart ay mair and mair,
 While men perceined by his saire,
 That he of need must pay that det,
 That na man for to pay may let.
 Shriuen, and als repenting well.
 When all was done to him ilk deil,
 That Christen men ought for to haue
 As good Christian, the Gaist he gaue.
 Then might men heare folke wepe and cry,
 And mony a knight, and saike Lady,
 Murning, and making full euill cheare.
 So did they all that euer there were:

All men

All men him méened commonly,
 For of his eild he was worthy.
 When lang time they their dule had made
 The Corps to Passay haue they had :
 And there with great solemnitie,
 And with great dule eirded was he.
 GOD for his might his soule mot bzing,
 Where ioy ag lasteth but ending.

The Erle of MURRAY and DOWGLAS,
 With their Oast commen to WARDAL was.

After his death (as I said aire)
 The trefwes that sa taken were:
 For to haue lasted thzetteene yéere,
 When twa of them were passed néere,
 And ane halfe, I trow allwa :
 King Robert saw men wald not ma
 Kedresse of shippes that were tane :
 And of the men als that were slaine.
 Bot ay continued their prauitie,
 Where euer they met vpon the sea:
 He sent, and quit him all plainly,
 And gaue the trefwes bp openly.
 And in vengeance of this trespassse,
 The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas.
 And Donald Erle of Mar allwa,
 And James of Dowglas with them twa:
 And James Stewart that leader was,
 Efter his god brothers decease,
 Of all his bzethers men in wére,
 He gart vpon their best manére,
 With mony men boun them to ga,
 In England, for to burne and sla.

And they

And they held forth some to England,
 They were of good men ten thousand:
 And bzunt, and slew into their way,
 Their faes fast destroyed they.
 And thusgaite sozdward can they fare,
 To Wardall Park while they commen are were,
 That time Edward of Carnauerane
 The King, was dead, and laide in Lame.
 And Edward his sonne that was ying,
 In England crowned then was King:
 And surname had of Windfore,
 He had in France bene befoze,
 With his Mother Dame Isobell,
 And was wedded (as I heard tell)
 To a young Lady faire of face,
 That the Erles Daughter was
 Of Henault, and of that Countrie,
 Brought with him men of great bountie:
 Sir Iohn de Henault was their leader,
 That was right wise, and wight in wære:
 And in that time the Scots men were,
 At Wardall Parke (as I said aite)
 Into Yorke was the new made King,
 And heard tell of the destroying,
 That Scottisshmen made in his Countrie:
 A great Dast to him gaddered he:
 He was well nère fittie thousand.
 Then held he sozthward in the land,
 In haill battell with that Menple:
 Eighténe yere auld that time was he,
 The Scots men they had all Cokdail,
 Fra end to end they herped haill:
 And vnto Wardall againe they rade.
 Their Discurreours that fight has had,

Of coming of the Englishmen :
 To their Lords they tauld it then.
 Then the Lord Dowglas in a ling,
 Made south so to see their coming:
 And saw that seven battels were they,
 That came ryding in good array.
 When he the folke behalden had,
 Toward his Dast againe he rade.
 The Erle spæred gif he had sene
 The Dast : yea Sir (he said) but wene.
 What folke are they ? Sir, many men.
 The Erle his aith hes made even then:
 We sall seght with them, yea, though they were,
 Full ma by far, than they now are,
 Sir, loued be GOD, he said againe:
 That we haue sike a Capitane,
 That sa great thing dar vndersta.
 Bot by Sanct Bryde, it bees not sa,
 Gif my counsell may trowed be:
 For seght on na maner sall we,
 Bot it be at our auantage,
 For me thinke it were na outrage,
 To sewer folkes against ma,
 A vantage when they may, to sa:
 As they were on this wise speaking,
 On an high rig they saw streiking,
 Toward them even in battell brade,
 Baners anew displayed they had:
 And another coming efter nêre,
 And right vpon the same manere.
 They came while seven battells brade,
 Out ouer that high Rig passed had.
 The Scottishmen were then lyand,
 On North halfe nêre toward Scotland,

The daile was streiked well, I hight,
 On ather side there was an hight,
 And to the water downe somedeill stay,
 The Scottisshmen in god array,
 On their best wise busked ilkane,
 Stood in their strength that they had fane:
 And that was far fra the Water of Mære,
 A quarter of a mile well nére:
 There stood they battell to abide.
 The Englishmen there on ather side,
 Came ryding downeward, while they were,
 To Mæres Water comming nére:
 And on the other halfe their faes were:
 Then haue they made a rest right there,
 And sent out Archers a thousand,
 With Hounds and Bowes in their hand:
 And gart them well drinke of the wyne:
 And bade them gang to hicker syne
 The Scottissh Doff in a randoun:
 And looke gif they might ding them down,
 For might they gar them breake array.
 To haue them at their will thought they:
 And armed men downe with them send
 Them at the Water to defend.
 The Lord Dowglas hes sene their fare,
 And men that right well horsed were,
 And armed a great company,
 Behind the battell pryncely.
 He gart hower to abide their comming.
 And when he made to them tokenning,
 They sould come pricking fast, and fla,
 With speares all that they might ouerta:
 Donald of Martheir Chistane was,
 And Archibald with him of Dowglas,

The Lord Dowglas toward them rade,
And a gowne on his arming had:
And trauesed allwayes bp againe:
Them néere his battell for to traine,
And they that drunken had of wine,
Came ay bp endlang in a line,
While that the battells came sa néere,
That arrowes fallen amang them were.
Robert of Ogill a good Squyar,
Came pricking on a good Coursar:
And on the archers cried againe,
Ye wate not wha makes you that traine.
It is the Lord Dowglas, that will
Of his playes ken some you till.
When they heard speake of the Dowglas,
The hardiest man effrayed was,
And againe turned haillely.
His taken then he made in hy,
And the folke that enbushid were,
Sa stoutly pricked on them there,
That well thre hundreth haue they slaine,
And to the Water hame againe:
The remanand all can they chase.
Sir William of Erskin that was
New made knight that samine day,
Well horsed into good array,
Chased with others that were there:
Sa far forth, that his horse him bare,
Amang the lumps of Englishmen:
And with strang hand he was taken then.
Bot of him well some change was made,
Of other men that they taken had:
Fra their English archers were slaine,
Their folke rade to their Dail againe.

And right

And right sa did the Lord Dowglas,
 And when that he repaired was,
 They might among their faes se,
 Their Pauillions sone stented be.
 Then they perceiued sone in hy,
 That they that night wald take harby,
 And shape to doe na mair that day:
 Therefore them also harbyed they:
 And stented Pauillions sone in hy.
 Tents and Lidges als there by,
 They gart make, and set all on rak,
 That day twa new things they saw:
 That befoze in Scotland had bene nans,
 Tymbrzes for Helmes was the ane,
 That them thought then of great bountie,
 And also wonder for to se.

The other, Craikes were for wære,
 That they befoze had neuer ere.
 Of thir twa things they hadserly,
 That night they watched stalwardly:
 The maist part of them armed lay,
 While on the mozne that it was day.

The Englishmen then vmbethought,
 Upon what maner that they mought,
 For the Scots leaue their auantage:
 For they thought solp, and outrage,
 To gang by to them to assaile
 Them, at their strength in plaine battalles:
 Therefore of god men a thousand,
 Armed on horse baith foot and hand,
 They sent befoze, their faes to be.
 Embushed into a balley:
 And shupe their battell as they wald
 Upon them to the seghting bald.

For they thought Scotsmen of sik will,
That they might not hold them still,
For they knew them of sik courage:
That they sould leave strength and anantage,
And meete them in the field plainely.
Then sould their bushment hastily,
Behind brek on them at the backe:
Sa thought they well they sould them wracke,
And make them to repent their play,
Their enbushment forth sent they,
And them enbushid prively.
And on the mozne somedeill airly,
Into the Dast sone trumped they:
And gart their battells brade array,
And held toward the Water right,
And well arrayed for to fight.
The Scottishmen that saw them sa,
Boun on their best wise can them ma,
And in their battell well arrayed,
With Baners to the wind displayed,
They left their strength, and all plainely
To seght they shupe them hastily.
In als god maner as they mought,
Right as their faes befoze had thought:
Bot the Lord Dowglas, that ay where,
Set out Watches here, and there,
To wit of their enbushment:
Then in great hy sone he went,
Befoze the battells, and sturdely,
He bade ilk man turne them in hy.
Right as they stod, them turned them sa
Up to the Strength he bade them ga:
Sa that na let be therein made,
And they did as they bidding had.

Then

When turned they with mekle paine,
 While to their strength they came againe:
 And stood ready to giue battaile,
 Gif their faes wold them assaile.
 When Englishmen hes sene them sa,
 Toward their strength againe vp ga:
 They cried hie, they fle away.
 Sir Iohn of Henault said, persey,
 None flaying is right Tragedie,
 Their armed men, behinde I see,
 And their Baners, sa that they there,
 Shall turne them, as they standing were:
 And be arrayed for the fight,
 Gif ony wold them please with might:
 They haue sene our enbushment,
 And againe to their strength are went.
 None folke are gouerned wittely:
 For he that leades them is worthy,
 For auise, wit, and wisdom, e,
 To gouerne the Empire of Rome,
 This spake that worthy knight that day:
 And the enbushment, sa that they
 Saw that they sa discovered were,
 Toward their Dast againe they fare.
 And the battells of Englishmen,
 When they saw they had failtyed then
 Of their purpose, to their harby
 They went, and lodged them in by.
 On ather halfe right sa did they,
 They made na mair debate that day.
When they that day ouerdriuen had,
 Fires in great fussion they made:
 Als sone as night fallen was,
 Then the good Lord of Dowglas,

That

That spied had a place there by,
That twa mile hyne where maist traistly,
The Scottisshmen might harby ta:
And defend them better alstoa,
Than els, in ony place them by.
It was a Parke, that haillely
Was environed about with wall,
It was nêre full of trêes all:
Bot a great Plaine into it was.
Hidder thought the Lord Dowglas
By night all their Dast to bring:
Therfore without maire dwelling,
They bet their fires, and made them paye:
And syne togidder swyth can they fare.
And to the Parke without tynsall,
They came, and harbyed them all haill
Upon the Water, and als nêre
To it, as they befoze were.
And on the mozne when it was day,
The English Dast missed away
The Scottisshmen, and had ferly:
And gart Discurreours hastely
Passe to se, where they were away.
And by their fires perceined they,
That they in the Parke of Wardaill,
Had gart harby their Dast all haill:
Therfore their Dast but maire abaide,
Busked, and euen anent them rade,
On other side the Water of Weere,
Gart tent their Pauillions als nêre:
As of befoze tented were they.
Eight dayes on this wise they lay:
That Englishmen durst not assaile,
The Scottisshmen in plaine battaile,

For strength of eird that they had there,
 There was ilk day iusting of wære,
 And skirmishing fall apertly,
 And men tane on ather party.
 And they that tane were on ane day,
 On another changed were they.
 Bot other dædes were not done,
 That greatly here are for to mone,
 While it fell on the nyynth day,
 The Lord Dowglas hes spied a way,
 How that he might about them ryde,
 And come on them at the Forrest syde,
 And at Euen puruayd he,
 And toke with him a great Menvie:
 Fiue hundzeth on horse wight and hardy.
 And on the night all priuily,
 Without noyse or din he rade,
 While that he nære environed had
 Their Ost, and on the Forrest syde,
 Toward them sleely can he ryde.
 And the maist part that with him were:
 Bare in their hands swords bare,
 And bade them helw Pauillions in twa,
 That they the Pauillions might ma,
 To fall on them that in them were:
 Then sould the laue that Forrayours are,
 Strike downe with speares sturdely.
 And when they heard his horne, in hy
 To the Water held downe the way:
 When this was said (as I heard say)
 Toward their faes fast they ryde,
 That on that side na Marches had.
 And as they were nære approaching,
 An Englishman that lay beking

Him by a fire, said to his Fære:
 I wate not what may tide be hère!
 Bot a great growning me saes:
 I drede me sair for blacke Dowglas,
 And he that heard him, said persay,
 Thou salt haue cause, gif that I may.
 By that, with all his company,
 He rusted on them hardely,
 And proude Pauillions downe he bare,
 And with speares that sharply ware,
 They stiked men despitteously.
 The noyse sone raffe, and als the skry:
 They stobbed, stiked, and they stew.
 And mony Pauillions downe they threwe:
 And felloun slaughter made they there.
 For they that lying naked were,
 Had na power defence to ma,
 And but pitie they can them sta,
 They gart them wit that great folie
 Was, néere their faes for to ly:
 Bot gif they straitly watched were.
 The Scottisshmen were slaying there,
 Their faes, on this wise, while the cry
 Was through the Dast all commonly,
 That Lords, and others were on stære,
 And when the Dowglas wit they were
 Armed, then all commonly,
 He blew his horn then to rely
 His men, and bade them hold their way,
 Toward the Water, and sa did they.
 And he abade hindmost to see,
 Lest ony of his leaved sould be,
 And as he abade sa howand,
 There came a Carke with Club in hand,

And sa great routtes to him raught,
 That had not beene his mekle maught,
 And his right Soueraigne great manhead,
 Into that place he had bene dead.
 His men that to the Water down
 Were ridden right in a randoun,
 Missed their Lord, when they came there.
 They were dreading for him full saire.
 Ilkane at other spæred tything,
 Bot yet of him they heard nathing.
 Thencan they counsell togiodder ta,
 That they to seeke him by wald ga:
 And as they were in that effray,
 A towtng of his hozne heard they.
 And they that haue it knowne swyth,
 Were of his comming wonder blyth:
 And spæred at him of his abade?
 And he tauld how a Carle him made,
 With his Club sa felloun pay,
 That met him stoutly on the way:
 That had not GOD helped him the mair,
 He had bene in great perill there.
 Thus gaite speaking they held their way,
 While to their Dast commen are they:
 That on foot armed on them bade,
 For to helpe gif they misser had,
 And aswone as the Lord Dowglas,
 Met with the Erle of Murray was,
 The Erle spæred at him tything,
 How he had farde in his outting:
 Sir (said he) we haue drawen blood:
 The Erle that was of Noble mode,
 Said, and we all had hidder gane,
 We had destroyed them ilkane.

It might haue fallen well (said he)
 Bot sikkerly anew were we,
 To put vs in yone aventure:
 For had they made discomfiture
 On vs, that yonder passed were,
 It might haue konisht them that are here.
 The Erle said, sen it sa is,
 That we may not with ieopardies,
 Our selloun faes soze assaile:
 We sall it doe in plaine battaile.
 The Lord Dowglas said, by Sanct Bryde,
 It were great foly at this tyde,
 To vs, with sik an Ost to fight:
 That ilk day growes of mair might,
 And bittaille hes at all plentie:
 And in their Countrie here are we,
 Where there may come to vs na succours.
 Hard is to make vs here recourse,
 For we not sozray may to get meat,
 Sik as we haue here, mon we eat.
 Doe we with our faes therfoze,
 That are lying here vs befoze:
 As I heard tell this other yere.
 How that a Fore did with a fisher,
 How did the Fore the Erle can say?
 He said, a Fisher whylum lay,
 Beside a Riuer fish to get,
 His nets then he had there set,
 A little Rudge there had he made,
 And there within a bed he had,
 And eke a little fire allwa,
 And ane doze was withoutten ma.
 Ane night his nettes soz to set,
 He raise, and well lang dwelt he.

And when he had done his dede,
 Towards his Ludge againe he yæde,
 And with the light of the litle fire,
 That in the Ludge was burning thyre,
 Into the Ludge a fore he saw:
 That last in can a Salmond dzaw,
 Then to the dore he went in by,
 And dzaw a sword belluerly:
 And said, Traitor, thou mon here lout.
 The fore that was in full great dout:
 Looked about him hole to set,
 Bot nane is the swoth there could get he;
 Bot where the man stood sturdely.
 A Mantle he perceiued him by,
 Lying vpon the bed, he saw,
 And with his teeth he can it dzaw,
 Out ouer the fire, and when the man
 Saw his Mantle ly burning than,
 To rid it ran he hastely,
 The fore gat out then in great by,
 And held his way his warrand till.
 The man thought him beguiled ill,
 That he his Salmond sa hes tint,
 And also had his Mantle bzint:
 And the fore harmelesse gat away.
 This Crample I may well say,
 By yone folke, and vs that are here.
 We are the fore, they are the Fisher,
 That stokes befoze vs the way.
 They thinke we may not get away:
 Bot right where that they ly Wardo,
 Yet as they thinke, it fall not be.
 For I haue gart spy vs a gaite,
 Suppose that it be somed ill wat,

That not a Page of ours fall tine,
 Our faces for this small transpynting,
 Whences that we sall pride vs sa:
 That we plainely on hand sall ta,
 Togive them open plaine battell.
 Bot at this tyme their thought sall faille:
 For we the mozne, and all this day,
 Shall make als mery as we may:
 And make vs boun against the night.
 And then gar make our fires bryght,
 And blaw our hornes, and make fare,
 As all the World our atone it were,
 While that the night well fallen be,
 And then with all our harnesse we
 Shall take our way hameward in hy:
 And all togidder hald sickerly,
 While we be out of their danger,
 That thinks vs now enclosed here:
 And we sall be at our atone will,
 And they sall thinke them trumped ill,
 Fra they wit well we be away.
 To this haillely assented they,
 And made them god cheare all that night,
 While on the mozne that day was light.

¶ Upon the mozne all pryncely,
 They turst harnesse, and made ready:
 So that ere Euen all boun were they.
 Their faes that against them lay,
 Gart haue their men that were there dead,
 In Cartis to an hallowed Steed.
 The Dasts baith all that day were
 In peace till that the night was nere.
 The Scottis Dast that lying were,
 Into the Parke made Feast and Fare,

And blew hoznes, and fires made,
And gart them burne baith bryght and brade:
Sa that their fires that night was mair,
Than ony time befoze they were.
And when the night was fallen well,
With all their harnesse enerilk deill,
All pryncly they rode their way,
Synne in a Masse sone entred they:
That was well twa mile of bread,
Out over the Masse on foot they yæde:
And in their hand their hozse led they,
It was a full right noysome way,
Bot Flaikes in the Masse they made
Of wands, and them with them had:
And sykes therewith brygged they:
And sa had well their hozse away,
On sik wise, that all that there were,
Came thzough the Masse baith haill and sære:
And tynt bot litle of their geare,
Bot gif it were ony auld sownmære,
That in the Masse was left lyand.
When all (as I haue bozne on hand)
Out over the Masse that was sa brade,
Were comen, great gladnesse they had,
And rode forth hameward on their way.
And on the morne when it was day,
The Englishmen saw the harby,
Where Scottisshmen befoze can ly,
All boyde: and wondzed greatly then:
And sent forth sondrie of their men:
While at the last their trace fand they,
And synne when they were gane away.
That to a mækle Masse them had,
That was sa hiddeous for to waide:

That aventure of them durst name:
Bot to their Dast againe is gane:
And tauld how that they passed were.
Where neuer man had passed aire.
When Englishmen heard it was sa,
In hy to counsell can they sa:
That they wald follow them na mair:
Their Dast right then they skailled there,
And ilk man to his awne they rade.
King Robert then that witting had,
That his men sa in the Parke lay,
And what mischiese then at were they:
An Dast assembled he in hy,
Ten thousand men wight and hardy:
And sent them forth with Erles twa,
Of Stratherne, and Angus were they.
The Dast in Wardaile to relieue:
And gif they might sa wellenchæue:
That samine night that mæte might they,
They thought their faes to assay.
Sa fell it on that samine day,
That the Housse (as ye heard me say)
Was past: the Discurreours that there,
Ryding befoze the Dasts were,
Of ather Dast hes gotten a sight.
And they that worthy were and wight,
At their mæting iusted of wære:
Ensengies hie they cried there,
And by their cry perceined they:
That they were friends, and na fay.
Then might men see them glad and blyth,
And tauld it to their Lords swyth.
The Dasts met baith togidder syne,
There was right hamely welcomming.

Made among great Lords there:
 Of their meeting ioyfull they were:
 The Erle Patricke, and his Menye,
 Had bittaile with great plentie,
 And gaue it to them with glad cheare,
 Thus went they hameward all in feare:
 Destroying the Countrie in their way,
 In Scotland well commen are they.
 The Lords went then all to the King,
 That made them right faire welcomming,
 For of their coming right glad was he:
 And that they with sik prosperitie,
 Withoutten tinsall escaped had,
 They were all blyth, mery and glad.

The King ROBERT assembled there,
 Three Oasts in ENGLAND for to fare.

SDone efter that, the Erle Thomas,
 Fra Wardall thus repaired was:
 The King assembled all his might.
 And left nane that was worthy to fight.
 A great Oast there assembled he,
 And dealt his Oast in parts thre.
 One part to Norame went but let,
 And there a stalward Siege they set:
 And held them right in at their dyke:
 Another part vnto Anuike
 Is went, and there a Siege set they,
 And while that there the Siege lay,
 At the Castell (as I said alye)
 Part of assaults made they there:
 And mony fair Cheualry
 Encheened was full doughtely,
 The King at the Castell lyand
 Left his folke (as I boze on hand)

And with the third Dast held his way,
Fra Parke to Parke, him for to play:
Houing, as all his awne it were.
And to them that were with him there,
The lands of Northumberland,
That next to Scotland was lland,
In fee, and heritage gaue he:
And they payed for the Seales fee.
On this wise rade he destroyand,
While that the King of England;
Throug counsell of the Mortymer,
And his Dother, that at that time were,
Leaders to him, that then young was,
To King Robert, to treat of peace,
Sent Messengers, and sa sped they:
That he assented on this way,
Then a perpetuall peace to take.
And they a marriage sould make,
With King Roberts sonne Dauy,
That fine yeres and was then surely,
And of Dame Iane als of the towre,
That syne was of great valour:
Sister she was to the young King,
That England had in gouerning.
That had in eild then seven yere:
And King Robert for skaites feare,
That he did to them of England,
Had done in weere throug skilward hand:
Twentie thousand pound fall pay.
Of siluer, and gold, and god money.
When men thir things spoken had,
And with Seales, and aithes made,
Seeling of friendship, and of peace,
For ony cause it sould neuer cease,

The Marriage then gart ordaine they,
To be in Baruike, and the day
They haue set, when that it shoulde be:
Synne went ilk man to his Countrie.
Thus made was peace, where wære was aïre:
And synne the Sieges raised were.
The King ordained for to pay,
The Silver, and against the day,
He gart well for the Mangery,
Ordaine, when his sonne Dauy,
Shoulde wedded be: and the Erle Thomas,
And als the good Lord of Dowglas,
Into his stead synne ordainde he,
Devisers of the Feast to be:
For his sicknesse toke him sa saïre:
That on na wise might he be there.
His sicknesse came of a fundyng,
He had tane throughe his cauld lying.
When in his great mischiese was he,
He felt that hard perplexitie.
At Cardrosse all that time he lay.
And when nere comen was the day,
That ordainde for the wedding was:
The Erle, and the Lord Dowglas,
To Baruike came with mekle fare,
And brought young David with them there,
The Quene, and with her the Mortimer,
On the other party comen were,
With great effere, and Royaltie.
The young Lady of great beantie,
Hidder came with rich affere,
The wedding haue they made right there:
With great feast and solemnitie.
There might men myȝth, and gladnesse see:

For full great Feast made they there,
 And Scottisshmen, and English were,
 Togidder in ioy, and solace:
 Pa selloun spech betwixt them was,
 The Feast a well lang time held they.
 And when they bosked to fare away,
 The Quene hes her Daughter left there,
 With great riches, and Royall fare.
 I trow that lang time na Lady
 To house was giuen sa richely.
 The Erle, and the Lord Dowglas,
 Her in great daintie receiued hes,
 As it was woorthy sickerly.
 For she was syne the best Ladie,
 And the fairest that men might see.
 Efter this great Solemnitie,
 When on baith sides the lieue was fane,
 The Quene to England hame is gane:
 And had with her the Mortymer,
 The Erle, and they that leaued were,
 When a whyle they her conuoyed had,
 Toward Baruike againe they rade:
 And syne with all their company,
 Toward the King they went in hy:
 And had with them the young Dauy,
 And als Dame Iane the young Lady.
 The King made them saire welcomming,
 And efter but lang delaying,
 He hes gart set a Parliament,
 And bidder with mony men is went:
 For he thought he wald in his life,
 Crowne his young Sonne, and his Wife,
 At that Parliament, and sa did he,
 With great fare, and solemnitie.

The King.

The King David was crowned there,
 And all his Lords that there were:
 And also all the Commountie,
 Made him homage, and fewtie:
 And befoze that they crowned were,
 King Robert gart ordaine there:
 Gif it fell that his sonne Dauid,
 Died but Aire Pale of his body:
 That Robert Stewart shold be
 King, and bzoke the Royaltie,
 That his Daughter bare in Mariage.
 And that this Tailzie shold lelely
 Be halden, all the Lords sware,
 And with their Seales affirmed it there.
 And gif it hapned Robert the King,
 To passe to GOD while they were ying:
 The good Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
 With the Lord also of Dowglas,
 While they had wit to stære their Reigne,
 Shold haue them into gouerning.
 And then the Lordship they shold ta,
 Hereto their aithes can they ma:
 And all the Lords that were there,
 To tha twa Wardanes aithes swate,
 To obey them into Lawtie,
 Gif it hapned them Wardanes to be.

When all this thing thus treated was,
 And affirmed with sickernes:

The King to Cardros went in by,
 And there him toke sa suddenly
 His sicknelle, and him travelde sa:
 That he with him behoued ma,
 Of all this life the common end.

That is the death, when GOD will send.

Therefore

There fore his letters some sent he,
For all the Lords of his Countrie:
And they came as he bidden had.
His Testament then hes he made,
Before both Lords and Prelats,
And to Religions of seir Estates,
For haill of his saull gaue he
Siluer into great quantitie.
He ordainde for his saull right well:
And when this was done ilk deill:
Lords (he said) sa it is gane,
With me, that there is noght bot ane,
That is the death withoutten drede,
That ilk man sall thole on need,
And I thanke GOD that hes me sent
Space i. my life here to repent.
For thzough me and my wæring,
Of blood there hes bene great spilling:
Where mony sakelesse man was slaine.
Therefore this sicknesse and this paine,
I take in thanke for my trespasse:
And my heart firmly set was,
When I was in prosperitie,
From my sinnes to saued be:
To trauell vpon Gods faes,
And sen he me now to him faes,
That the body may on na wise,
Performe that the heart can deuise,
I wald mine heart were hidder sent,
Wherein conceived was that intent.
Therefore I pray you euerilkane,
That ye amang you all chuse ane,
That be honest, wise and wight,
And of his hands a Noble Knight,

On Gods faes mine Heart to beare,
When saull and body disseuered are,
For I wald it were woꝛthely
Had there : sen GOD will noght, that I,
Hane power hidderward to ga:
Then were their heartes all sa wa,
That nane might hald them fra gréting,
He bade them leaue their soꝛrowing.
For it (he said) might not relieue,
And might themselues greatly grieue.
He prayed them in hy to do
The thing that they were charged to.
Then went they foꝛth with dꝛery moode,
And amang them they thought it good,
That the woꝛthy Lord Dowglas,
Whome in baith wit, and woꝛship was,
Should take the trauell vpon hand.
Hereto they were all accordand,
And to the King they went in hy,
And sauld him that they thought truely:
That the doughtie Lord Dowglas,
Best oꝛdainde foꝛ that trauell was.
And when the King heard, that they sa
Had oꝛdainde him his heart to sa,
That he maist yarned sould it hane.
(He said) sa GOD himselle me saue,
I hald me right well payed, that ye,
Hane chosen him foꝛ his bountie,
For Certes it hes bene my yarning,
As sen I thought to doe this thing:
That he mine heart sould with him beare.
And sen ye all assented are,
It is the maire lꝓking to me:
Let se now what thereto sayes he.

[And when

And when the good Lord of Dowglas,
 Wist that the King thus spoken bes,
 He came, and knéled to the King,
 And on this wise made his talking.
 I thanke you greatly (Lord) said he,
 Of mony larges, and great bountie,
 That ye haue done to me seill syse,
 Sen first I came to your seruice:
 Bot ouer all thing, I make thanking.
 That ye sa digne and worthy a thing,
 As your heart, that illuminate was,
 With all bountie and worthines,
 Will that I in my képing take.
 For you right blythly will I make
 This trauell, gif GOD will me giue
 Laiser, and space sa lang to liue.
 The King him thanked tenderly,
 There was nane in that company,
 That wéped not for great pitie,
 That was great sorow for to sé.

Here died King ROBERT, and was syne
 Solemnedly buried in DVNFERMLYNE.

When the Lord Dowglas in this wise,
 Hes vnderstane sa his Emprise:
 As the good Kings Heart to beare,
 On Gods faes for to wére:
 Praised for his Emprise was he.
 And the Kings infirmitie,
 Was mair and mair, while at the last,
 The dulefull death approached fast,
 And when he had gart doe him to,
 All that good Chyisten men could do,

With true repentance then he gaue
 The gaift : whilk GOD to Heauen mot haue,
 Among his Cholen for to be,
 In ioy, folace, and Angells glé:
 And fra his folke wiſt he was dead,
 The ſorrow that raiſe fra ſtead to ſtead,
 Where might men ſée men ryue their haire,
 And comely knights gréte fall ſaire,
 And their hands togidder dzine,
 And as wood men their claithes ryue.
 Regarding his worſthie bountie,
 His wit, his ſtrength, and honeſtie:
 And ouer all the great company,
 That he oft made them courteouſly,
 All our defence they ſaid (alas)
 And he that haill our comfort was,
 Our wit, our weale, our gouerning,
 Is bzought alace here to ending.
 His worſhip, and his mækle might,
 Made all that were with him ſa wight,
 That they might neuer abaiffed be,
 While befoze them they might him ſée.
 Alace, what ſall we doe or ſay :
 For in life while he laſted, ay
 With all our faes dzed were we:
 And into many other Countrie
 Of our worſhip ran the Renoun:
 And that was all for his Perſoun.
 With ſik words they made their mane.
 And ſickerly wonder was nane:
 For better Gouernont than he,
 Might in na Countrie founden be:
 I hope that nane that is on life,
 The lament, and ſorrow can deſcrine,
 That tha

ROBERT BRUCE.

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That the folke for their Lord made.
 And when that they langsoxtowed hat,
 And he botwelled was cleanly,
 And balmed syne full richly,
 The worthy Lord, the good Dowglas,
 His Heart (as it forespoken was)
 Hes receiued in great dayntie,
 With great Fare and Solemnitie,
 They haue him had to Dunfermelyne,
 And him solemnely eirred syne.
 And in a faire Tombe in the Queire,
 Bishops and Prelats they there were
 Assolyied him when the Service
 Was done, as they could best deuise:
 And syne vpon the other day,
 Sozie, and wa they went away.

Here bouned the Lord DOWGLAS forward,
 To the haly Land with the BRUCES Heart.

When that the god King buried was,
 The Erle of Murray Sir Thomas,
 Toke all the land ingouerning,
 And all obeyed to his bidding,
 And the good Lord of Dowglas syne,
 Gart make a Case of gold right syne:
 Enamalled thzough subtiltie,
 Therein the Kings heart put he,
 And ay about his halle it bare,
 And fast he bouned him for to fare.
 His Testament bequithed he,
 And ordained his lands sould be
 Couerned, while his gaine-comming,
 By friends, and all other thing,

That to him pertained ony wise,
 With lyk foresight as men could deuise,
 Ere his worth passing ordained he,
 That nathing might amended be,
 And when that he his lieue hes tane,
 To shippe at Baruike is he gane:
 And with him a Noble company,
 Of Knights, and of Squyery,
 He put him in hy to the Sea,
 A lang way sozward sailed he,
 Betwixt Cornewall, and Bartanyie,
 He sailed, and left the ground of Spainyie,
 On North-halfe him, and held their way,
 Whyle to Massillie ground came they:
 Bot greatly was his men, and he,
 Trauelled with Tempests on the Sea:
 Bot though they greatly griened were,
 Haill and fere they comen are,
 And landed at the great Sibille,
 And after it a litle whyle,
 Their hoxse to land they dretw ilkane,
 And in the Toun hes harbery tane:
 And him contened right richly:
 For he had a saire company,
 And gold aneugh for to dispend.
 The King Alphous efter him send,
 And him right well receiued he,
 And proffered him in great plentie,
 Gold and siluer, hoxse, and arming:
 Bot he thereof wald take nathing:
 For he said, he toke that bepage,
 To passe into his pilgrimage,
 On Gods faes, that his travell
 Might efter to his Hauill auaille.

And sen he wist that he had wære
 With Saracens that dwelled there,
 To helpe him was his will hailly.
 The King him thanked courteously,
 And betought him god men that were
 Well knowne with the lands wære:
 And the maner of the land alswa,
 Syne to his Innes can he ga.
 And well god Sojourne there he made,
 And meekle treating als he had.
 Knights that came of far Countrie,
 Came in great routtes him to se,
 And honoured him full gretumly:
 And ouer all men maist Souerainely,
 The English Knights that were there,
 Him honoured, and great company bare:
 Among them all was ane strang Knight,
 That was halden sa wonder wight,
 That for ane of the best was he,
 Praised of all Chyistiantie.
 So fast to Heauen was all his face,
 That it well nere all wounded was.
 Ere he the Lord Dowglas had sene,
 He weind his face had all wounded bene:
 Bot neuer a hurt in it had he.
 When he vnwounded can it se,
 He said, that he had great serly,
 That lik a Knight and sa worthy,
 And praised of sa great bountie,
 Might in his face vnwounded be.
 And meekely thereto answered he,
 And said, GOD lent me hands to beare,
 Wherewith I might my head wære.
 Thus made he courteous answering,

With a right hie vnderstanding:
 That for default of fence it was,
 That sa enill betwen was his face.
 The good knights that then were by,
 Praised his answer gretfully:
 For it was made with small speaking,
 And had right hie vnderstanding.

The iudging of the Lord Dowglas,
 That in his time sa worthie was.

Vpon this maner still they lay,
 While through the Countrie they heard say,
 That the King of Palmeryn,
 With mony a moody Saracene,
 Was entred in the land of Spaine:
 All hath the Countrie to demaine.
 The King of Spaine on the other party,
 Gaddered his Host deliuerly,
 And delt them into battells thre,
 And to the Lord Dowglas gaue he,
 The Vanguard for to lead and fere,
 And all the strangers that with him were:
 And the great Maister of Sanct Iake,
 The other battell gaue he take.
 The Rereguard made himselfe there,
 And thus deuised, forth they fare,
 To meete their foes that in battaile
 Arrayed was, ready to assaile,
 And came against them full sturdely.
 The Dowglas then that was worthy,
 When he to them of his leading,
 Had made a faire admonishing,
 To doe well, and na dead to breede,
 For Heauens blisse shoulde be their meede,
 If that

Gif that they died in Gods seruice,
 Then as good werryours, and wise,
 With them stoutly assembled he.
 There men might selloun feghting see,
 For all they were wight and hardy,
 That were on the Christian party.
 Bot ere they ioyned in battell,
 What the Dowglas did, I sall you tell.

¶ The Bruces Heart that on his brest
 Was hinging, in the field he kest,
 Upon a cane-cast, and well moze:
 And said, now passe thou forth before,
 As thou was wont in field to be,
 And I sall follow, or els die:
 And sa he did withouten ho,
 He faught enen while he came it to,
 And toke it vp in great daintie,
 And euer in field this bled he.
 So fast they faught with all their maine:
 That of their seruants many were slaine,
 The whilk with many fell fusioun.
 Mony a Christian there dang they down.
 Bot at the last the Lord Dowglas,
 And the Christians that with him was,
 Preassed upon the Saracenes sa:
 That they haillie the sight can sa.
 And they chased with all their maine,
 And mony in the chase hes slaine.
 So far chased the Lord Dowglas,
 With few folke that he passed was,
 Forth far fra them that chased them.
 He had not with him, bot shant ten,
 Of all men that were with him there,
 When he saw all repaired were:

Toward his Dast syne turned he.
 And as he turned, he can well see,
 That all the Chaiſſers turned againe:
 And they rolled with mekle paine.
 And as the good Lord of Dowglas,
 (As I ſaid aye) repairing was,
 He ſaw he right befoze him nere,
 Where that Sir William de Sincleere,
 With a great rout entroned was.
 He was annoyed, and ſaid, alas:
 Gone woꝛthie Knight will ſone be dead,
 Bot he haue helpe through our manhead:
 Let vs then helpe him now in by,
 Sen that we are ſa nere him by.
 And I wate well our intent is,
 To live and die in Gods ſervice.
 His will in all thing doe ſall we.
 Where ſall na perill eſchewed be,
 While he be put out of gone paine,
 Or then we ſall be with him ſlaine.
 With that with ſpurres right ſpæbely,
 They ſtrake the hoꝛſe in full great by:
 Among the Saracenes ſyne they rade,
 And ronne about them haue they made.
 They dang on faſt with all their might,
 And feill of them to death were dight.
 Greater defence made neuer ſa whane,
 Againſt ſa feill, it was well ſeene:
 While they might laſt to give battaile,
 Where might na woꝛſhip them auaille,
 That time, ſoꝛ ſlaine was ilkane there:
 The Saracenes ſa mony were,
 That they were twentie large ſoꝛ ane.
 The good Lord Dowglas there was ſlaine,

And ſir

And Sir William Sinclaire allwa:

And other worthy knights twa:

Sir Robert Logane heght the ane,

And the other Walter Logane,

Wherefore our Lord with meikle might,

Their saules haue to the Heavens hight.

The good Lord Dowglas thus was dead,

And the Saracenes on that dead,

Abade na mair, bot held their way,

Their knights dead there some leaved they:

Some of the good Lord Dowglas men,

That their Lord dead had founden then,

Ward nere all woe for dule and wa,

Lang for him they sorrowed sa,

And syne with great dule hame him bare,

And the Kings Heart haue they found there,

And that hame with them haue they tane,

And are toward their Innes gane,

With grating and with evill cheare,

That sorrow and grieve it was to heare:

And of Keith good Sir Williame,

That all that day had bene at hame:

For at sa great disease was he,

That he came not to that Jurnie.

For his arme was broken in twa,

When he the folkes sik dule saw ma,

He asked what it was in hy,

And they tauld him all openly:

How that their doughtie Lord was slaine

With Saracenes that had turned againe.

And when he wist that it was sa,

Attour all other he was maist wa:

And made a wonder evill cheare,

That all wondred that by him were.

Bot to tell of their sorrowing,
 Annoyes, and helps bot litle thing,
 Men might well wit though nane them talde,
 What dule and sorow men make wald,
 For to tyme sik a Lord as he
 Was vnto them of his Menpie:
 For he was swet and debonare,
 And well could treat his friends faire,
 And his faes right fellounly
 Astonish through his great Cheualry:
 For of full litle feare was he:
 Bot ouer all thing he loued Latotie:
 At Treasoun growed sa greatly,
 That na Traitor might be him by,
 Bot he could wit that he could be,
 Well punisht for his Traitorie.
 I trow the Lord Fabricius,
 That fra Rome to werray Pirrus,
 Was sent with a great Menpie,
 Hated Treasoun na lesse than he.
 The whilk when that Pirrus had
 On him, and on his Menpie made,
 An outragious discomfiture,
 Where he escaped through auenture.
 And many of his men were slaine:
 And he had gaddered his Mass againe:
 A great Maister of Medicine,
 That Pirrus had in governing,
 Profered vnto Fabricius,
 In Treasoun for to slay Pirrus,
 For in his first potatioun,
 He could giue him deadly Poyson.
 Fabricius that wonder had,
 That he sik proffer to him made:

Said, Certes, Rome is mekle of might,
 Throug strength of armes for to fight,
 To vanquish well their faes, though they
 Consent to Treasoun by na way:
 And for thou wald doe that Treasoun,
 Thou salt ga fetch the wariloun,
 Cuen at Pirrhus, and let him do
 What euer him lyes in heart thereto.
 Then to Pirrhus he sent in by
 This Paister, and gart him openly,
 Fra end to end, tell all his tale.
 When Pirrhus had it heard all baill:
 He said, was neuer man that sa,
 For Lawtie bare him to his fa:
 As here Fabricius beares to me.
 It is als ill to gar him be
 Turned fra way of righteounesse,
 Or to consent to wickednesse,
 As at midday to turne againe
 The sunne, that runnes his course all plainet.
 Thus said he of Fabricius,
 That syne vanquisht this same Pirrhus,
 In plaine battell throug hard feghtings.
 His honest laboure gart me bring
 In this Crample now, for he
 Had Soueraigne praise of true Lawties.
 And right sa had the Lord Dowglas,
 That honest, lele, and worthy was,
 That was dead, as before said we.
 Men meened him in ilk Countrie:
 When his men had made mourning,
 They botwelled him but delaying.
 And gart seeth him, that might be tane
 The flesch all quite, even fra the bane.

The corps

The Corps there in a haly place,
 Cirded with great worshop was.
 The banes haue they with them tane,
 And syne are to their shippes gane.
 When they were leaued of the King,
 That dule had of their seuering,
 To Sea they went. god wind they had,
 Their course to England haue they made,
 And there safely arriued they.
 Syne toward Scotland held their way,
 And there they are commen in great hy,
 And the banes right honourably,
 Into the Birk of Dowglas there
 Cirded, with dule and meekle care.
 Sir Archibald his sonne gart syne,
 Of Allabast baith faire and fine,
 Ordaine a Tombe full richly:
 As it effered to sa worshop.

The Erle of MURRAY died here,
 Through Poyfoun giuen by a false Frere.

When that on this wise Sir Williame,
 Of Keich, had brought the banes hame,
 And the god Kings Heart allwa,
 And had gart men richly ma,
 With faire affere, a Sepulture:
 The Erle of Murray that the cure
 That time of Scotland had hally,
 With great worshop hes gart bury
 The Kings Heart in the Abbay.
 Of Melros, where men do pray ay,
 That he, and his haue Paradise.
 When this was done, as I denise,

The god Erle gouerned all the land,
 And held the poore well to warrant,
 The Lawes sa well maintained he,
 And held in peace sa the Countrie,
 That it was neuer led ere his day
 So well, as I heard auld men say.
 Bot syne alas popsoned was he,
 By a false Monk full traitterously.
 Their Lords died vpon this wise,
 He that Lord of all thing is,
 Up to his topfull blisse them bring,
 And grant vs grace, that their offspring
 Lead well the land : and intentife,
 Be, for to follow in all their life:
 Their Noble Elders great bountie.
 The anesaid GOD in Trinitie,
 May bring vs vp to Heauens blisse,
 Where alway ioy and resting is. AMEN.



Here endes the booke of the Noblest King,
 That euer in SCOTLAND yet did ring,
 Called King ROBERT the BRUCE,
 That was maist worthy of all ruce,
 And of the Noble & good Lord DOWGLAS,
 And mony ma that with them was.



ROBERT BRYCE





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